

ROBERT BROWNING'S WORKS

CENTENARY EDITION

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME IX



*Emory Walker Pl. 36*

*Robert Browning*  
(aged 76)

*From the painting by Alphonse Legros, 1888,  
in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington*

# THE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY  
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VOLUME IX—PACCHIAROTTO AND  
HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER,  
WITH OTHER POEMS—LA SAISIAZ  
—THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC—  
DRAMATIC IDYLS  
WITH SEVEN ADDITIONAL POEMS



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# INTRODUCTION

## PACCHIAROTTO, AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER, WITH OTHER POEMS

THE *Pacchiarotto* volume was published in the summer of 1876, about eight months after *The Inn Album*. How far all the nineteen poems contained in it were written within this period, it is impossible to say. *Hervé Riel* certainly belongs to an earlier date, and it is possible that some of the others had been in Browning's desk for some time, awaiting an opportunity for publication; but there is no direct evidence to prove this. On the whole, the volume is remarkable for its abandonment of the dramatic or narrative note (though there are examples of both of these) in favour of the personal note, and especially for a quite unusual exhibition (unusual, that is, in Browning, not in the *genus irritabile* in general) of sensitiveness to criticism. During the course of his poetic life, Browning had suffered more than enough from inattention and want of comprehension on the part of his critics, and he had borne it in almost complete silence; but the recrudescence (due, no doubt, to such poems as

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*Hohenstiel-Schwanganu, Fifine, and Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*) of the charges of perversity and obscurity seem at length to have exhausted his patience. So, after twenty-three stanzas of more than usually extravagant doggerel and outrageous rhymes, at the end of the poem which gives the volume its title he turns on his critics and rends them in good set terms.

This sensitiveness to misunderstanding and to the dictation of critics is not confined, however, to the first poem. It appears also in the *Epilogue* and in such poems as *At the Mermaid, House, and Shop*, where he protests against the claim of the public to intrude into the private life of the poet. These must in any case belong to the same period as *Pacchiarotto*. Browning went freely into society, talked much, cultivated friendships and acquaintanceships, but all the time reserved large areas of thought and feeling on which he allowed no intrusion. Indeed he protected his inner self not less effectively by his sociability than Tennyson by his seclusion. As a general rule, he did this silently, without calling attention to it; but in this one volume he makes his claim to essential privacy once and for all.

The remaining poems call for no special collective notice. *Hervé Riel, A Forgiveness, and Numphroleptos* stand out above the rest as real additions to the higher, if not the highest, levels of Browning's work.

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## PROLOGUE

The *Prologue* has no special relation to *Pacchiarotto*, but is the preface to the volume as a whole ; and, like several of the other prologues and epilogues to the successive volumes from *The Ring and the Book* onwards, its central thought refers to that love, which, though now behind a veil, was as dominant in the secret recesses of Browning's life and thought as it had been during his married life.

## OF PACCHIAROTTO, AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

Giacomo Pacchiarotto (1474-1540) is a historical character, a painter of very minor merit at Siena in the sixteenth century. As Browning states in the second stanza, he is sometimes confounded with his fellow-citizen, Girolamo del Paccia, whose paintings, however, are of a higher order of merit. The incidents on which the poem is founded are historical. Pacchiarotto was of a revolutionary turn of mind, and a member of the society called the Bardotti (see ll. 214-225), which aimed at subverting the existing order of things. In 1535 his participation in sedition led to his being compelled to hide himself, and the Observantine monks concealed him in a tomb, in close proximity to a new-buried corpse, in the church of S. Giovanni. The story is told by Browning in a style of burlesque, heightened by extravagantly Hudibrastic rhymes, which are

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intended as a challenge to the critics, upon whom he falls in the final stanzas. It is not a poem of which Browning's admirers can be particularly proud, but the critics of the day were the last who had a right to complain of it.

### AT THE MERMAID : HOUSE : SHOP

The central thought inspiring this group of poems (which probably all belong to the same period of exasperated sensitiveness as *Pacchiarotto* itself) has been described in the general introduction to this volume. For the rest, they explain themselves.

### PISGAH-SIGHTS

A pair of death-bed visions, belonging to no definable period, and having no special associations. In the second series of Selections (1880) the Prologue to *La Saisiaz* was added to them as "Pisgah-Sights, 3."

### FEARS AND SCRUPLES

A parable—all the more striking because effectively concealed until the last moment—of some of the fundamental and perennial problems of theology. The occasion of its composition is not known.

### NATURAL MAGIC : MAGICAL NATURE

A pair of love-poems, similar in tone and character to those which appeared subsequently in *Jocoseria*, *Ferishtah*, and *Asolando*. There is a

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difference, easily recognizable but not easily described, between them and the poems of the Italian period; but their brightness and freshness are remarkable in a poet of sixty-four and upwards.

### BIFURCATION

A very characteristic little poem. In form it reminds one of the pair of thumb-nail sketches, similarly summed up in a single couplet, in *Time's Revenges* (vol. III. p. 292). In substance it is characteristic of Browning as taking a common problem, a conflict between love and duty, and placing it in a light which makes the conventional solutions questionable, if not false. It illustrates Browning's delight in approaching a subject from an unusual point of view.

### NUMPHOLEPTOS

There is nothing to show the date of this poem, which in style seems rather earlier than 1876. The title (from the Greek) signifies one who is possessed by a passion for a nymph, a being of an alien, higher sphere, who exerts her domination over him without returning or being touched by his passion. Browning's commentary on the poem is given in a letter to Dr. Furnivall (Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, i. 497):

“Is not the key to the meaning of the poem in its title—*νυμφόληπτος* [caught or entranced by a nymph], not *γυναικεράστης* [a woman-lover]? An allegory, that is, of an impossible ideal

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object of love, accepted conventionally as such by a man who, all the while, cannot quite blind himself to the demonstrable fact that the possessor of knowledge and purity obtained without the natural consequences of obtaining them by achievement—not inheritance—such a being is imaginary, not real, a nymph and no woman; and only such an one would be ignorant of and surprised at the results of a lover's endeavour to emulate the qualities which the beloved is entitled to consider as pre-existent to earthly experience, and independent of its inevitable results.

“I had no particular woman in my mind; certainly never intended to personify wisdom, philosophy, or any other abstraction; and the orb, raying colour out of whiteness, was altogether a fancy of my own. The ‘seven spirits’ are in the Apocalypse, also in Coleridge and Byron: a common image.”

### APPEARANCES: ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

Two more love-poems, much of the same character as some of those which appeared in the original *Men and Women*, and are now included in *Dramatic Lyrics*.

### HERVÉ RIEL

This fine ballad was the result of Browning's holidays at Croisic, near the mouth of the Loire, in 1866 and 1867. It bore the date, on its first appearance, of September 30, 1867. It was seen and praised by Sir J. Simeon (who died in 1870), and Mr. George Smith, the poet's publisher, endeavoured to secure it for the *Cornhill Magazine*; but Browning, in accordance with his usual

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practice, rejected the idea of publication in a periodical. In February, 1871, being anxious to contribute to the fund for the relief of the distress in Paris after the siege, he wrote to Mr. Smith, offering him the right of publishing, in the *Pall Mall* or *Cornhill*, this poem ("which I like better than most things I have done of late") for whatever sum his liberality might be disposed to give (see Browning's letter in Mrs. Orr's *Life*, p. 278). Mr. Smith responded with a cheque for a hundred guineas, which duly went to the distressed Parisians; and the poem appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1871. It was reprinted in the *Pacchiarotto* volume at Mr. Smith's particular request, and has since become one of the most popular and best known of Browning's poems. The facts upon which the ballad is based were found by Browning in the local traditions of Croisic, though they had escaped the notice of the historians of the great naval battle to which they were the sequel. Their historical truth, however, has been established by reference to the original records in Paris. In one respect Browning, by an oversight, varied the original story; for the reward which Hervé Riel asked and received was a permanent discharge, not a single day's holiday.

### A FORGIVENESS

Nothing appears to be known of the date or origin of this poem. It was selected by Browning himself in 1885 in reply to a request from

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Mr. Edmund Gosse for his choice of "four poems, of moderate length, which represent their writer fairly," as the representative of his narrative poetry (Wise, *Letters of R. Browning*, 2nd series, ii. 17); and most readers will approve his choice. The story (of which the setting is Spanish) is told concisely and forcibly, and the conclusion is thrillingly dramatic.

### CENCIAJA

The origin of this poem is thus stated by Browning in a letter to Mr. Buxton Forman, Oct. 25, 1876 (Wise, *Letters of R. Browning*, i. 43):

"I got the facts from a contemporaneous account I found in a MS. volume containing the 'relation' of the Cenci affair—with other memorials of Italian crime—lent me by Sir J. Simeon, who published the Cenci narrative, with notes, in the series of the Philobiblon Society."

The title is in the nature of a pun. "Cenciaja" means "a bundle of rags," the suffix *aia* being, as Browning expressed it, "an accumulative yet depreciative termination," while at the same time it refers to Shelley's tragedy, *The Cenci*, to which it is, as it were, a footnote. The Italian proverb prefixed to it is paraphrased by Browning, "Every poor creature will be pressing into the company of his betters"; and he adds, "I used it to deprecate the notion that I intended anything of the kind."

Sir J. Simeon's article, from which Browning derived his facts, was published in vol. iv. of the



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papers of the Philobiblon Society (1857-8). That the poem was not written before 1871 is shown by its last line.

### FILIPPO BALDINUCCI ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

Filippo Baldinucci was the author of *Notizie dei Professori del Disegno da Cimabue in qua* (1681-1728), and the story which forms the basis of the present poem occurs in his account of the painter Buti, who flourished about 1600. As far as stanza xxxv Browning follows Baldinucci's narrative, the tone of which is naturally and frankly anti-Semite; but the rest of the poem is an imaginary sequel, in which the tables are turned on the Christians. Browning's sympathy with the oppressed Jews is shown more strikingly in *Holy-Cross Day* (vol. III. 385); the present poem is a much lighter and less dignified expression of it. It was written "while the earlier sheets were passing through the press" (Wise, *Letters of R. Browning*, i. 40), in other words, in the spring or early summer of 1876.

In response to criticism, Browning explained that in the misuse of the term "High Priest" (for "Rabbi") in stanza xxvi he was writing dramatically (the supposed narrator being an ignorant Tuscan), not in actual ignorance (Wise, *ibid.*, 2nd series, ii. 61).

### EPILOGUE

The Greek quotation is from Aristophanes (*Plutus*, 807), "and pitchers full of dark flower-

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flavoured wine"; and the reference in line 1 is, of course, to Mrs. Browning's *Wine of Cyprus*, stanza xxi. The poem makes part of the campaign against the critics which is the characteristic note of the *Pacchiarotto* volume, and so properly forms its epilogue.

### LA SAISIAZ

Among the most intimate friends of Browning in London (though the acquaintanceship had its origin in Florence) was Miss Ann Egerton Smith. She was his constant companion at concerts, which, until her death, he attended on all possible occasions; and in the years 1874-77 she joined Browning and his sister in their summer holidays. The last of these was spent in a house called La Saisiaz, near Geneva, under Mt. Salève; and there, on September 14, Miss Smith died quite suddenly of heart-disease, under the circumstances described in the poem. The shock affected Browning deeply, and his emotion at once found vent in poetry. A few days before Miss Smith's death, the friends had been discussing the immortality of the soul, on which a "symposium" was then proceeding in the *Nineteenth Century*. Now the poet's mind naturally recurred to the subject with intensified fervour, and in less than two months the poem of *La Saisiaz*, which in the original edition bears at its end the date, November 9, 1877, was produced. Browning was at all times a rapid writer,

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and now his heart was full and his emotions stirred, so that his thoughts flowed out readily in a strong stream of verse, highly charged with feeling. The poem was published, with *The Two Poets of Croisic*, in the early summer of 1878.

*La Saisiaz* has been quoted as evidence that Browning was not a believer in Christianity; but this is to misunderstand it. Prompted, no doubt, to some extent by the "symposium" mentioned above, he argues the question of the immortality of the soul on an a priori basis, deliberately leaving on one side the revelation of Christianity. Like Plato (also prompted thereto by the death of a beloved friend) and like many others since, he tests the doctrine of immortality on the principles of reason alone, and seeks to base on it arguments which may appeal to all reasoning persons, whatever may be their religious creed. How far he succeeds, may be seen in the poem itself: "So, I hope—no more than hope,—but hope—no less than hope." Philosophical poems are apt to suffer from the cold chill of thought, but here the poetry is charged with fresh and vivid emotion, which gives light and warmth to the reasoning. *La Saisiaz* is perhaps a poem to be read only when the mind is attuned to it, and, like all philosophical poems, it may suffer by the lapse of time and the changes of thought on the subject with which it deals; but to Browning's own generation it was a memorable and a helpful utterance.

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### THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

In this poem, which seems paired with *La Saisiaz* in order to relax the tension produced in the reader's mind by so highly emotional an argument on a subject of the profoundest importance, Browning was drawing (as in *Hervé Riel*) on the results of his researches into the local traditions of Croisic. The two poets had a real existence, though their verses were wholly forgotten long before Browning recalled them to life. The first, René Gentilhomme, was born in 1610; the second, Paul Desforges-Maillard, flourished about 1735 (the date of the volume of poems by "the Demoiselle Malcrais de la Vigne" on which the story turns); both achieved temporary fame under the circumstances narrated by Browning; both speedily relapsed into obscurity. Browning, according to his custom, takes up the two stories, tells them as he finds them in the tradition, and then deduces somewhat unexpected morals from them.

EPILOGUE: "WHAT A PRETTY TALE YOU  
TOLD ME"

This epilogue, to which no title is attached, is based upon a poem in the Greek Anthology (vi. 54), by the epigrammatist of the Court of Justinian, Paulus Silentiarius. Browning has expanded its

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dozen lines into as many stanzas, and added his own application of it. There is no record to tell to whom (if to anyone) it was addressed.

### DRAMATIC IDYLS: FIRST SERIES

In 1878, after the publication of *La Saisiaz*, when the time came for the usual summer holiday, Browning once and for all abandoned the habit (hardly broken for seventeen years) of a visit to France, and, for the first time since the death of his wife, returned to Italy. On the way, he and his sister stayed for some time in a hotel at the top of the Splügen Pass, before moving on to Asolo and Venice; and here he was at work on the series of "Dramatic Idyls," which was published in the following year.

The title is not quite appropriate, for the poems are in fact narrative rather than dramatic. Some of them, such as *Martin Relph*, *Ivàn Ivànovitch*, and *Ned Bratts* in the first series, and *Clive* in the second, are dramatic in the sense that their interest lies in the representation of character in action, but they are not dramatic in form, nor even monologues such as many of the earlier "Dramatic Lyrics" or "Romances"; and the method throughout is narrative. The poet has a story to tell, and tells it, sometimes in his own words, sometimes in those of one of the actors; he is not engaged in letting a character develop itself in monologue or dialogue. The epithet "Dramatic" was probably chosen for the sake

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of its associations with the poet's earlier work ; while "Idyls" is a term which had been made familiar by Tennyson.

In manner, these poems break fresh ground ; for Browning's previous narrative poems were for the most part on a much larger scale, like *Sordello* or *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, and contained much analysis and commentary. The Idyls, on the contrary, are picturesque anecdotes, told in a swift and vivid manner which is reflected in their verse. In most cases, especially in the first series, the interest to Browning (and therefore to his readers) lies, no doubt, in the ethical problems which the stories raise ; but in others (notably *Pheidippides*, *Echetlos*, and *Pan and Luna*), it is merely the picturesque incident that attracts him. These, which are the most novel in manner, are also among the most beautiful and effective of the whole series, though *Clive*, in addition to the interest attaching to its hero, has a strikingly dramatic situation, and *Ivàn Ivànovitch* a poignant human thrill, which give them a high place among Browning's more popular poems.

### MARTIN RELPH

This story, according to Mrs. Orr (*Handbook*, p. 309), who no doubt received her information from the poet himself, "embodies a vague remembrance of something read by Mr. Browning when he was himself a boy." Like *Halbert and Hob* and *Ned Bratts*, it is a study, or picture, of the workings of conscience. In the other two

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poems, the picture is of conscience working at a moment of crisis; here, the crisis is past, an *almost* involuntary action in an instant of time, and conscience is ceaselessly at work on it during the rest of the man's life.

### PHEIDIPPIDES

This is pure narrative, a versification and amplification of a story, of which part is told by Herodotus and part is a later addition. Herodotus (vi. 105) narrates how, when the Persians first invaded Attica, the Athenians sent a courier, named Pheidippides, to run to Sparta to demand aid; how Pheidippides reached Sparta (a distance of some 120 miles) on the second day and received a dilatory answer; and how in the course of his journey he met the god Pan in the mountains of Arcadia (not Parnes, as Browning tells it, which was not on the route between Athens and Sparta) and was charged with a message to the Athenians, reproaching them with their neglect of him, but promising them his help. Pausanias (i. 28, 4) tells the same story more briefly; but in one of the dialogues attributed to Lucian (*De lapsu in salutando*, c. 2) is another story, which supplies the conclusion of the present poem: how that, after the battle of Marathon, Pheidippides was despatched to run to Athens with the news of the victory, and how, as he burst into the presence of the rulers of the city with the cry, "Rejoice, we are victorious," he dropped down dead with the word; whence (as Browning says in ll. 113, 114)

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his word "Rejoice" (χαίρετε) became ever afterwards the common form of greeting among the Greeks.

### HALBERT AND HOB

The germ of this grim "idyl" also comes from Greek literature. Aristotle (*Ethics*, vii. 6), drily citing examples to prove that anger is a natural and spontaneous failing, briefly alludes (as though to a known story) to "the man who, being haled out by his son, bade him stop when he reached the door: for he too, he said, had haled his father just to that point." Browning has expanded this thumb-nail sketch into a picture of a very un-Hellenic character, and has added a conclusion of his own.

### IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

*Ivàn Ivànovitch* was one of the poems written at the top of the Splügen. The story is a common Russian one, with changed names and poetic amplification.

### TRAY

Browning was always an ardent anti-vivisectionist, though he took no part in the public controversy otherwise than by the publication of this poem and of *Arcades Ambo* in the *Asolando* volume. In prose, he declared to Miss F. P. Cobbe: "I would rather submit to the worst of deaths, so far as pain goes, than have a single dog or cat tortured on pretence of sparing me



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a twinge or two" (quoted by Hall Griffin and Minchin, *Life*, p. 254).

NED BRATTS

This poem is based upon an anecdote told in Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, concerning "one old Tod, that was hanged at Hartford" [Hertford]:

"At a summer assizes holden at Hartford, while the Judge was sitting upon the Bench, comes this old Tod into the Court, cloathed in a green suit, with his leathern girdle in his hand, his bosom open, and all in a dung sweat, as if he had run for his life; and being come in, he spake aloud as follows: 'My Lord,' said he, 'Here is the veriest rogue that breathes upon the face of the earth. I have been a thief from a child: when I was but a little one, I gave myself to rob orchards, and to do other such like wicked things, and I have continued a thief ever since. My Lord, there has not been a robbery committed this many years, within so many miles of this place, but I have been either at it or privy to it.' The Judge thought the fellow was mad, but after some conference with some of the Justices, they agreed to indict him; and so they did, of several felonious actions; to all of which he heartily confessed Guilty, and so was hanged with his wife at the same time."

Browning has connected the story with Bunyan, by transferring the scene to Bedford, during his imprisonment there, and by ascribing the old reprobate's confession to the influence of Bunyan's

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words and of his book ; and he has dressed up the whole with a boisterous manner of speech, suitable to Ned Bratts and his wife Tab.

The poem was written, like *Ivàn Ivànovitch*, at the Splügen, in the summer of 1878.

### DRAMATIC IDYLS : SECOND SERIES

The second series of *Dramatic Idyls* followed the first at a year's interval, in 1880. *Echetlos*, *Muléké*, and especially *Clive*, are fully equal to the standard of their predecessors, and *Pan and Luna* is a charming little fancy ; but *Pietro of Abano* and *Doctor* —, which take up more than half the volume, can hardly be considered worthy of their author, though characteristic of him in certain moods.

#### ECHETLOS

This is a companion poem to *Pheidippides*, another legend connected with the battle of Marathon. The story is told by Pausanias (i. 32, 4) :

“The people of Marathon worship the men who fell in the battle, naming them heroes. . . . Now it befell, they say, that in the battle there was present a man of rustic aspect and dress, who slaughtered many of the barbarians with a plough, and vanished after the fight. When the Athenians inquired of the god, the only answer he vouchsafed was to bid them honour the hero Echetlæus” (Fraser's translation).

The name means “the holder of the plough-  
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share." In the Poekilé, or Painted Colonnade, at Athens there was a celebrated wall-painting, by Micon, of the battle of Marathon ; and in this, according to Pausanias (i. 15, 4) the most conspicuous figures were "Callimachus, who had been chosen to command the Athenians" (Browning's "Kallimachos polemarch"), "Miltiades, one of the generals" (the actual commander on the day of battle), "and a hero called Echetus."

### CLIVE

In Domett's diary (quoted by Hall Griffin and Minchin, *Life*, p. 268), the following account of this poem is given from Browning's own mouth :

"Referring to that most vivid and thoroughly realistic narrative of Lord Clive and his duel, Browning told me he heard it first from Mrs. Jameson, soon after his marriage. Mrs. Jameson said she had it from Lord Lansdowne, to whom it had been told by Macaulay. The idea of what Clive would have done, had his antagonist (after Clive's pistol was accidentally discharged, leaving Clive at his mercy) generously given him his life, at the same time reiterating his innocence of the cheating Clive had charged him with, instead of throwing down his pistol and confessing it—all this, he said, was merely his own invention, which he had no authority for, or for attributing it to Clive himself. 'But what else,' said he, could such a man as Clive have done? He could not have reasserted the charge, unless as a calumniator, for no one would have believed a man so magnanimous could have been capable of cheating at cards."

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The duel is briefly mentioned by Macaulay, but without details ; but it is described at length in Malcolm's biography of Clive (1836). Browning (whether consciously or not is unknown) has departed in some respects from the facts as there recorded. When Clive's shot failed, his adversary first bade him ask for his life, which he did ; but when he further required him to declare that the accusation of cheating was false, Clive refused, in the manner described in the poem. His adversary thereupon threw away his pistol, declaring that Clive must be mad ; but he did not confess that the charge was a true one. Clive's declaration to the bystanders in the poem is so far in accordance with facts that he was very unwilling to allow any reference to the occurrence afterwards.

### MULÉYKEH

An old Arabian story, told by Browning as a pure piece of narrative, with its moral unaltered.

### PIETRO OF ABANO

Pietro of Abano (a town near Padua) was a historical personage, professor of medicine at Padua and a physician of very high repute (1246-1320). He was popularly supposed to be a magician, and narrowly escaped burning at the hands of the Inquisition by dying before he was arrested. Browning does not pretend to make more than a doggerel lilt of the legend which is here associated with him. Similar

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stories of a whole career being lived, in imagination or dream, in a moment of time are not uncommon in the collections of improving anecdotes which provided materials for mediæval sermons.

DOCTOR —

This, again, is a poem in a lighter vein, not to be judged except as a *jeu d'esprit*. Like more than one of the poems in the succeeding volume, *Jocoseria*, it is derived from a Hebrew legend.

PAN AND LUNA

A delicate poetic fancy, based upon three lines of Virgil (*Georg.* iii. 391-393) :

“Munere sic niveo lanae, si credere dignum est,  
Pan deus Arcadiae captam te, Luna, fefellit,  
In nemora alta vocans ; nec tu aspernata vocantem.”

## ADDITIONAL POEMS

Three poems, written in that part of Browning's life which preceded *The Ring and the Book*, which have not previously been included in any collected edition of his works, were printed at the end of volume III. Seven more, belonging to the later years of his life, are given here. Browning was not a prolific writer of occasional verse, and of the few such compositions which have appeared in print some, for various reasons, he certainly would not have wished to perpetuate, and should never be reprinted. Those which are printed here are at least not unworthy of memory, and

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include some lines which his admirers would be sorry to forget.

All of them will be found also in the Browning Society's *Papers* and in Nicoll and Wise's *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, vol. i. (1895). Their original appearances will be recorded in the following notes.

“OH LOVE, LOVE!”

The first two of these poems are translations. The following lines are a translation of Euripides' *Hippolytus*, ll. 525-544, and were contributed by Browning to a little handbook on the Greek poet by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, in 1879.

“THE BLIND MAN TO THE MAIDEN SAID”

These lines are a translation of a poem in a German tale entitled *The Hour will Come*, by Wilhelmine von Hillern. An English version of it was made by Miss Clara Bell, which appeared in 1879; and for this Browning's lines were written. His name was not attached to it, but acknowledgments are made “to the kindness of a friend.”

### GOLDONI

The five remaining poems are all sonnets—the only examples of Browning's work in this form that appear among his works, with the exception of the one printed in vol. III. p. 417, and the three appended to *Jochanan Hakkadosh*. The sonnet was not a natural or congenial form of composition with him, and it is only in these occasional poems that he employs it.

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The origin of the Goldoni sonnet is given by himself in a letter to Dr. Furnivall of Dec. 3, 1883 (Wise, *Letters of R. Browning*, ii. 31):

“They are going to unveil and display here a monument erected to Goldoni, and the committee did me the honour to request a word or two for insertion in an Album to which the principal men of letters in Italy have contributed. I made a sonnet, which they please to think so well of that they preface the work with it.”

Mrs. Bronson (*Cornhill Magazine*, Feb. 1902, p. 10) adds that the sonnet was written very rapidly, and only two or three trifling alterations were made in the original copy.

The sonnet was printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 8, 1883.

### HELEN'S TOWER

This sonnet was written as far back as 1870, but was not published until it appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* twenty days after the Goldoni poem, on Dec. 28, 1883. It was written at the invitation of the Earl of Dufferin, for the tower which he built at Clandeboye in memory of his mother, and bears the date April 26, 1870. Tennyson's lines on the same occasion are printed in his *Tiresias and other Poems* (1885). It is strange that Browning should not have included so fine a poem in any of his subsequent volumes.

### THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST

In 1884 Browning was prevailed on to contribute to two memorial albums. The first testifies

## INTRODUCTION

to his love of music and to his frequent attendance at concerts which has been mentioned in the introduction to *La Saisiaz*. It was contributed to the Album presented to Mr. Arthur Chappell, the organiser of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, in 1884, and was reprinted in *The World* for April 16 in that year. It is a sonnet by courtesy only, since it contains fifteen lines, a regular octet being followed by a septet in place of a sestet.

### THE NAMES

Written for the *Shakspearean Show-Book* published in May 1884, in connection with the Shakspearean Show held at the Albert Hall in aid of the Hospital for Women in the Fulham Road. It was reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for May 29.

### WHY I AM A LIBERAL

Browning never took an active part in politics, and this statement of his political faith, composed in response to an invitation from Mr. Andrew Reid, and published by him in a volume with the same title issued in 1885 in support of the then waning Liberal cause, appeared only a few months before he ceased to support the official Liberal party. The principles expressed in it, however, had no reference to the temporary policies of any party, and remained his principles to the end of his life.



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## PORTRAIT

### ROBERT BROWNING (AGED 76)

*From the painting by Alphonse Legros (1888) in the Victoria  
and Albert Museum, South Kensington . . .* FRONTISPIECE

PACCHIAROTTO

AND

HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

*Et CETERA*



## PROLOGUE

### I

O THE old wall here ! How I could pass  
Life in a long Midsummer day,  
My feet confined to a plot of grass,  
My eyes from a wall not once away !

### II

And lush and lithe do the creepers clothe  
Yon wall I watch, with a wealth of green :  
Its bald red bricks draped, nothing loth,  
In lappets of tangle they laugh between.

### III

Now, what is it makes pulsate the robe ?  
Why tremble the sprays ? What life o'erbrims  
The body,—the house, no eye can probe,—  
Divined as, beneath a robe, the limbs ?

### IV

And there again ! But my heart may guess  
Who tripped behind ; and she sang perhaps :  
So, the old wall throbbed, and its life's excess  
Died out and away in the leafy wraps.

## PROLOGUE

### V

Wall upon wall are between us : life  
And song should away from heart to heart.  
I—prison-bird, with a ruddy strife  
At breast, and a lip whence storm-notes start—

### VI

Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing  
That 's spirit : though cloistered fast, soar free ;  
Account as wood, brick, stone, this ring  
Of the rueful neighbours, and—forth to thee !

# OF PACCHIAROTTO AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

## I

QUERY : was ever a quainter  
Crotchet than this of the painter  
Giacomo Pacchiarotto  
Who took "Reform" for his motto?

## II

He, pupil of old Fungaio, 5  
Is always confounded (heigho !)  
With Pacchia, contemporaneous  
No question, but how extraneous  
In the grace of soul, the power  
Of hand,—undoubted dower 10  
Of Pacchia who decked (as *we* know,  
My Kirkup !) San Bernardino,  
Turning the small dark Oratory  
To Siena's Art-laboratory,  
As he made its straitness roomy 15  
And glorified its gloomy,  
With Bazzi and Beccafumi.  
(Another heigho for Bazzi :  
How people miscall him Razzi !)

## III

This Painter was of opinion 20  
Our earth should be his dominion  
Whose Art could correct to pattern  
What Nature had slurred—the slattern !

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

And since, beneath the heavens,  
Things lay now at sixes and sevens, 25  
Or, as he said, *sopra-sotto*—  
Thought the painter Pacchiarotto  
Things wanted reforming, therefore.  
“Wanted it”—ay, but wherefore?  
When earth held one so ready 30  
As he to step forth, stand steady  
In the middle of God’s creation  
And prove to demonstration  
What the dark is, what the light is,  
What the wrong is, what the right is, 35  
What the ugly, what the beautiful,  
What the restive, what the dutiful,  
In Mankind profuse around him?  
Man, devil as now he found him,  
Would presently soar up angel 40  
At the summons of such evangel,  
And owe—what would Man *not* owe  
To the painter Pacchiarotto?  
Ay, look to thy laurels, Giotto!

### IV

But Man, he perceived, was stubborn, 45  
Grew regular brute, once cub born;  
And it struck him as expedient—  
Ere he tried to make obedient  
The wolf, fox, bear and monkey,  
By piping advice in one key— 50  
That his pipe should play a prelude  
To something heaven-tinged not hell-hued,  
Something not harsh but docile,  
Man-liquid, not Man-fossil—  
Not fact, in short, but fancy. 55  
By a laudable necromancy  
He would conjure up ghosts—a circle



## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

Deprived of the means to work ill  
Should his music prove distasteful  
And pearls to the swine go wasteful. 60  
To be rent of swine—that *was* hard !  
With fancy he ran no hazard :  
Fact might knock him o'er the mazzard.

### V

So, the painter Pacchiarotto  
Constructed himself a grotto 65  
In the quarter of Stalloreggi—  
As authors of note allege ye.  
And on each of the whitewashed sides of it  
He painted—(none far and wide so fit  
As he to perform in fresco)— 70  
He painted nor cried *quiesco*  
Till he peopled its every square foot  
With Man—from the Beggar barefoot  
To the Noble in cap and feather :  
All sorts and conditions together. 75  
The Soldier in breastplate and helmet  
Stood frowningly—hail fellow well met—  
By the Priest armed with bell, book and candle.  
Nor did he omit to handle  
The Fair Sex, our brave distemperer : 80  
Not merely King, Clown, Pope, Emperor—  
He diversified too his Hades  
Of all forms, pinched Labour and paid Ease,  
With as mixed an assemblage of Ladies.

### VI

Which work done, dry,—he rested him, 85  
Cleaned pallet, washed brush, divested him  
Of the apron that suits *frescantì*,  
And, bonnet on ear stuck jaunty,  
This hand upon hip well planted,

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

That, free to wave as it wanted, 90  
He addressed in a choice oration  
His folk of each name and nation,  
Taught its duty to every station.  
The Pope was declared an arrant  
Impostor at once, I warrant. 95  
The Emperor—truth might tax him  
With ignorance of the maxim  
“Shear sheep but nowise flay them!”  
And the Vulgar that obey them,  
The Ruled, well-matched with the Ruling, 100  
They failed not of wholesome schooling  
On their knavery and their fooling.  
As for Art—where ’s decorum? Pooh-poohed  
it is  
By Poets that plague us with lewd ditties,  
And Painters that pester with nudities! 105

### VII

Now, your rater and debater  
Is baulked by a mere spectator  
Who simply stares and listens  
Tongue tied, while eye nor glistens  
Nor brow grows hot and twitchy, 110  
Nor mouth, for a combat itchy,  
Quivers with some convincing  
Reply—that sets him wincing?  
Nay, rather—reply that furnishes  
Your debater with just what burnishes 115  
The crest of him, all one triumph,  
As you see him rise, hear him cry “Humph!  
Convinced am I? This confutes me?  
Receive the rejoinder that suits me!  
Confutation of vassal for prince meet— 120  
Wherein all the powers that convince meet,  
And mash my opponent to mincemeat!”

## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

### VIII

So, off from his head flies the bonnet,  
His hip loses hand planted on it,  
While t' other hand, frequent in gesture, 125  
Slinks modestly back beneath vesture,  
As,—hop, skip and jump,—he 's along with  
Those weak ones he late proved so strong with !  
Pope, Emperor, lo, he 's beside them,  
Friendly now, who late could not abide them, 130  
King, Clown, Soldier, Priest, Noble, Burgess ;  
And his voice, that out-roared Boanerges,  
How minikin-mildly it urges  
In accents how gentled and gingered  
Its word in defence of the injured ! 135  
“ O call him not culprit, this Pontiff !  
Be hard on this Kaiser ye won't if  
Ye take into con-si-der-ation  
What dangers attend elevation !  
The Priest—who expects him to descant 140  
On duty with more zeal and less cant ?  
He preaches but rubbish he 's reared in.  
The Soldier, grown deaf (by the mere din  
Of battle) to mercy, learned tipling  
And what not of vice while a stripling. 145  
The Lawyer—his lies are conventional.  
And as for the Poor Sort—why mention all  
Obstructions that leave barred and bolted  
Access to the brains of each dolt-head ? ”

### IX

He ended, you wager ? Not half ! A bet ? 150  
Precedence to males in the alphabet !  
Still, disposed of Man's A, B, C, there 's X,  
Y, Z, want assistance,—the Fair Sex !  
How much may be said in excuse of  
Those vanities—males see no use of— 155

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

From silk shoe on heel to laced poll's-hood !  
What 's their frailty beside our own falsehood ?  
The boldest, most brazen of . . . trumpets,  
How kind can they be to their dumb pets !  
Of their charms—how are most frank, how few  
venal !

160

While as for those charges of Juvenal—

*Quæ nemo dixisset in toto*

*Nisi (ædepol) ore illoto—*

He dismissed every charge with an "*Apage !*"

### X

Then, cocking (in Scotch phrase) his cap a-gee, 165  
Right hand disengaged from the doublet  
—Like landlord, in house he had sub-let  
Resuming of guardianship gestion,  
To call tenants' conduct in question—  
Hop, skip, jump, to inside from outside 170  
Of chamber, he lords, ladies, louts eyed  
With such transformation of visage  
As fitted the censor of this age.  
No longer an advocate tepid  
Of frailty, but champion intrepid 175  
Of strength, not of falsehood but verity,  
He, one after one, with asperity  
Stripped bare all the cant-clothed abuses,  
Disposed of sophistic excuses,  
Forced folly each shift to abandon, 180  
And left vice with no leg to stand on.  
So crushing the force he exerted,  
That Man at his foot lay converted !

### XI

True—Man bred of paint-pot and mortar !  
But why suppose folks of this sort are 185  
More likely to hear and be tractable

## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

Than folks all alive and, in fact, able  
To testify promptly by action  
Their ardour, and make satisfaction  
For misdeeds *non verbis sed factis*? 190  
“With folk all alive be my practice  
Henceforward! O mortar, paint-pot O,  
Farewell to ye!” cried Pacchiarotto,  
“Let only occasion intèrpose!”

### XII

It did so: for, pat to the purpose 195  
Through causes I need not examine,  
There fell upon Siena a famine.  
In vain did the magistrates busily  
Seek succour, fetch grain out of Sicily,  
Nay, throw mill and bakehouse wide open— 200  
Such misery followed as no pen  
Of mine shall depict ye. Faint, fainter  
Waxed hope of relief: so, our painter,  
Emboldened by triumph of recency,  
How could he do other with decency 205  
Than rush in this strait to the rescue,  
Play schoolmaster, point as with fescue  
To each and all slips in Man’s spelling  
The law of the land?—slips now telling  
With monstrous effect on the city, 210  
Whose magistrates moved him to pity  
As, bound to read law to the letter,  
They minded their hornbook no better.

### XIII

I ought to have told you, at starting,  
How certain, who itched to be carting 215  
Abuses away clean and thorough  
From Siena, both province and borough,  
Had formed themselves into a company

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

Whose swallow could bolt in a lump any  
Obstruction of scruple, provoking 220  
The nicer throat's coughing and choking :  
Fit Club, by as fit a name dignified  
Of "Freed Ones"—"*Bardotti*"—which signified  
"Spare-Horses" that walk by the waggon  
The team has to drudge for and drag on. 225  
This notable club Pacchiarotto  
Had joined long since, paid scot and lot to,  
As free and accepted "*Bardotto*."  
The Bailiwick watched with no quiet eye  
The outrage thus done to society, 230  
And noted the advent especially  
Of Pacchiarotto their fresh ally.

### XIV

These Spare-Horses forthwith assembled :  
Neighed words whereat citizens trembled  
As oft as the chiefs, in the Square by 235  
The Duomo, proposed a way whereby  
The city were cured of disaster.  
"Just substitute servant for master,  
Make Poverty Wealth and Wealth Poverty,  
Unloose Man from overt and covert tie, 240  
And straight out of social confusion  
True Order would spring!" Brave illusion—  
Aims heavenly attained by means earthy !

### XV

Off to these at full speed rushed our worthy,—  
Brain practised and tongue no less tutored, 245  
In argument's armour accoutred,—  
Sprang forth, mounted rostrum and essayed  
Proposals like those to which "Yes" said  
So glibly each personage painted  
O' the wall-side wherewith you 're acquainted. 250

## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

He harangued on the faults of the Bailiwick :  
 "Red soon were our State-candle's paly wick,  
 If wealth would become but interfluous,  
 Fill voids up with just the superfluous ;  
 If ignorance gave way to knowledge 255  
 —Not pedantry picked up at college  
 From Doctors, Professors *et cætera*—  
 (*They say : 'kai ta loipa'*—like better a  
 Long Greek string of *kappas, taus, lambdas,*  
 Tacked on to the tail of each damned ass)— 260  
 No knowledge we want of this quality,  
 But knowledge indeed—practicality  
 Through insight's fine universality !  
 If you shout '*Bailiffs, out on ye all ! Fie,*  
*Thou Chief of our forces, Amalfi,* 265  
*Who shieldest the rogue and the clotpoll !'*  
 If you pounce on and poke out, with what pole  
 I leave ye to fancy, our Siena's  
 Beast-litter of sloths and hyenas—"  
 (Whoever to scan this is ill able 270  
 Forgets the town's name 's a dissyllable)  
 "If, this done, ye did—as ye might—place  
 For once the right man in the right place,  
 If you listened to me . . ."

### XVI

At which last "If"  
 There flew at his throat like a mastiff 275  
 One Spare-Horse—another and another !  
 Such outbreak of tumult and pother,  
 Horse-faces a-laughing and fleering,  
 Horse-voices a-mocking and jeering,  
 Horse-hands raised to collar the caitiff 280  
 Whose impudence ventured the late "If"—  
 That, had not fear sent Pacchiarotto  
 Off tramping, as fast as could trot toe,

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

Away from the scene of discomfiture—  
 Had he stood there stock-still in a dumb fit—sure 285  
 Am I he had paid in his person  
 Till his mother might fail to know her son,  
 Though she gazed on him never so wistful,  
 In the figure so tattered and tristful.  
 Each mouth full of curses, each fist full 290  
 Of cuffings—behold, Pacchiarotto,  
 The pass which thy project has got to,  
 Of trusting, nigh ashes still hot—tow !  
 (The paraphrase—which I much need—is  
 From Horace “*per ignes incedis.*”) 295

### XVII

Right and left did he dash helter-skelter  
 In agonized search of a shelter.  
 No purlieu so blocked and no alley  
 So blind as allowed him to rally  
 His spirits and see—nothing hampered 300  
 His steps if he trudged and not scampered  
 Up here and down there in a city  
 That 's all ups and downs, more the pity  
 For folk who would outrun the constable.  
 At last he stopped short at the one stable 305  
 And sure place of refuge that 's offered  
 Humanity. Lately was coffered  
 A corpse in its sepulchre, situate  
 By St. John's Observance. “Habituate  
 Thyself to the strangest of bedfellows, 310  
 And, kicked by the live, kiss the dead fellows !”  
 So Misery counselled the craven.  
 At once he crept safely to haven  
 Through a hole left unbricked in the structure.  
 Ay, Misery, in have you tucked your 315  
 Poor client and left him conterminous  
 With—pah !—the thing fetid and verminous !



## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

(I gladly would spare you the detail,  
But History writes what I retail.)

### XVIII

Two days did he groan in his domicile : 320  
“ Good Saints, set me free and I promise I ’ll  
Abjure all ambition of preaching  
Change, whether to minds touched by teaching  
—The smooth folk of fancy, mere figments  
Created by plaster and pigments,— 325  
Or to minds that receive with such rudeness  
Dissuasion from pride, greed and lewdness,  
—The rough folk of fact, life’s true specimens  
Of mind—‘ *haud in posse sed esse mens*’  
As it was, is, and shall be for ever 330  
Despite of my utmost endeavour.  
O live foes I thought to illumine,  
Henceforth lie untroubled your gloom in !  
I need my own light, every spark, as  
I couch with this sole friend—a carcase !” 335

### XIX

Two days thus he maundered and rambled ;  
Then, starved back to sanity, scrambled  
From out his receptacle loathsome.  
“ A spectre !”—declared upon oath some  
Who saw him emerge and (appalling 340  
To mention) his garments a-crawling  
With plagues far beyond the Egyptian.  
He gained, in a state past description,  
A convent of monks, the Observancy.

### XX

Thus far is a fact : I reserve fancy 345  
For Fancy’s more proper employment :  
And now she waves wing with enjoyment,

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

To tell ye how preached the Superior  
When somewhat our painter's exterior  
Was sweetened. He needed (no mincing 350  
The matter) much soaking and rincing,  
Nay, rubbing with drugs odoriferous,  
Till, rid of his garments pestiferous  
And robed by the help of the Brotherhood  
In odds and ends,—this gown and t' other hood,— 355  
His empty inside first well-garnished,—  
He delivered a tale round, unvarnished.

### XXI

“Ah, Youth!” ran the Abbot's admonishment,  
“Thine error scarce moves my astonishment.  
For—why shall I shrink from asserting?— 360  
Myself have had hopes of converting  
The foolish to wisdom, till, sober,  
My life found its May grow October.  
I talked and I wrote, but, one morning,  
Life's Autumn bore fruit in this warning: 365  
*‘Let tongue rest, and quiet thy quill be!  
Earth is earth and not heaven, and ne'er will be.’*  
Man's work is to labour and leaven—  
As best he may—earth here with heaven;  
'T is work for work's sake that he's needing: 370  
Let him work on and on as if speeding  
Work's end, but not dream of succeeding!  
Because if success were intended,  
Why, heaven would begin ere earth ended.  
A Spare-Horse? Be rather a thill-horse, 375  
Or—what's the plain truth—just a mill-horse!  
Earth's a mill where we grind and wear mufflers:  
A whip awaits shirkers and shufflers  
Who slacken their pace, sick of lugging  
At what don't advance for their tugging. 380  
Though round goes the mill, we must still post

## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

On and on as if moving the mill-post.  
 So, grind away, mouth-wise and pen-wise,  
 Do all that we can to make men wise !  
 And if men prefer to be foolish, 385  
 Ourselves have proved horse-like not mulish :  
 Sent grist, a good sackful, to hopper,  
 And worked as the Master thought proper.  
 Tongue I wag, pen I ply, who am Abbot ;  
 Stick thou, Son, to daub-brush and dab-pot ! 390  
 But, soft ! I scratch hard on the scab hot ?  
 Though cured of thy plague, there may linger  
 A pimple I fray with rough finger ?  
 So soon could my homily transmute  
 Thy brass into gold ? Why, the man 's mute ! " 395

### XXII

"Ay, Father, I 'm mute with admiring  
 How Nature's indulgence untiring  
 Still bids us turn deaf ear to Reason's  
 Best rhetoric—clutch at all seasons  
 And hold fast to what 's proved untenable ! 400  
 Thy maxim is—Man 's not amenable  
 To argument : whereof by consequence—  
 Thine arguments reach me : a non-sequence !  
 Yet blush not discouraged, O Father !  
 I stand unconverted, the rather 405  
 That nowise I need a conversion.  
 No live man (I cap thy assertion)  
 By argument ever could take hold  
 Of me. 'T was the dead thing, the clay-cold,  
 Which grinned '*Art thou so in a hurry* 410  
*That out of warm light thou must skurry*  
*And join me down here in the dungeon*  
*Because, above, one 's Jack and one—John,*  
*One 's swift in the race, one—a hobbler,*  
*One 's a crowned king, and one—a capped cobbler,* 415

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

*Rich and poor, sage and fool, virtuous, vicious?  
Why complain? Art thou so unsuspicious  
That all's for an hour of essaying  
Who's fit and who's unfit for playing  
His part in the after-construction* 420  
*—Heaven's Piece whereof Earth's the Induction?  
Things rarely go smooth at Rehearsal.  
Wait patient the change universal,  
And act, and let act, in existence!  
For, as thou art clapped hence or hissed hence,* 425  
*Thou hast thy promotion or otherwise.  
And why must wise thou have thy brother wise  
Because in rehearsal thy cue be  
To shine by the side of a booby?  
No polishing garnet to ruby!* 430  
*All's well that ends well—through Art's magic  
Some end, whether comic or tragic,  
The Artist has purposed, be certain!  
Explained at the fall of the curtain—  
In showing thy wisdom at odds with* 435  
*That folly: he tries men and gods with  
No problem for weak wits to solve meant,  
But one worth such Author's evolvement.  
So, back nor disturb play's production  
By giving thy brother instruction* 440  
*To throw up his fool's-part allotted!  
Lest haply thyself prove besotted  
When stript, for thy pains, of that costume  
Of sage, which has bred the imposthume  
I prick to relieve thee of,—Vanity!* 445

### XXIII

“So, Father, behold me in sanity!  
I'm back to the palette and mahlstick:  
And as for Man—let each and all stick  
To what was prescribed them at starting!

## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

Once planted as fools—no departing 430  
From folly one inch, *sæculorum*  
*In sæcula!* Pass me the jorum,  
And push me the platter—my stomach  
Retains, through its fasting, still some ache—  
And then, with your kind *Benedicite*, 455  
Good-bye!”

### XXIV

I have told with simplicity  
My tale, dropped those harsh analytics,  
And tried to content you, my critics,  
Who greeted my early uprising!  
I knew you through all the disguising, 460  
Droll dogs, as I jumped up, cried “Heyday!  
This Monday is—what else but May-day?  
And these in the drabs, blues and yellows,  
Are surely the privileged fellows.  
So, saltbox and bones, tongs and bellows,” 465  
(I threw up the window) “your pleasure?”

### XXV

Then he who directed the measure—  
An old friend—put leg forward nimbly,  
“We critics as sweeps out your chimbley!  
Much soot to remove from your flue, sir! 470  
Who spares coal in kitchen an’t you, sir!  
And neighbours complain it’s no joke, sir,  
—You ought to consume your own smoke, sir!”

### XXVI

Ah, rogues, but my housemaid suspects you—  
Is confident oft she detects you 475  
In bringing more filth into my house  
Than ever you found there! I’m pious  
However: ’t was God made you dingy

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

And me—with no need to be stingy  
 Of soap, when 't is sixpence the packet. 480  
 So, dance away, boys, dust my jacket,  
 Bang drum and blow fife—ay, and rattle  
 Your brushes, for that 's half the battle !  
 Don't trample the grass,—hocus-pocus  
 With grime my Spring snowdrop and crocus,— 485  
 And, what with your rattling and tinkling,  
 Who knows but you give me an inkling  
 How music sounds, thanks to the jangle  
 Of regular drum and triangle ?  
 Whereby, tap-tap, chink-chink, 't is proven 490  
 I break rule as bad as Beethoven.  
 "That chord now—a groan or a grunt is 't ?  
 Schumann's self was no worse contrapuntist.  
 No ear ! or if ear, so tough-gristled—  
 He thought that he sung while he whistled ! " 495

### XXVII

So, this time I whistle, not sing at all,  
 My story, the largess I fling at all  
 And every the rough there whose *aubade*  
 Did its best to amuse me,—nor *so* bad !  
 Take my thanks, pick up largess, and scamper 500  
 Off free, ere your mirth gets a damper !  
 You 've Monday, your one day, your fun-day,  
 While mine is a year that 's all Sunday.  
 I 've seen you, times—who knows how many ?—  
 Dance in here, strike up, play the zany, 505  
 Make mouths at the tenant, hoot warning  
 You 'll find him decamped next May-morning ;  
 Then scuttle away, glad to 'scape hence  
 With—kicks ? no, but laughter and ha'pence !  
 Mine 's freehold, by grace of the grand Lord 510  
 Who lets out the ground here,—my landlord :  
 To him I pay quit-rent—devotion ;

## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

Nor hence shall I budge, I 've a notion,  
 Nay, here shall my whistling and singing  
 Set all his street's echoes a-ringing 515  
 Long after the last of your number  
 Has ceased my front-court to encumber  
 While, treading down rose and ranunculus,  
 You *Tommy-make-room-for-your-Uncle* us!  
 Troop, all of you—man or homunculus, 520  
 Quick march! for Xanthippe, my housemaid,  
 If once on your pates she a souse made  
 With what, pan or pot, bowl or *skoramis*  
 First comes to her hand—things were more amiss!  
 I would not for worlds be your place in— 525  
 Recipient of slops from the basin!  
 You, Jack-in-the-Green, leaf-and-twiggyishness  
 Won't save a dry thread on your priggishness!  
 While as for Quilp-Hop-o'-my-thumb there,  
 Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum-strum there— 530  
 He 'll think, as the pickle he curses,  
 I 've discharged on his pate his own verses!  
 "Dwarfs are saucy," says Dickens: so, sauced in  
 Your own sauce, . . .<sup>1</sup>

### XXVIII

But, back to my Knight of the Pencil, 535  
 Dismissed to his fresco and stencil!  
 Whose story—begun with a chuckle,  
 And throughout timed by raps of the knuckle,—  
 To small enough purpose were studied  
 If it ends with crown cracked or nose bloodied. 540  
 Come, critics,—not shake hands, excuse me!  
 But—say have you grudged to amuse me  
 This once in the forty-and-over

<sup>1</sup> No, please! For

"Who would be satirical  
 On a thing so very small?"—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

## OF PACCHIAROTTO

Long years since you trampled my clover  
 And scared from my house-eaves each sparrow 545  
 I never once harmed by that arrow  
 Of song, *karterotaton belos*,  
 (Which Pindar declares the true *melos*)  
 I was forging and filing and finishing,  
 And no whit my labours diminishing 550  
 Because, though high up in a chamber  
 Where none of your kidney may clamber  
 Your hullabaloo would approach me?  
 Was it "grammar" wherein you would "coach"  
 me—

You,—pacing in even that paddock 555  
 Of language allotted you *ad hoc*,  
 With a clog at your fetlocks,—you—scorners  
 Of me free of all its four corners?  
 Was it "clearness of words which convey thought?"  
 Ay, if words never needed enswathe aught 560  
 But ignorance, impudence, envy  
 And malice—what word-swathe would then vie  
 With yours for a clearness crystalline?  
 But had you to put in one small line  
 Some thought big and bouncing—as noddle 565  
 Of goose, born to cackle and waddle  
 And bite at man's heel as goose-wont is,  
 Never felt plague its puny *os frontis*—  
 You 'd know, as you hissed, spat and sputtered,  
 Clear cackle is easily uttered! 570

### XXIX

Lo, I 've laughed out my laugh on this mirth-  
 day!  
 Beside, at week's end, dawns my birth-day,  
 That *hebdome, hieron emar*—  
 (More things in a day than you deem are!)  
 —*Tei gar Apollona chrusaora* 575



## AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

*Egeinato Leto.* So, gray or ray  
Betide me, six days hence, I 'm vexed here  
By no sweep, that 's certain, till next year!  
“Vexed?”—roused from what else were insipid  
ease!

Leave snoring a-bed to Pheidippides!  
We 'll up and work! won't we, Euripides?

580

# AT THE "MERMAID"

The figure that thou here seest . . . Tut !  
Was it for gentle Shakespeare put ?

B. JONSON. (*Adapted.*)

## I

I—"NEXT Poet?" No, my hearties,  
I nor am nor fain would be !  
Choose your chiefs and pick your parties,  
Not one soul revolt to me !  
I, forsooth, sow song-sedition ?  
I, a schism in verse provoke ?  
I, blown up by bard's ambition,  
Burst—your bubble-king? You joke.

5

## II

Come, be grave ! The sherris mantling  
Still about each mouth, mayhap,  
Breeds you insight—just a scantling—  
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.  
Look and tell me ! Written, spoken,  
Here 's my life-long work : and where  
—Where's your warrant or my token  
I 'm the dead king's son and heir ?

10

15

## III

Here 's my work : does work discover—  
What was rest from work—my life ?  
Did I live man's hater, lover ?  
Leave the world at peace, at strife ?

20

## AT THE "MERMAID"

Call earth ugliness or beauty?  
See things there in large or small?  
Use to pay its Lord my duty?  
Use to own a lord at all?

### IV

Blank of such a record, truly 25  
Here 's the work I hand, this scroll,  
Yours to take or leave ; as duly,  
Mine remains the unproffered soul.  
So much, no whit more, my debtors—  
How should one like me lay claim 30  
To that largess elders, betters  
Sell you cheap their souls for—fame?

### V

Which of you did I enable  
Once to slip inside my breast,  
There to catalogue and label 35  
What I like least, what love best,  
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,  
Seek and shun, respect—deride?  
Who has right to make a rout of  
Rarities he found inside? 40

### VI

Rarities or, as he 'd rather,  
Rubbish such as stocks his own :  
Need and greed (O strange) the Father  
Fashioned not for him alone !  
Whence—the comfort set a-strutting, 45  
Whence—the outcry "Haste, behold !  
Bard's breast open wide, past shutting,  
Shows what brass we took for gold !"

## AT THE "MERMAID"

### VII

Friends, I doubt not he 'd display you  
Brass—myself call orichalc,— 50  
Furnish much amusement ; pray you  
Therefore, be content I baulk  
Him and you, and bar my portal !  
Here 's my work outside : opine  
What 's inside me mean and mortal ! 55  
Take your pleasure, leave me mine !

### VIII

Which is—not to buy your laurel  
As last king did, nothing loth.  
Tale adorned and pointed moral  
Gained him praise and pity both. 60  
Out rushed sighs and groans by dozens,  
Forth by scores oaths, curses flew :  
Proving you were cater-cousins,  
Kith and kindred, king and you !

### IX

Whereas do I ne'er so little 65  
(Thanks to sherris) leave ajar  
Bosom's gate—no jot nor tittle  
Grow we nearer than we are.  
Sinning, sorrowing, despairing,  
Body-ruined, spirit-wrecked,— 70  
Should I give my woes an airing,—  
Where 's one plague that claims respect ?

### X

Have you found your life distasteful ?  
My life did, and does, smack sweet.  
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful ? 75  
Mine I saved and hold complete.

## AT THE "MERMAID"

Do your joys with age diminish?  
When mine fail me, I'll complain.  
Must in death your daylight finish?  
My sun sets to rise again.

80

### XI

What, like you, he proved—your Pilgrim—  
This our world a wilderness,  
Earth still grey and heaven still grim,  
Not a hand there his might press,  
Not a heart his own might throb to,  
Men all rogues and women—say,  
Dolls which boys' heads duck and bob to,  
Grown folk drop or throw away?

85

### XII

My experience being other,  
How should I contribute verse  
Worthy of your king and brother?  
Balaam-like I bless, not curse.  
I find earth not grey but rosy,  
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.  
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.  
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

90

95

### XIII

Doubtless I am pushed and shoved by  
Rogues and fools enough: the more  
Good luck mine, I love, am loved by  
Some few honest to the core.  
Scan the near high, scout the far low!  
"But the low come close:" what then?  
Simpletons? My match is Marlowe;  
Sciolists? My mate is Ben.

100

## AT THE "MERMAID"

### XIV

Womankind—"the cat-like nature,  
False and fickle, vain and weak"—  
What of this sad nomenclature  
Suits my tongue, if I must speak?  
Does the sex invite, repulse so,  
Tempt, betray, by fits and starts?  
So becalm but to convulse so,  
Decking heads and breaking hearts?

105  
110

### XV

Well may you blaspheme at fortune!  
I "threw Venus" (Ben, expound!)  
Never did I need importune  
Her, of all the Olympian round.  
Blessings on my benefactress!  
Cursings suit—for aught I know—  
Those who twitched her by the back tress,  
Tugged and thought to turn her—so!

115  
120

### XVI

Therefore, since no leg to stand on  
Thus I 'm left with,—joy or grief  
Be the issue,—I abandon  
Hope or care you name me Chief!  
Chief and king and Lord's anointed,  
I?—who never once have wished  
Death before the day appointed:  
Lived and liked, not poohed and pished!

125

### XVII

"Ah, but so I shall not enter,  
Scroll in hand, the common heart—  
Stopped at surface: since at centre  
Song should reach *Welt-schmerz*, world-smart!"

130

## AT THE "MERMAID"

"Enter in the heart?" Its shelly  
Cuirass guard mine, fore and aft!  
Such song "enters in the belly" 135  
And is cast out in the draught."

### XVIII

Back then to our sherris-brewage!  
"Kingship" quotha? I shall wait—  
Waive the present time: some new age . . .  
But let fools anticipate! 140  
Meanwhile greet me—"friend, good fellow,  
Gentle Will," my merry men!  
As for making Envy yellow  
With "Next Poet"—(Manners, Ben!)

# HOUSE

## I

SHALL I sonnet-sing you about myself?

Do I live in a house you would like to see?  
Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?

“Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key?”

## II

Invite the world, as my betters have done?

“Take notice: this building remains on view,  
Its suites of reception every one,  
Its private apartment and bedroom too;

## III

“For a ticket, apply to the Publisher.”

No: thanking the public, I must decline.  
A peep through my window, if folk prefer;  
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!

## IV

I have mixed with a crowd and heard free talk

In a foreign land where an earthquake chanced:  
And a house stood gaping, nought to baulk  
Man's eye wherever he gazed or glanced.

## V

The whole of the frontage shaven sheer,

The inside gaped: exposed to day,  
Right and wrong and common and queer,  
Bare, as the palm of your hand, it lay.



# HOUSE

## VI

The owner ? Oh, he had been crushed, no doubt !

“ Odd tables and chairs for a man of wealth !  
What a parcel of musty old books about !

He smoked,—no wonder he lost his health !

## VII

“ I doubt if he bathed before he dressed.

A brasier ?—the pagan, he burned perfumes !  
You see it is proved, what the neighbours guessed :  
His wife and himself had separate rooms.”

## VIII

Friends, the goodman of the house at least

Kept house to himself till an earthquake came :  
'T is the fall of its frontage permits you feast  
On the inside arrangement you praise or blame.

## IX

Outside should suffice for evidence :

And whoso desires to penetrate  
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—  
No optics like yours, at any rate !

## X

“ Hoity toity ! A street to explore,

Your house the exception ! ‘ *With this same key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart,*’ once more !”

Did Shakespeare ? If so, the less Shakespeare  
he !

# SHOP

## I

So, friend, your shop was all your house !  
Its front, astonishing the street,  
Invited view from man and mouse  
To what diversity of treat  
Behind its glass—the single sheet !

5

## II

What gimcracks, genuine Japanese :  
Gape-jaw and goggle-eye, the frog ;  
Dragons, owls, monkeys, beetles, geese ;  
Some crush-nosed human-hearted dog :  
Queer names, too, such a catalogue !

10

## III

I thought “ And he who owns the wealth  
Which blocks the window’s vastitude,  
—Ah, could I peep at him by stealth  
Behind his ware, pass shop, intrude  
On house itself, what scenes were viewed !

15

## IV

“ If wide and showy thus the shop,  
What must the habitation prove ?  
The true house with no name a-top—  
The mansion, distant one remove,  
Once get him off his traffic-groove !

20

## SHOP

### V

“ Pictures he likes, or books perhaps ;  
And as for buying most and best,  
Commend me to these City chaps !  
Or else he 's social, takes his rest  
On Sundays, with a Lord for guest. 25

### VI

“ Some suburb-palace, parked about  
And gated grandly, built last year :  
The four-mile walk to keep off gout ;  
Or big seat sold by bankrupt peer :  
But then he takes the rail, that 's clear. 30

### VII

“ Or, stop ! I wager, taste selects  
Some out o' the way, some all-unknown  
Retreat : the neighbourhood suspects  
Little that he who rambles lone  
Makes Rothschild tremble on his throne ! ” 35

### VIII

Nowise ! Nor Mayfair residence  
Fit to receive and entertain,—  
Nor Hampstead villa's kind defence  
From noise and crowd, from dust and drain,—  
Nor country-box was soul's domain ! 40

### IX

Nowise ! At back of all that spread  
Of merchandize, woe 's me, I find  
A hole i' the wall where, heels by head,  
The owner couched, his ware behind,  
—In cupboard suited to his mind. 45

## SHOP

### X

For why? He saw no use of life  
But, while he drove a roaring trade,  
To chuckle "Customers are rife!"  
To chafe "So much hard cash outlaid  
Yet zero in my profits made!" 50

### XI

"This novelty costs pains, but—takes?  
Cumbers my counter! Stock no more!  
This article, no such great shakes,  
Fizzes like wildfire? Underscore  
The cheap thing—thousands to the fore!" 55

### XII

'T was lodging best to live most nigh  
(Cramp, coffinlike as crib might be)  
Receipt of Custom; ear and eye  
Wanted no outworld: "Hear and see  
The bustle in the shop!" quoth he. 60

### XIII

My fancy of a merchant-prince  
Was different. Through his wares we groped  
Our darkling way to—not to mince  
The matter—no black den where moped  
The master if we interloped! 65

### XIV

Shop was shop only: household-stuff?  
What did he want with comforts there?  
"Walls, ceiling, floor, stay blank and rough,  
So goods on sale show rich and rare!  
'*Sell and scud home*' be shop's affair!" 70

## SHOP

### XV

What might he deal in? Gems, suppose!  
Since somehow business must be done  
At cost of trouble,—see, he throws  
You choice of jewels, everyone,  
Good, better, best, star, moon and sun! 75

### XVI

Which lies within your power of purse?  
This ruby that would tip aright  
Solomon's sceptre? Oh, your nurse  
Wants simply coral, the delight  
Of teething baby,—stuff to bite! 80

### XVII

Howe'er your choice fell, straight you took  
Your purchase, prompt your money rang  
On counter,—scarce the man forsook  
His study of the "Times," just swang  
Till-ward his hand that stopped the clang,— 85

### XVIII

Then off made buyer with a prize,  
Then seller to his "Times" returned,  
And so did day wear, wear, till eyes  
Brightened apace, for rest was earned:  
He locked door long ere candle burned. 90

### XIX

And whither went he? Ask himself,  
Not me! To change of scene, I think.  
Once sold the ware and pursed the pelf,  
Chaffer was scarce his meat and drink,  
Nor all his music—money-chink. 95

## SHOP

### XX

Because a man has shop to mind  
In time and place, since flesh must live,  
Needs spirit lack all life behind,  
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,  
All loves except what trade can give? 100

### XXI

I want to know a butcher paints,  
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,  
Candlestick-maker much acquaints  
His soul with song, or, haply mute,  
Blows out his brains upon the flute! 105

### XXII

But—shop each day and all day long!  
Friend, your good angel slept, your star  
Suffered eclipse, fate did you wrong!  
From where these sorts of treasures are,  
There should our hearts be—Christ, how far! 110

## PISGAH-SIGHTS. I

### I

OVER the ball of it,  
Peering and prying,  
How I see all of it,  
Life there, outlying !  
Roughness and smoothness,  
Shine and defilement,  
Grace and uncouthness :  
One reconciliation.

### II

Orbed as appointed,  
Sister with brother  
Joins, ne'er disjointed  
One from the other.  
All 's lend-and-borrow ;  
Good, see, wants evil,  
Joy demands sorrow,  
Angel weds devil !

### III

“ Which things must—*why* be ? ”  
Vain our endeavour !  
So shall things aye be  
As they were ever.  
“ Such things should *so* be ! ”  
Sage our desistence !  
Rough-smooth let globe be,  
Mixed—man's existence !

# PISGAH-SIGHTS

## IV

Man—wise and foolish,  
Lover and scorner,  
Docile and mulish—  
Keep each his corner !  
Honey yet gall of it !  
There 's the life lying,  
And I see all of it,  
Only, I 'm dying !



## PISGAH-SIGHTS. II

### I

COULD I but live again,  
Twice my life over,  
Would I once strive again?  
Would not I cover  
Quietly all of it—  
Greed and ambition—  
So, from the pall of it,  
Pass to fruition?

### II

“Soft!” I ’d say, “Soul mine!  
Three-score and ten years,  
Let the blind mole mine  
Digging out deniers!  
Let the dazed hawk soar,  
Claim the sun’s rights too!  
Turf ’t is thy walk ’s o’er,  
Foliage thy flight ’s to.”

### III

Only a learner,  
Quick one or slow one,  
Just a discerner,  
I would teach no one.  
I am earth’s native:  
No rearranging it!  
I be creative,  
Chopping and changing it?

# PISGAH-SIGHTS

## IV

March, men, my fellows !  
Those who, above me,  
(Distance so mellows)  
Fancy you love me :  
Those who, below me,  
(Distance makes great so)  
Free to forego me,  
Fancy you hate so !

## V

Praising, reviling,  
Worst head and best head,  
Past me defiling,  
Never arrested,  
Wanters, abounders,  
March, in gay mixture,  
Men, my surroundings !  
I am the fixture.

## VI

So shall I fear thee,  
Mightiness yonder !  
Mock-sun—more near thee,  
What is to wonder ?  
So shall I love thee,  
Down in the dark,—lest  
Glowworm I prove thee,  
Star that now sparklest !

## FEARS AND SCRUPLES

### I

HERE 's my case. Of old I used to love him  
This same unseen friend, before I knew :  
Dream there was none like him, none above him,—  
Wake to hope and trust my dream was true.

### II

Loved I not his letters full of beauty?  
Not his actions famous far and wide?  
Absent, he would know I vowed him duty;  
Present, he would find me at his side.

### III

Pleasant fancy ! for I had but letters,  
Only knew of actions by hearsay :  
He himself was busied with my betters ;  
What of that ? My turn must come some day.

### IV

“Some day” proving—no day ! Here 's the puzzle.  
Passed and passed my turn is. Why complain?  
He 's so busied ! If I could but muzzle  
People's foolish mouths that give me pain !

### V

“Letters?” (hear them !) “You a judge of writing?  
Ask the experts !—How they shake the head  
O'er these characters, your friend's inditing—  
Call them forgery from A to Z !

## FEARS AND SCRUPLES

### VI

“Actions? Where’s your certain proof” (they  
bother)

“He, of all you find so great and good,  
He, he only, claims this, that, the other  
Action—claimed by men, a multitude?”

### VII

I can simply wish I might refute you,  
Wish my friend would,—by a word, a wink,—  
Bid me stop that foolish mouth,—you brute you!  
He keeps absent,—why, I cannot think.

### VIII

Never mind! Though foolishness may flout me,  
One thing’s sure enough: ’t is neither frost,  
No, nor fire, shall freeze or burn from out me  
Thanks for truth—though falsehood, gained—  
though lost.

### IX

All my days, I’ll go the softer, sadder,  
For that dream’s sake! How forget the thrill  
Through and through me as I thought “The  
gladlier  
Lives my friend because I love him still!”

### X

Ah, but there’s a menace someone utters!  
“What and if your friend at home play tricks?  
Peep at hide-and-seek behind the shutters?  
Mean your eyes should pierce through solid  
bricks?”

## FEARS AND SCRUPLES

### XI

“What and if he, frowning, wake you, dreamy?  
Lay on you the blame that bricks—conceal?  
Say ‘*At least I saw who did not see me,  
Does see now, and presently shall feel*’?”

### XII

“Why, that makes your friend a monster!” say  
you :  
“Had his house no window? At first nod,  
Would you not have hailed him?” Hush, I pray  
you !  
What if this friend happen to be—God?

## NATURAL MAGIC

### I

ALL I can say is—I saw it !  
The room was as bare as your hand.  
I locked in the swarth little lady,—I swear,  
From the head to the foot of her—well, quite as  
bare !  
“No Nautch shall cheat me,” said I, “taking my  
stand  
At this bolt which I draw !” And this bolt—I  
withdraw it,  
And there laughs the lady, not bare, but em-  
bowered  
With—who knows what verdure, o’erfruited, o’er-  
flowered ?  
Impossible ! Only—I saw it !

### II

All I can sing is—I feel it !  
This life was as blank as that room ;  
I let you pass in here. Precaution, indeed ?  
Walls, ceiling and floor,—not a chance for a weed !  
Wide opens the entrance : where ’s cold now,  
where ’s gloom ?  
No May to sow seed here, no June to reveal it,  
Behold you enshrined in these blooms of your  
bringing,  
These fruits of your bearing—nay, birds of your  
winging !  
A fairy-tale ! Only—I feel it !

## MAGICAL NATURE

### I

FLOWER—I never fancied, jewel—I profess you !

Bright I see and soft I feel the outside of a flower.  
Save but glow inside and—jewel, I should guess  
you,

Dim to sight and rough to touch : the glory is  
the dower.

### II

You, forsooth, a flower ? Nay, my love, a jewel—

Jewel at no mercy of a moment in your prime !  
Time may fray the flower-face : kind be time or  
cruel,

Jewel, from each facet, flash your laugh at time !

## BIFURCATION

WE were two lovers ; let me lie by her,  
My tomb beside her tomb. On hers inscribe—  
“ I loved him ; but my reason bade prefer  
Duty to love, reject the tempter’s bribe  
Of rose and lily when each path diverged,  
And either I must pace to life’s far end  
As love should lead me, or, as duty urged,  
Plod the worn causeway arm-in-arm with friend.  
So, truth turned falsehood : ‘ *How I loathe a flower,  
How prize the pavement !* ’ still caressed his ear—  
The deafish friend’s—through life’s day, hour by  
hour,  
As he laughed (coughing) ‘ *Ay, it would appear !* ’  
But deep within my heart of hearts there hid  
Ever the confidence, amends for all,  
That heaven repairs what wrong earth’s journey  
did,  
When love from life-long exile comes at call.  
Duty and love, one Broadway, were the best—  
Who doubts ? But one or other was to choose.  
I chose the darkling half, and wait the rest  
In that new world where light and darkness  
fuse.”

Inscribe on mine—“ I loved her : love’s track lay  
O’er sand and pebble, as all travellers know.  
Duty led through a smiling country, gay  
With greensward where the rose and lily blow.  
‘ *Our roads are diverse : farewell, love !* ’ said she ;



## BIFURCATION

*'T is duty I abide by: homely sward  
And not the rock-rough picturesque for me!  
Above, where both roads join, I wait reward.  
Be you as constant to the path whereon  
I leave you planted!'* But man needs must move,  
Keep moving—whither, when the star is gone  
Whereby he steps secure nor strays from love?  
No stone but I was tripped by, stumbling-block  
But brought me to confusion. Where I fell,  
There I lay flat, if moss disguised the rock,  
Thence, if flint pierced, I rose and cried '*All's  
well!*'

*Duty be mine to tread in that high sphere  
Where love from duty ne'er disparts, I trust,  
And two halves make that whole, whereof—since here  
One must suffice a man—why, this one must!'* "

Inscribe each tomb thus: then, some sage acquaint  
The simple—which holds sinner, which holds saint!

## NUMPHOLEPTOS

STILL you stand, still you listen, still you smile !  
Still melts your moonbeam through me, white  
    awhile,  
Softening, sweetening, till sweet and soft  
Increase so round this heart of mine, that oft  
I could believe your moonbeam-smile has past      5  
The pallid limit, lies, transformed at last  
To sunlight and salvation—warms the soul  
It sweetens, softens ! Would you pass that goal,  
Gain love's birth at the limit's happier verge,  
And, where an iridescence lurks, but urge      10  
The hesitating pallor on to prime  
Of dawn !—true blood-streaked, sun-warmth,  
    action-time,  
By heart-pulse ripened to a ruddy glow  
Of gold above my clay—I scarce should know  
From gold's self, thus suffused ! For gold means  
    love.      15  
What means the sad slow silver smile above  
My clay but pity, pardon ?—at the best,  
But acquiescence that I take my rest,  
Contented to be clay, while in your heaven  
The sun reserves love for the Spirit-Seven      20  
Companioning God's throne they lamp before,  
—Leaves earth a mute waste only wandered o'er  
By that pale soft sweet disempassioned moon  
Which smiles me slow forgiveness ! Such the  
    boon

## NUMPHOLEPTOS

I beg? Nay, dear, submit to this—just this 25  
Supreme endeavour! As my lips now kiss  
Your feet, my arms convulse your shrouding robe,  
My eyes, acquainted with the dust, dare probe  
Your eyes above for—what, if born, would blind  
Mine with redundant bliss, as flash may find 30  
The inert nerve, sting awake the palsied limb,  
Bid with life's ecstasy sense overbrim  
And suck back death in the resurging joy—  
Love, the love whole and sole without alloy!

Vainly! The promise withers! I employ 35  
Lips, arms, eyes, pray the prayer which finds the  
word,  
Make the appeal which must be felt, not heard,  
And none the more is changed your calm regard:  
Rather, its sweet and soft grow harsh and hard—  
Forbearance, then repulsion, then disdain. 40  
Avert the rest! I rise, see!—make, again  
Once more, the old departure for some track  
Untried yet through a world which brings me back  
Ever thus fruitlessly to find your feet,  
To fix your eyes, to pray the soft and sweet 45  
Which smile there—take from his new pilgrimage  
Your outcast, once your inmate, and assuage  
With love—not placid pardon now—his thirst  
For a mere drop from out the ocean erst  
He drank at! Well, the quest shall be renewed. 50  
Fear nothing! Though I linger, unembued  
With any drop, my lips thus close. I go!  
So did I leave you, I have found you so,  
And doubtlessly, if fated to return,  
So shall my pleading persevere and earn 55  
Pardon—not love—in that same smile, I learn,  
And lose the meaning of, to learn once more,  
Vainly!

## NUMPHOLEPTOS

What fairy track do I explore?  
What magic hall return to, like the gem  
Centuply-angled o'er a diadem? 60  
You dwell there, hearted; from your midmost  
home  
Rays forth—through that fantastic world I roam  
Ever—from centre to circumference,  
Shaft upon coloured shaft : this crimsons thence,  
That purples out its precinct through the waste. 65  
Surely I had your sanction when I faced,  
Fared forth upon that untried yellow ray  
Whence I retrack my steps? They end to-day  
Where they began—before your feet, beneath  
Your eyes, your smile: the blade is shut in sheath, 70  
Fire quenched in flint; irradiation, late  
Triumphant through the distance, finds its fate,  
Merged in your blank pure soul, alike the source  
And tomb of that prismatic glow : divorce  
Absolute, all-conclusive! Forth I fared, 75  
Treading the lambent flamelet : little cared  
If now its flickering took the topaz tint,  
If now my dull-caked path gave sulphury hint  
Of subterranean rage—no stay nor stint  
To yellow, since you sanctioned that I bathe, 80  
Burnish me, soul and body, swim and swathe  
In yellow license. Here I reek suffused  
With crocus, saffron, orange, as I used  
With scarlet, purple, every dye o' the bow  
Born of the storm-cloud. As before, you show 85  
Scarce recognition, no approval, some  
Mistrust, more wonder at a man become  
Monstrous in garb, nay—flesh disguised as well,  
Through his adventure. Whatsoe'er befell,  
I followed, wheresoe'er it wound, that vein 90  
You authorized should leave your whiteness, stain  
Earth's sombre stretch beyond your midmost place

## NUMPHOLEPTOS

Of vantage,—trode that tinct whereof the trace  
On garb and flesh repel you ! Yes, I plead  
Your own permission—your command, indeed, 95  
That who would worthily retain the love  
Must share the knowledge shrined those eyes  
above,  
Go boldly on adventure, break through bounds  
O' the quintessential whiteness that surrounds  
Your feet, obtain experience of each tinge 100  
That bickers forth to broaden out, impinge  
Plainer his foot its pathway all distinct  
From every other. Ah, the wonder, linked  
With fear, as exploration manifests  
What agency it was first tipped the crests 105  
Of unnamed wildflower, soon protruding grew  
Portentous mid the sands, as when his hue  
Betrays him and the burrowing snake gleams  
through ;  
Till, last . . . but why parade more shame and  
pain ?  
Are not the proofs upon me ? Here again 110  
I pass into your presence, I receive  
Your smile of pity, pardon, and I leave . . .  
No, not this last of times I leave you, mute,  
Submitted to my penance, so my foot  
May yet again adventure, tread, from source 115  
To issue, one more ray of rays which course  
Each other, at your bidding, from the sphere  
Silver and sweet, their birthplace, down that drear  
Dark of the world,—you promise shall return  
Your pilgrim jewelled as with drops o' the urn 120  
The rainbow paints from, and no smatch at all  
Of ghastliness at edge of some cloud-pall  
Heaven cowers before, as earth awaits the fall  
O' the bolt and flash of doom. Who trusts your  
word

## NUMPHOLEPTOS

Tries the adventure : and returns—absurd 125  
As frightful—in that sulphur-steeped disguise  
Mocking the priestly cloth-of-gold, sole prize  
The arch-heretic was wont to bear away  
Until he reached the burning. No, I say :  
No fresh adventure ! No more seeking love 130  
At end of toil, and finding, calm above  
My passion, the old statuesque regard,  
The sad petrific smile !

O you—less hard  
And hateful than mistaken and obtuse  
Unreason of a she-intelligence ! 135  
You very woman with the pert pretence  
To match the male achievement ! Like enough !  
Ay, you were easy victors, did the rough  
Straightway efface itself to smooth, the gruff  
Grind down and grow a whisper,—did man's truth 140  
Subdue, for sake of chivalry and ruth,  
Its rapier-edge to suit the bulrush-spear  
Womanly falsehood fights with ! O that ear  
All fact pricks rudely, that thrice-superfine  
Femininity of sense, with right divine 145  
To waive all process, take result stain-free  
From out the very muck wherein . . .

Ah me !  
The true slave's querulous outbreak ! All the rest  
Be resignation ! Forth at your behest  
I fare. Who knows but this—the crimson-quest— 150  
May deepen to a sunrise, not decay  
To that cold sad sweet smile ?—which I obey.

## APPEARANCES

### I

AND so you found that poor room dull,  
Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear?  
Its features seemed unbeautiful :

But this I know—'t was there, not here,  
You plighted troth to me, the word  
Which—ask that poor room how it heard.

### II

And this rich room obtains your praise  
Unqualified,—so bright, so fair,  
So all whereat perfection stays?

Ay, but remember—here, not there,  
The other word was spoken ! Ask  
This rich room how you dropped the mask !

## ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

### I

No protesting, dearest !

Hardly kisses even !

Don't we both know how it ends ?

How the greenest leaf turns serest,

Bluest outbreak—blankest heaven,

Lovers—friends ?

5

### II

You would build a mansion,

I would weave a bower

—Want the heart for enterprise.

Walls admit of no expansion :

Trellis-work may haply flower

Twice the size.

10

### III

What makes glad Life's Winter ?

New buds, old blooms after.

Sad the sighing "How suspect

Beams would ere mid-Autumn splinter,

Roof-tree scarce support a rafter,

Walls lie wrecked ? "

15

### IV

You are young, my princess !

I am hardly older :

Yet—I steal a glance behind.

20



## ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

Dare I tell you what convinces  
Timid me that you, if bolder,  
Bold—are blind?

### V

Where we plan our dwelling 25  
Glooms a graveyard surely!  
Headstone, footstone moss may drape,—  
Name, date, violets hide from spelling,—  
But, though corpses rot obscurely,  
Ghosts escape. 30

### VI

Ghosts! O breathing Beauty,  
Give my frank word pardon!  
What if I—somehow, somewhere—  
Pledged my soul to endless duty  
Many a time and oft? Be hard on 35  
Love—laid there?

### VII

Nay, blame grief that 's fickle,  
Time that proves a traitor,  
Chance, change, all that purpose warps,—  
Death who spares to thrust the sickle 40  
Laid Love low, through flowers which later  
Shroud the corpse!

### VIII

And you, my winsome lady,  
Whisper with like frankness!  
Lies nothing buried long ago? 45  
Are yon—which shimmer mid the shady  
Where moss and violet run to rankness—  
Tombs or no?

## ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

### IX

Who taxes you with murder ?  
My hands are clean—or nearly !  
Love being mortal needs must pass. 50  
Repentance ? Nothing were absurder.  
Enough : we felt Love's loss severely ;  
Though now—alas !

### X

Love's corpse lies quiet therefore,  
Only Love's ghost plays truant, 55  
And warns us have in wholesome awe  
Durable mansionry ; that 's wherefore  
I weave but trellis-work, pursuant  
—Life, to law. 60

### XI

The solid, not the fragile,  
Tempt rain and hail and thunder.  
If bower stand firm at Autumn's close,  
Beyond my hope,—why, boughs were agile ;  
If bower fall flat, we scarce need wonder 65  
Wreathing—rose !

### XII

So, truce to the protesting,  
So, muffled be the kisses !  
For, would we but avow the truth,  
Sober is genuine joy. No jesting ! 70  
Ask else Penelope, Ulysses—  
Old in youth !

### XIII

For why should ghosts feel angered ?  
Let all their interference  
Be faint march-music in the air ! 75

## ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

“Up! Join the rear of us the vanguard!  
Up, lovers, dead to all appearance,  
Laggard pair!”

### XIV

The while you clasp me closer,  
The while I press you deeper, 80  
As safe we chuckle,—under breath,  
Yet all the slyer, the jocosier,—  
“So, life can boast its day, like leap-year,  
Stolen from death!”

### XV

Ah me—the sudden terror! 85  
Hence quick—avaunt, avoid me,  
You cheat, the ghostly flesh-disguised!  
Nay, all the ghosts in one! Strange error!  
So, 't was Death's self that clipped and coyed me,  
Loved—and lied! 90

### XVI

Ay, dead loves are the potent!  
Like any cloud they used you,  
Mere semblance you, but substance they!  
Build we no mansion, weave we no tent!  
Mere flesh—their spirit interfused you! 95  
Hence, I say!

### XVII

All theirs, none yours the glamour!  
Theirs each low word that won me,  
Soft look that found me Love's, and left  
What else but you—the tears and clamour 100  
That 's all your very own! Undone me—  
Ghost-bereft!

# HERVÉ RIEL

## I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred  
ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to  
France !

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through  
the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of  
sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on  
the Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

5

## II

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor  
in full chase ;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great  
ship, Damfreville ;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all ;

And they signalled to the place

“ Help the winners of a race !

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us  
quick—or, quicker still,

Here 's the English can and will ! ”

10

# HERVÉ RIEL

## III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and  
leapt on board ; 15  
“Why, what hope or chance have ships like  
these to pass ?” laughed they :  
“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage  
scarred and scored,—  
Shall the ‘Formidable’ here, with her twelve and  
eighty guns,  
Think to make the river-mouth by the single  
narrow way,  
Trust to enter—where ’t is ticklish for a craft of 20  
twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside ?  
Now, ’t is slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay !” 25

## IV

Then was called a council straight.  
Brief and bitter the debate :  
“Here ’s the English at our heels ; would you  
have them take in tow  
All that ’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern  
and bow,  
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ? 30  
Better run the ships aground !”  
(Ended Damfreville his speech).  
“Not a minute more to wait !  
Let the Captains all and each  
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels  
on the beach ! 35  
France must undergo her fate.

## HERVÉ RIEL

### V

Give the word ! ” But no such word  
Was ever spoke or heard ;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck  
amid all these  
—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first,  
second, third ?

40

No such man of mark, and meet  
With his betters to compete !  
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville  
for the fleet,  
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisic-  
kese.

### VI

And “ What mockery or malice have we here ? ”  
cries Hervé Riel :

45

“ Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you  
cowards, fools, or rogues ?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the  
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every  
swell

’ Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river  
disembogues ?

Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the  
lying ’ s for ?

50

Morn and eve, night and day,  
Have I piloted your bay,  
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of  
Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That were  
worse than fifty Hogues !

Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs,  
believe me there ’ s a way !

55

Only let me lead the line,

## HERVÉ RIEL

Have the biggest ship to steer,  
Get this 'Formidable' clear,  
Make the others follow mine,  
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I  
know well, 60  
Right to Solidor past Grève,  
And there lay them safe and sound ;  
And if one ship misbehave,—  
—Keel so much as grate the ground,  
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"  
cries Hervé Riel. 65

### VII

Not a minute more to wait.  
"Steer us in, then, small and great !  
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squad-  
ron !" cried its chief.  
Captains, give the sailor place !  
He is Admiral, in brief. 70  
Still the north-wind by God's grace,  
See the noble fellow's face  
As the big ship, with a bound,  
Clears the entry like a hound,  
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the  
wide sea's profound ! 75  
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,  
How they follow in a flock,  
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates  
the ground,  
Not a spar that comes to grief !  
The peril, see, is past. 80  
All are harboured to the last,  
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !" —sure  
as fate,  
Up the English come,—too late !

# HERVÉ RIEL

## VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm :  
They see the green trees wave 85  
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
"Just our rapture to enhance,  
Let the English rake the bay,  
Gnash their teeth and glare askance 90  
As they cannonade away !  
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the  
Rance !"  
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's  
countenance !  
Out burst all with one accord,  
"This is Paradise for Hell ! 95  
Let France, let France's King  
Thank the man that did the thing !"  
What a shout, and all one word,  
"Hervé Riel !"  
As he stepped in front once more, 100  
Not a symptom of surprise  
In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
Just the same man as before.

## IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
I must speak out at the end, 105  
Though I find the speaking hard.  
Praise is deeper than the lips :  
You have saved the King his ships,  
You must name your own reward.  
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse ! 110  
Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's  
not Damfreville."



## HERVÉ RIEL

### X

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke, 115  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :  
“ Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty ’s done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what  
is it but a run ?— 120  
Since ’t is ask and have, I may—  
Since the others go ashore—  
Come ! A good whole holiday !  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the  
Belle Aurore ! ”  
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more. 125

### XI

Name and deed alike are lost :  
Not a pillar nor a post  
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;  
Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing-smack, 130  
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to  
wrack  
All that France saved from the fight whence  
England bore the bell.  
Go to Paris : rank on rank  
Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
On the Louvre, face and flank ! 135  
You shall look long enough ere you come to  
Hervé Riel.  
So, for better and for worse,  
Hervé Riel, accept my verse !  
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife  
the Belle Aurore ! 140

## A FORGIVENESS

I AM indeed the personage you know.  
As for my wife,—what happened long ago,—  
You have a right to question me, as I  
Am bound to answer.

("Son, a fit reply!")

The monk half spoke, half ground through his  
clenched teeth,  
At the confession-grate I knelt beneath.)

Thus then all happened, Father! Power and  
place  
I had as still I have. I ran life's race,  
With the whole world to see, as only strains  
His strength some athlete whose prodigious gains 10  
Of good appal him : happy to excess,—  
Work freely done should balance happiness  
Fully enjoyed ; and, since beneath my roof  
Housed she who made home heaven, in heaven's  
behoof  
I went forth every day, and all day long 15  
Worked for the world. Look, how the labourer's  
song  
Cheers him ! Thus sang my soul, at each sharp  
throe  
Of labouring flesh and blood—"She loves me  
so !"

## A FORGIVENESS

One day, perhaps such song so knit the nerve  
That work grew play and vanished. "I deserve, 20  
Haply my heaven an hour before the time!"  
I laughed, as silverly the clockhouse-chime  
Surprised me passing through the postern-gate  
—Not the main entry where the menials wait  
And wonder why the world's affairs allow 25  
The master sudden leisure. That was how  
I took the private garden-way for once.

Forth from the alcove, I saw start, ensconce  
Himself behind the porphyry vase, a man.

My fancies in the natural order ran : 30  
"A spy,—perhaps a foe in ambushade,—  
A thief,—more like, a sweetheart of some maid  
Who pitched on the alcove for tryst perhaps."

"Stand there!" I bid.

Whereat my man but wraps  
His face the closelier with uplifted arm 35  
Whereon the cloak lies, strikes in blind alarm  
This and that pedestal as,—stretch and stoop,—  
Now in, now out of sight, he thrids the group  
Of statues, marble god and goddess ranged  
Each side the pathway, till the gate's exchanged 40  
For safety: one step thence, the street, you know!

Thus far I followed with my gaze. Then, slow,  
Near on admiringly, I breathed again,  
And—back to that last fancy of the train—  
"A danger risked for hope of just a word 45  
With—which of all my nest may be the bird  
This poacher covets for her plumage, pray?  
Carmen? Juana? Carmen seems too gay  
For such adventure, while Juana's grave  
—Would scorn the folly. I applaud the knave! 50

## A FORGIVENESS

He had the eye, could single from my brood  
His proper fledgeling ! ”

As I turned, there stood  
In face of me, my wife stone-still stone-white.  
Whether one bound had brought her,—at first sight  
Of what she judged the encounter, sure to be 55  
Next moment, of the venturous man and me,—  
Brought her to clutch and keep me from my prey :  
Whether impelled because her death no day  
Could come so absolutely opportune  
As now at joy's height, like a year in June 60  
Stayed at the fall of its first ripened rose :  
Or whether hungry for my hate—who knows ?—  
Eager to end an irksome lie, and taste  
Our tingling true relation, hate embraced  
By hate one naked moment :—anyhow 65  
There stone-still stone-white stood my wife, but now  
The woman who made heaven within my house.  
Ay, she who faced me was my very spouse  
As well as love—you are to recollect !

“ Stay ! ” she said. “ Keep at least one soul un-  
specked 70  
With crime, that 's spotless hitherto—your own !  
Kill me who court the blessing, who alone  
Was, am, and shall be guilty, first to last !  
The man lay helpless in the toils I cast  
About him, helpless as the statue there 75  
Against that strangling bell-flower's bondage : tear  
Away and tread to dust the parasite,  
But do the passive marble no despit !  
I love him as I hate you. Kill me ! Strike  
At one blow both infinitudes alike 80  
Out of existence—hate and love ! Whence love ?  
That 's safe inside my heart, nor will remove  
For any searching of your steel, I think.

## A FORGIVENESS

Whence hate? The secret lay on lip, at brink  
Of speech, in one fierce tremble to escape, 85  
At every form wherein your love took shape,  
At each new provocation of your kiss.  
Kill me !”

We went in.

Next day after this,  
I felt as if the speech might come. I spoke—  
Easily, after all.

“The lifted cloak 90  
Was screen sufficient : I concern myself  
Hardly with laying hands on who for pelf—  
Whate’er the ignoble kind—may prowl and brave  
Cuffing and kicking proper to a knave  
Detected by my household’s vigilance. 95  
Enough of such ! As for my love-romance—  
I, like our good Hidalgo, rub my eyes  
And wake and wonder how the film could rise  
Which changed for me a barber’s basin straight  
Into—Mambrino’s helm ? I hesitate 100  
Nowise to say—God’s sacramental cup !  
Why should I blame the brass which, burnished up,  
Will blaze, to all but me, as good as gold ?  
To me—a warning I was overbold  
In judging metals. The Hidalgo waked 105  
Only to die, if I remember,—staked  
His life upon the basin’s worth, and lost :  
While I confess torpidity at most  
In here and there a limb ; but, lame and halt,  
Still should I work on, still repair my fault 110  
Ere I took rest in death,—no fear at all !  
Now, work—no word before the curtain fall !”

The “curtain” ? That of death on life, I meant :  
My “word,” permissible in death’s event,

## A FORGIVENESS

Would be—truth, soul to soul ; for, otherwise, 115  
Day by day, three years long, there had to rise  
And, night by night, to fall upon our stage—  
Ours, doomed to public play by heritage—  
Another curtain, when the world, perforce  
Our critical assembly, in due course 120  
Came and went, witnessing, gave praise or blame  
To art-mimetic. It had spoiled the game  
If, suffered to set foot behind our scene,  
The world had witnessed how stage-king and  
queen,  
Gallant and lady, but a minute since 125  
Enarming each the other, would evince  
No sign of recognition as they took  
His way and her way to whatever nook  
Waited them in the darkness either side  
Of that bright stage where lately groom and bride 130  
Had fired the audience to a frenzy-fit  
Of sympathetic rapture—every whit  
Earned as the curtain fell on her and me,  
—Actors. Three whole years, nothing was to see  
But calm and concord ; where a speech was due 135  
There came the speech : when smiles were wanted  
too  
Smiles were as ready. In a place like mine,  
Where foreign and domestic cares combine,  
There 's audience every day and all day long ;  
But finally the last of the whole throng 140  
Who linger lets one see his back. For her—  
Why, liberty and liking : I aver,  
Liking and liberty ! For me—I breathed,  
Let my face rest from every wrinkle wreathed  
Smile-like about the mouth, unlearned my task 145  
Of personation till next day bade mask,  
And quietly betook me from that world  
To the real world, not pageant : there unfurled

## A FORGIVENESS

In work, its wings, my soul, the fretted power.  
Three years I worked, each minute of each hour 150  
Not claimed by acting :—work I may dispense  
With talk about, since work in evidence,  
Perhaps in history ; who knows or cares ?

After three years, this way, all unawares,  
Our acting ended. She and I, at close 155  
Of a loud night-feast, led, between two rows  
Of bending male and female loyalty,  
Our lord the king down staircase, while, held high  
At arm's length did the twisted tapers' flare  
Herald his passage from our palace, where 160  
Such visiting left glory evermore.  
Again the ascent in public, till at door  
As we two stood by the saloon—now blank  
And disencumbered of its guests—there sank  
A whisper in my ear, so low and yet 165  
So unmistakable !

“ I half forget  
The chamber you repair to, and I want  
Occasion for one short word—if you grant  
That grace—within a certain room you called  
Our ‘ Study,’ for you wrote there while I scrawled 170  
Some paper full of faces for my sport.  
That room I can remember. Just one short  
Word with you there, for the remembrance’ sake !”

“ Follow me thither !” I replied.

We break  
The gloom a little, as with guiding lamp 175  
I lead the way, leave warmth and cheer, by damp  
Blind disused serpentining ways afar  
From where the habitable chambers are,—

## A FORGIVENESS

Ascend, descend stairs tunnelled through the  
stone,—

Always in silence,—till I reach the lone 180

Chamber sepulchred for my very own

Out of the palace-quarry. When a boy,

Here was my fortress, stronghold from annoy,

Proof-positive of ownership ; in youth

I garnered up my gleanings here—uncouth 185

But precious relics of vain hopes, vain fears ;

Finally, this became in after years

My closet of entrenchment to withstand

Invasion of the foe on every hand—

The multifarious herd in bower and hall, 190

State-room,—rooms whatsoe'er the style, which  
call

On masters to be mindful that, before

Men, they must look like men and something more.

Here,—when our lord the king's bestowment  
ceased

To deck me on the day that, golden-fleeced, 195

I touched ambition's height,—'t was here, re-  
leased

From glory (always symbolled by a chain !)

No sooner was I privileged to gain

My secret domicile than glad I flung

That last toy on the table—gazed where hung 200

On hook my father's gift, the arquebuss—

And asked myself " Shall I envisage thus

The new prize and the old prize, when I reach

Another year's experience ?—own that each

Equalled advantage—sportsman's—statesman's  
tool ? 205

That brought me down an eagle, this—a fool ! "

Into which room on entry, I set down

The lamp, and turning saw whose rustled gown



## A FORGIVENESS

Had told me my wife followed, pace for pace.  
Each of us looked the other in the face. 210  
She spoke. "Since I could die now . . ."

(To explain

Why that first struck me, know—not once again  
Since the adventure at the porphyry's edge  
Three years before, which sundered like a wedge  
Her soul from mine,—though daily, smile to smile, 215  
We stood before the public,—all the while  
Not once had I distinguished, in that face  
I paid observance to, the faintest trace  
Of feature more than requisite for eyes  
To do their duty by and recognize : 220  
So did I force mine to obey my will  
And pry no further. There exists such skill,—  
Those know who need it. What physician shrinks  
From needful contact with a corpse? He drinks  
No plague so long as thirst for knowledge—not 225  
An idler impulse—prompts inquiry. What,  
And will you disbelieve in power to bid  
Our spirit back to bounds, as though we chid  
A child from scrutiny that 's just and right  
In manhood? Sense, not soul, accomplished sight, 230  
Reported daily she it was—not how  
Nor why a change had come to cheek and brow.)

"Since I could die now of the truth concealed,  
Yet dare not, must not die—so seems revealed  
The Virgin's mind to me—for death means peace, 235  
Wherein no lawful part have I, whose lease  
Of life and punishment the truth avowed  
May haply lengthen,—let me push the shroud  
Away, that steals to muffle ere is just  
My penance-fire in snow! I dare—I must 240  
Live, by avowal of the truth—this truth—

## A FORGIVENESS

I loved you ! Thanks for the fresh serpent's tooth  
That, by a prompt new pang more exquisite  
Than all preceding torture, proves me right !  
I loved you yet I lost you ! May I go 245  
Burn to the ashes, now my shame you know ? ”

I think there never was such—how express ?—  
Horror coquetting with voluptuousness,  
As in those arms of Eastern workmanship—  
Yataghan, kandjar, things that rend and rip, 250  
Gash rough, slash smooth, help hate so many ways,  
Yet ever keep a beauty that betrays  
Love still at work with the artificer  
Throughout his quaint devising. Why prefer,  
Except for love's sake, that a blade should writhe 255  
And bicker like a flame ?—now play the scythe  
As if some broad neck tempted,—now contract  
And needle off into a fineness lacked  
For just that puncture which the heart demands ?  
Then, such adornment ! Wherefore need our hands 260  
Enclose not ivory alone, nor gold  
Roughened for use, but jewels ? Nay, behold !  
Fancy my favourite—which I seem to grasp  
While I describe the luxury. No asp  
Is diapered more delicate round throat 265  
Than this below the handle ! These denote  
—These mazy lines meandering, to end  
Only in flesh they open—what intend  
They else but water-purlings—pale contrast  
With the life-crimson where they blend at last ? 270  
And mark the handle's dim pellucid green,  
Carved, the hard jadestone, as you pinch a bean,  
Into a sort of parrot-bird ! He pecks  
A grape-bunch ; his two eyes are ruby-specks  
Pure from the mine : seen this way,—glassy blank, 275  
But turn them,—lo the inmost fire, that shrank

## A FORGIVENESS

From sparkling, sends a red dart right to aim !  
Why did I choose such toys ? Perhaps the game  
Of peaceful men is warlike, just as men  
War-wearied get amusement from that pen 280  
And paper we grow sick of—statesfolk tired  
Of merely (when such measures are required)  
Dealing out doom to people by three words,  
A signature and seal : we play with swords  
Suggestive of quick process. That is how 285  
I came to like the toys described you now,  
Store of which glittered on the walls and strewed  
The table, even, while my wife pursued  
Her purpose to its ending. “ Now you know  
This shame, my three years’ torture, let me go, 290  
Burn to the very ashes ! You—I lost,  
Yet you—I loved ! ”

The thing I pity most  
In men is—action prompted by surprise  
Of anger : men ? nay, bulls—whose onset lies  
At instance of the firework and the goad ! 295  
Once the foe prostrate,—trampling once be-  
stowed,—  
Prompt follows placability, regret,  
Atonement. Trust me, blood-warmth never yet  
Betokened strong will ! As no leap of pulse  
Pricked me, that first time, so did none convulse 300  
My veins at this occasion for resolve.  
Had that devolved which did not then devolve  
Upon me, I had done—what now to do  
Was quietly apparent.

“ Tell me who  
The man was, crouching by the porphyry vase ! ” 305  
“ No, never ! All was folly in his case,  
All guilt in mine. I tempted, he complied.”

## A FORGIVENESS

“And yet you loved me?”

“Loved you. Double-dyed  
In folly and in guilt, I thought you gave  
Your heart and soul away from me to slave 310  
At statecraft. Since my right in you seemed lost,  
I stung myself to teach you, to your cost,  
What you rejected could be prized beyond  
Life, heaven, by the first fool I threw a fond  
Look on, a fatal word to.”

“And you still 315  
Love me? Do I conjecture well or ill?”

“Conjecture—well or ill! I had three years  
To spend in learning you.”

“We both are peers  
In knowledge, therefore: since three years are spent  
Ere thus much of yourself I learn—who went 320  
Back to the house, that day, and brought my mind  
To bear upon your action, uncombined  
Motive from motive, till the dross, deprived  
Of every purer particle, survived  
At last in native simple hideousness, 325  
Utter contemptibility, nor less  
Nor more. Contemptibility—exempt  
How could I, from its proper due—contempt?  
I have too much despised you to divert  
My life from its set course by help or hurt 330  
Of your all-despicable life—perturb  
The calm, I work in, by—men’s mouths to curb,  
Which at such news were clamorous enough—  
Men’s eyes to shut before my broidered stuff  
With the huge hole there, my emblazoned wall 335  
Blank where a scutcheon hung,—by, worse than all,  
Each day’s procession, my paraded life  
Robbed and impoverished through the wanting wife

## A FORGIVENESS

—Now that my life (which means—my work) was  
grown

Riches indeed ! Once, just this worth alone 340  
Seemed work to have, that profit gained thereby  
Of good and praise would—how rewardingly !—  
Fall at your feet,—a crown I hoped to cast  
Before your love, my love should crown at last.  
No love remaining to cast crown before, 345  
My love stopped work now : but contempt the  
more

Impelled me task as ever head and hand,  
Because the very fiends weave ropes of sand  
Rather than taste pure hell in idleness.  
Therefore I kept my memory down by stress 350  
Of daily work I had no mind to stay  
For the world's wonder at the wife away.  
Oh, it was easy all of it, believe,  
For I despised you ! But your words retrieve  
Importantly the past. No hate assumed 355  
The mask of love at any time ! There gloomed  
A moment when love took hate's semblance, urged  
By causes you declare ; but love's self purged  
Away a fancied wrong I did both loves  
—Yours and my own : by no hate's help, it proves, 360  
Purgation was attempted. Then, you rise  
High by how many a grade ! I did despise—  
I do but hate you. Let hate's punishment  
Replace contempt's ! First step to which ascent—  
Write down your own words I re-utter you ! 365  
*'I loved my husband and I hated—who  
He was, I took up as my first chance, mere  
Mud-ball to fling and make love foul with !'* Here  
Lies paper !”

“ Would my blood for ink suffice !”

“ It may : this minion from a land of spice, 370

## A FORGIVENESS

Silk, feather—every bird of jewelled breast—  
This poignard's beauty, ne'er so lightly prest  
Above your heart there . . .”

“ Thus ? ”

“ It flows, I see.  
Dip there the point and write ! ”

“ Dictate to me !  
Nay, I remember.”

And she wrote the words. 375  
I read them. Then—“ Since love, in you, affords  
License for hate, in me, to quench (I say)  
Contempt—why, hate itself has passed away  
In vengeance—foreign to contempt. Depart  
Peacefully to that death which Eastern art 380  
Imbued this weapon with, if tales be true !  
Love will succeed to hate. I pardon you—  
Dead in our chamber ! ”

True as truth the tale.  
She died ere morning ; then, I saw how pale  
Her cheek was ere it wore day's paint-disguise, 385  
And what a hollow darkened 'neath her eyes,  
Now that I used my own. She sleeps, as erst  
Beloved, in this your church : ay, yours !

Immersed  
In thought so deeply, Father ? Sad, perhaps ?  
For whose sake, hers or mine or his who wraps 390  
—Still plain I seem to see !—about his head  
The idle cloak,—about his heart (instead  
Of cuirass) some fond hope he may elude  
My vengeance in the cloister's solitude ?  
Hardly, I think ! As little helped his brow 395  
The cloak then, Father—as your grate helps now !

## CENCIAJA

Ogni cencio vuol entrare in bucato.—*Italian Proverb.*

MAY I print, Shelley, how it came to pass  
That when your Beatrice seemed—by lapse  
Of many a long month since her sentence fell—  
Assured of pardon for the parricide,—  
By intercession of staunch friends, or, say, 5  
By certain pricks of conscience in the Pope  
Conniver at Francesco Cenci's guilt,—  
Suddenly all things changed and Clement grew  
“Stern,” as you state, “nor to be moved nor bent,  
But said these three words coldly ‘*She must die*’”; 10  
Subjoining ‘*Pardon? Paolo Santa Croce*  
*Murdered his mother also yestereve,*  
*And he is fled: she shall not flee at least!*’  
—So, to the letter, sentence was fulfilled?  
Shelley, may I condense verbosity 15  
That lies before me, into some few words  
Of English, and illustrate your superb  
Achievement by a rescued anecdote,  
No great things, only new and true beside?  
As if some mere familiar of a house 20  
Should venture to accost the group at gaze  
Before its Titian, famed the wide world through,  
And supplement such pictured masterpiece  
By whisper “Searching in the archives here,  
I found the reason of the Lady's fate, 25  
And how by accident it came to pass

## CENCIAJA

She wears the halo and displays the palm :  
Who, haply, else had never suffered—no,  
Nor graced our gallery, by consequence.”  
Who loved the work would like the little news : 30  
Who lauds your poem lends an ear to me  
Relating how the penalty was paid  
By one Marchese dell’ Oriolo, called  
Onofrio Santa Croce otherwise,  
For his complicity in matricide 35  
With Paolo his own brother,—he whose crime  
And flight induced “ those three words—She must  
die.”  
Thus I unroll you then the manuscript.

“ God’s justice ”—(of the multiplicity  
Of such communications extant still, 40  
Recording, each, injustice done by God  
In person of his Vicar-upon-earth,  
Scarce one but leads off to the self-same tune)—  
“ God’s justice, tardy though it prove perchance,  
Rests never on the track until it reach 45  
Delinquency. In proof I cite the case  
Of Paolo Santa Croce.”

Many times  
The youngster,—having been importunate  
That Marchesine Costanza, who remained  
His widowed mother, should supplant the heir 50  
Her elder son, and substitute himself  
In sole possession of her faculty,—  
And meeting just as often with rebuff,—  
Blinded by so exorbitant a lust  
Of gold, the youngster straightway tasked his wits, 55  
Casting about to kill the lady—thus.

He first, to cover his iniquity,



## CENCIAJA

Writes to Onofrio Santa Croce, then  
Authoritative lord, acquainting him  
Their mother was contamination—wrought 60  
Like hell-fire in the beauty of their House  
By dissoluteness and abandonment  
Of soul and body to impure delight.  
Moreover, since she suffered from disease,  
Those symptoms which her death made manifest 65  
Hydroptic, he affirmed were fruits of sin  
About to bring confusion and disgrace  
Upon the ancient lineage and high fame  
O' the family, when published. Duty bound,  
He asked his brother—what a son should do? 70

Which when Marchese dell' Oriolo heard  
By letter, being absent at his land  
Oriolo, he made answer, this, no more :  
“ It must behove a son,—things haply so,—  
To act as honour prompts a cavalier 75  
And son, perform his duty to all three,  
Mother and brothers ”—here advice broke off.

By which advice informed and fortified,  
As he professed himself—since bound by birth  
To hear God's voice in primogeniture— 80  
Paolo, who kept his mother company  
In her domain Subiaco, straightway dared  
His whole enormity of enterprise  
And, falling on her, stabbed the lady dead ;  
Whose death demonstrated her innocence, 85  
And happened,—by the way,—since Jesus Christ  
Died to save man, just sixteen hundred years.  
Costanza was of aspect beautiful  
Exceedingly, and seemed, although in age  
Sixty about, to far surpass her peers 90  
The coëtaneous dames, in youth and grace.

## CENCIAJA

Done the misdeed, its author takes to flight,  
Foiling thereby the justice of the world :  
Not God's however,—God, be sure, knows well  
The way to clutch a culprit. Witness here ! 95  
The present sinner, when he least expects,  
Snug-cornered somewhere i' the Basilicate,  
Stumbles upon his death by violence.  
A man of blood assaults a man of blood  
And slays him somehow. This was afterward : 100  
Enough, he promptly met with his deserts,  
And, ending thus, permits we end with him,  
And push forthwith to this important point—  
His matricide fell out, of all the days,  
Precisely when the law-procedure closed 105  
Respecting Count Francesco Cenci's death  
Chargeable on his daughter, sons and wife.  
“Thus patricide was matched with matricide,”  
A poet not inelegantly rhymed :  
Nay, fratricide—those Princes Massimi !— 110  
Which so disturbed the spirit of the Pope  
That all the likelihood Rome entertained  
Of Beatrice's pardon vanished straight,  
And she endured the piteous death.

Now see

The sequel—what effect commandment had 115  
For strict inquiry into this last case,  
When Cardinal Aldobrandini (great  
His efficacy—nephew to the Pope)  
Was bidden crush—ay, though his very hand  
Got soil i' the act—crime spawning everywhere ! 120  
Because, when all endeavour had been used  
To catch the aforesaid Paolo, all in vain—  
“Make perquisition” quoth our Eminence,  
“Throughout his now deserted domicile !  
Ransack the palace, roof and floor, to find 125

## CENCIAJA

If haply any scrap of writing, hid  
In nook or corner, may convict—who knows?—  
Brother Onofrio of intelligence  
With brother Paolo, as in brotherhood  
Is but too likely : crime spawns everywhere.”

130

And, every cranny searched accordingly,  
There comes to light—O lynx-eyed Cardinal!—  
Onofrio's unconsidered writing-scrap,  
The letter in reply to Paolo's prayer,  
The word of counsel that—things proving so,  
Paolo should act the proper knightly part,  
And do as was incumbent on a son,  
A brother—and a man of birth, be sure !

135

Whereat immediately the officers  
Proceeded to arrest Onofrio—found  
At foot-ball, child's play, unaware of harm,  
Safe with his friends, the Orsini, at their seat  
Monte Giordano ; as he left the house  
He came upon the watch in wait for him  
Set by the Barigel,—was caught and caged.

140

145

News of which capture being, that same hour,  
Conveyed to Rome, forthwith our Eminence  
Commands Taverna, Governor and Judge,  
To have the process in especial care,  
Be, first to last, not only president  
In person, but inquisitor as well,  
Nor trust the by-work to a substitute :  
Bids him not, squeamish, keep the bench, but scrub  
The floor of Justice, so to speak,—go try  
His best in prison with the criminal :  
Promising, as reward for by-work done  
Fairly on all-fours, that, success obtained  
And crime avowed, or such connivency

150

155

## CENCIAJA

With crime as should procure a decent death—  
Himself will humbly beg—which means, procure— 160  
The Hat and Purple from his relative  
The Pope, and so repay a diligence  
Which, meritorious in the Cenci-case,  
Mounts plainly here to Purple and the Hat.

Whereupon did my lord the Governor 165  
So masterfully exercise the task  
Enjoined him, that he, day by day, and week  
By week, and month by month, from first to last  
Toiled for the prize : now, punctual at his place,  
Played Judge, and now, assiduous at his post, 170  
Inquisitor—pressed cushion and scoured plank,  
Early and late. Noon's fervour and night's chill,  
Nought moved whom morn would, purpling,  
make amends !  
So that observers laughed as, many a day,  
He left home, in July when day is flame, 175  
Posted to Tordinona-prison, plunged  
Into a vault where daylong night is ice,  
There passed his eight hours on a stretch, content,  
Examining Onofrio : all the stress  
Of all examination steadily 180  
Converging into one pin-point,—he pushed  
Tentative now of head and now of heart.  
As when the nuthatch taps and tries the nut  
This side and that side till the kernel sound,—  
So did he press the sole and single point 185  
—What was the very meaning of the phrase  
'*Do as beseems an honoured cavalier*' ?

Which one persistent question-torture,—plied  
Day by day, week by week, and month by month,  
Morn, noon and night,—fatigued away a mind 190  
Grown imbecile by darkness, solitude,

## CENCIAJA

And one vivacious memory gnawing there  
As when a corpse is confined with a snake :  
—Fatigued Onofrio into what might seem  
Admission that perchance his judgment groped 195  
So blindly, feeling for an issue—aught  
With semblance of an issue from the toils  
Cast of a sudden round feet late so free,  
He possibly might have envisaged, scarce  
Recoiled from—even were the issue death 200  
—Even her death whose life was death and worse !  
Always provided that the charge of crime,  
Each jot and tittle of the charge, were true.  
In such a sense, belike, he might advise  
His brother to expurgate crime with . . . well, 205  
With blood, if blood must follow on ‘ *the course*  
*Taken as might beseem a cavalier.*’

Whereupon process ended, and report  
Was made without a minute of delay  
To Clement who, because of those two crimes 210  
O’ the Massimi and Cenci flagrant late,  
Must needs impatiently desire result.

Result obtained, he bade the Governor  
Summon the Congregation and despatch.  
Summons made, sentence passed accordingly 215  
—Death by beheading. When his death-decree  
Was intimated to Onofrio, all  
Man could do—that did he to save himself.  
’T was much, the having gained for his defence  
The Advocate o’ the Poor, with natural help 220  
Of many noble friendly persons fain  
To disengage a man of family,  
So young too, from his grim entanglement :  
But Cardinal Aldobrandini ruled  
There must be no diversion of the law. 225

## CENCIAJA

Justice is justice, and the magistrate  
Bears not the sword in vain. Who sins must die.

So, the Marchese had his head cut off,  
With Rome to see, a concourse infinite,  
In Place Saint Angelo beside the Bridge : 230  
Where, demonstrating magnanimity  
Adequate to his birth and breed,—poor boy !—  
He made the people the accustomed speech,  
Exhorted them to true faith, honest works,  
And special good behaviour as regards 235  
A parent of no matter what the sex,  
Bidding each son take warning from himself.  
Truly, it was considered in the boy  
Stark staring lunacy, no less, to snap  
So plain a bait, be hooked and hauled ashore 240  
By such an angler as the Cardinal !  
Why make confession of his privy  
To Paolo's enterprise? Mere sealing lips—  
Or, better, saying "When I counselled him  
'To do as might beseem a cavalier,' 245  
What could I mean but '*Hide our parent's shame*  
*As Christian ought, by aid of Holy Church !*  
*Bury it in a convent—ay, beneath*  
*Enough dotation to prevent its ghost*  
*From troubling earth !' "* Mere saying thus,—'t is  
plain, 250  
Not only were his life the recompense,  
But he had manifestly proved himself  
True Christian, and in lieu of punishment  
Got praise of all men. So the populace.

Anyhow, when the Pope made promise good 255  
(That of Aldobrandini, near and dear)  
And gave Taverna, who had toiled so much,  
A Cardinal's equipment, some such word

## CENCIAJA

As this from mouth to ear went saucily :  
“Taverna’s cap is dyed in what he drew 260  
From Santa Croce’s veins !” So joked the world.

I add : Onofrio left one child behind,  
A daughter named Valeria, dowered with grace  
Abundantly of soul and body, doomed  
To life the shorter for her father’s fate. 265  
By death of her, the Marquisate returned  
To that Orsini House from whence it came :  
Oriolo having passed as donative  
To Santa Croce from their ancestors.

And no word more ? By all means ! Would  
you know 270  
The authoritative answer, when folk urged  
“What made Aldobrandini, hound-like staunch,  
Hunt out of life a harmless simpleton ?”  
The answer was—“Hatred implacable,  
By reason they were rivals in their love.” 275  
The Cardinal’s desire was to a dame  
Whose favour was Onofrio’s. Pricked with pride,  
The simpleton must ostentatiously  
Display a ring, the Cardinal’s love-gift,  
Given to Onofrio as the lady’s gage ; 280  
Which ring on finger, as he put forth hand  
To draw a tapestry, the Cardinal  
Saw and knew, gift and owner, old and young ;  
Whereon a fury entered him—the fire  
He quenched with what could quench fire only—  
blood. 285  
Nay, more : “there want not who affirm to boot,  
The unwise boy, a certain festal eve,  
Feigned ignorance of who the wight might be  
That pressed too closely on him with a crowd.  
He struck the Cardinal a blow : and then, 290

## CENCIAJA

To put a face upon the incident,  
Dared next day, smug as ever, go pay court  
I' the Cardinal's antechamber. Mark and mend,  
Ye youth, by this example how may greed  
Vainglorious operate in worldly souls!" 295

So ends the chronicler, beginning with  
"God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,  
Rests never till it reach delinquency."  
Ay, or how otherwise had come to pass  
That Victor rules, this present year, in Rome? 300



# FILIPPO BALDINUCCI ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

A REMINISCENCE OF A.D. 1676

## I

“No, boy, we must not”—so began  
My Uncle (he ’s with God long since)  
A-petting me, the good old man!

“We must not”—and he seemed to wince,  
And lost that laugh whereto had grown  
His chuckle at my piece of news,  
How cleverly I aimed my stone—

5

“I fear we must not pelt the Jews!

## II

“When I was young indeed,—ah, faith  
Was young and strong in Florence too!  
We Christians never dreamed of scathe  
Because we cursed or kicked the crew.  
But now—well, well! The olive-crops  
Weighed double then, and Arno’s pranks  
Would always spare religious shops  
Whenever he o’erflowed his banks!

10

15

## III

“I ’ll tell you”—and his eye regained  
Its twinkle—“tell you something choice!  
Something may help you keep unstained  
Your honest zeal to stop the voice

20

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

Of unbelief with stone-throw—spite  
Of laws, which modern fools enact,  
That we must suffer Jews in sight  
Go wholly unmolested ! Fact !

### IV

“ There was, then, in my youth, and yet 25  
Is, by our San Frediano, just  
Below the Blessed Olivet,  
A wayside ground wherein they thrust  
Their dead,—these Jews,—the more our shame !  
Except that, so they will but die, 30  
Christians perchance incur no blame  
In giving hogs a hoist to stye.

### V

“ There, anyhow, Jews stow away  
Their dead ; and,—such their insolence,—  
Slink at odd times to sing and pray 35  
As Christians do—all make-pretence !—  
Which wickedness they perpetrate  
Because they think no Christians see.  
They reckoned here, at any rate,  
Without their host : ha, ha, he, he ! 40

### VI

“ For, what should join their plot of ground  
But a good Farmer's Christian field ?  
The Jews had hedged their corner round  
With bramble-bush to keep concealed  
Their doings : for the public road 45  
Ran betwixt this their ground and that  
The Farmer's, where he ploughed and sowed,  
Grew corn for barn and grapes for vat.

## ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

### VII

“So, properly to guard his store  
And gall the unbelievers too, 50  
He builds a shrine and, what is more,  
Procures a painter whom I knew,  
One Buti (he 's with God) to paint  
A holy picture there—no less  
Than Virgin Mary free from taint 55  
Borne to the sky by angels : yes !

### VIII

“Which shrine he fixed,—who says him nay?—  
A-facing with its picture-side  
Not, as you 'd think, the public way,  
But just where sought these hounds to hide 60  
Their carrion from that very truth  
Of Mary's triumph : not a hound  
Could act his mummeries uncouth  
But Mary shamed the pack all round !

### IX

“Now, if it was amusing, judge ! 65  
—To see the company arrive,  
Each Jew intent to end his trudge  
And take his pleasure (though alive)  
With all his Jewish kith and kin  
Below ground, have his venom out, 70  
Sharpen his wits for next day's sin,  
Curse Christians, and so home, no doubt !

### X

“Whereas, each phyzz upturned beholds  
Mary, I warrant, soaring brave !  
And in a trice, beneath the folds 75  
Of filthy garb which gowns each knave,

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

Down drops it—there to hide grimace,  
Contortion of the mouth and nose  
At finding Mary in the place  
They 'd keep for Pilate, I suppose !

80

### XI

“ At last, they will not brook—not they !—  
Longer such outrage on their tribe :  
So, in some hole and corner, lay  
Their heads together—how to bribe  
The meritorious Farmer's self  
To straight undo his work, restore  
Their chance to meet and muse on pelf—  
Pretending sorrow, as before !

85

### XII

“ Forthwith, a posse, if you please,  
Of Rabbi This and Rabbi That  
Almost go down upon their knees  
To get him lay the picture flat.  
The spokesman, eighty years of age,  
Grey as a badger, with a goat's  
Not only beard but bleat, 'gins wage  
War with our Mary. Thus he dotes :—

90

95

### XIII

“ *Friends, grant a grace ! How Hebrews toil  
Through life in Florence—why relate  
To those who lay the burden, spoil  
Our paths of peace ? We bear our fate.  
But when with life the long toil ends,  
Why must you—the expression craves  
Pardon, but truth compels me, friends !—  
Why must you plague us in our graves ?*

100

## ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

### XIV

“ ‘ *Thoughtlessly plague, I would believe !* 105  
*For how can you—the lords of ease*  
*By nurture, birthright—e’en conceive*  
*Our luxury to lie with trees*  
*And turf,—the cricket and the bird*  
*Left for our last companionship :* 110  
*No harsh deed, no unkindly word,*  
*No frowning brow nor scornful lip !*

### XV

“ ‘ *Death’s luxury, we now rehearse*  
*While, living, through your streets we fare*  
*And take your hatred : nothing worse* 115  
*Have we, once dead and safe, to bear !*  
*So we refresh our souls, fulfil*  
*Our works, our daily tasks ; and thus*  
*Gather you grain—earth’s harvest—still*  
*The wheat for you, the straw for us.* 120

### XVI

“ ‘ ‘ What flouting in a face, what harm,  
In just a lady borne from bier  
By boys’ heads, wings for leg and arm ? ‘  
*You question. Friends, the harm is here—*  
*That just when our last sigh is heaved,* 125  
*And we would fain thank God and you*  
*For labour done and peace achieved,*  
*Back comes the Past in full review !*

### XVII

“ ‘ ‘ *At sight of just that simple flag,*  
*Starts the foe-feeling serpent-like* 130  
*From slumber. Leave it lulled, nor drag—*  
*Though fangless—forth, what needs must strike*

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

*When stricken sore, though stroke be vain  
Against the mailed oppressor! Give  
Play to our fancy that we gain* 135  
*Life's rights when once we cease to live!*

### XVIII

*“ ‘ Thus much to courtesy, to kind,  
To conscience! Now to Florence folk!  
There's core beneath this apple-rind,  
Beneath this white-of-egg there's yolk! 140  
Beneath this prayer to courtesy,  
Kind, conscience—there's a sum to pouch!  
How many ducats down will buy  
Our shame's removal, sirs? Avouch!*

### XIX

*“ ‘ Removal, not destruction, sirs! 145  
Just turn your picture! Let it front  
The public path! Or memory errs,  
Or that same public path is wont  
To witness many a chance befall  
Of lust, theft, bloodshed—sins enough, 150  
Wherein our Hebrew part is small.  
Convert yourselves!’—he cut up rough.*

### XX

*“ Look you, how soon a service paid  
Religion yields the servant fruit!  
A prompt reply our Farmer made 155  
So following: ‘Sirs, to grant your suit  
Involves much danger! How? Transpose  
Our Lady? Stop the chastisement,  
All for your good, herself bestows?  
What wonder if I grudge consent? 160*

## ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

### XXI

“ ‘—Yet grant it : since, what cash I take  
Is so much saved from wicked use.  
We know you ! And, for Mary's sake,  
A hundred ducats shall induce  
Concession to your prayer. One day  
Suffices : Master Buti's brush  
Turns Mary round the other way,  
And deluges your side with slush.

165

### XXII

“ ‘Down with the ducats therefore !’ Dump,  
Dump, dump it falls, each counted piece,  
Hard gold. Then out of door they stump,  
These dogs, each brisk as with new lease  
Of life, I warrant,—glad he 'll die  
Henceforward just as he may choose,  
Be buried and in clover lie !  
Well said Esaias—‘stiff-necked Jews !’

170  
175

### XXIII

“ Off posts without a minute's loss  
Our Farmer, once the cash in poke  
And summons Buti—ere its gloss  
Have time to fade from off the joke—  
To chop and change his work, undo  
The done side, make the side, now blank,  
Recipient of our Lady—who,  
Displaced thus, had these dogs to thank !

180

### XXIV

“ Now, boy, you 're hardly to instruct  
In technicalities of Art !  
My nephew's childhood sure has sucked  
Along with mother's-milk some part

185

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

Of painter's-practice—learned, at least,  
How expeditiously is plied 190  
A work in fresco—never ceased  
When once begun—a day, each side.

### XXV

“So, Buti—(he 's with God)—begins :  
First covers up the shrine all round  
With hoarding ; then, as like as twins, 195  
Paints, t' other side the burial-ground,  
New Mary, every point the same ;  
Next, sluices over, as agreed,  
The old ; and last—but, spoil the game  
By telling you ? Not I, indeed ! 200

### XXVI

“Well, ere the week was half at end,  
Out came the object of this zeal,  
This fine alacrity to spend  
Hard money for mere dead men's weal !  
How think you ? That old spokesman Jew 205  
Was High Priest, and he had a wife  
As old, and she was dying too,  
And wished to end in peace her life !

### XXVII

“And he must humour dying whims,  
And soothe her with the idle hope 210  
They'd say their prayers and sing their hymns  
As if her husband were the Pope !  
And she did die—believing just  
This privilege was purchased ! Dead  
In comfort through her foolish trust ! 215  
'*Stiff-necked ones,*' well Esaias said !



# ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

## XXVIII

“So, Sabbath morning, out of gate  
And on to way, what sees our arch  
Good Farmer? Why, they hoist their freight—  
The corpse—on shoulder, and so, march! 220  
*‘Now for it, Buti!’* In the nick  
Of time ’t is pully-haully, hence  
With hoarding! O’er the wayside quick  
There ’s Mary plain in evidence!

## XXIX

“And here ’s the convoy halting : right! 225  
O they are bent on howling psalms  
And growling prayers, when opposite!  
And yet they glance, for all their qualms,  
Approve that promptitude of his,  
The Farmer’s—duly at his post 230  
To take due thanks from every phyzy,  
Sour smirk—nay, surly smile almost!

## XXX

“Then earthward drops each brow again;  
The solemn task ’s resumed; they reach  
Their holy field—the unholy train : 235  
Enter its precinct, all and each,  
Wrapt somehow in their godless rites;  
Till, rites at end, up-waking, lo  
They lift their faces! What delights  
The mourners as they turn to go? 240

## XXXI

“Ha, ha, he, he! On just the side  
They drew their purse-strings to make quit  
Of Mary,—Christ the crucified  
Fronted them now—these biters bit!

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

Never was such a hiss and snort,  
Such screwing nose and shooting lip !  
Their purchase—honey in report—  
Proved gall and verjuice at first sip !

245

### XXXII

“ Out they break, on they bustle, where,  
A-top of wall, the Farmer waits  
With Buti : never fun so rare !

250

The Farmer has the best : he rates  
The rascal, as the old High Priest  
Takes on himself to sermonize—  
Nay, sneer ‘ *We Jews supposed, at least,*  
*Theft was a crime in Christian eyes !*’

255

### XXXIII

“ ‘ *Theft ?* ’ cries the Farmer. ‘ *Eat your words !*  
*Show me what constitutes a breach*  
*Of faith in aught was said or heard !*  
*I promised you in plainest speech*  
*I ’d take the thing you count disgrace*  
*And put it here—and here ’t is put !*  
*Did you suppose I ’d leave the place*  
*Blank, therefore, just your rage to glut ?*

260

### XXXIV

“ ‘ *I guess you dared not stipulate*  
*For such a damned impertinence !*  
*So, quick, my greybeard, out of gate*  
*And in at Ghetto ! Haste you hence !*  
*As long as I have house and land,*  
*To spite you irreligious chaps*  
*Here shall the Crucifixion stand—*  
*Unless you down with cash, perhaps !*’

265

270

## ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

### XXXV

“ So snickered he and Buti both.  
The Jews said nothing, interchanged  
A glance or two, renewed their oath 275  
To keep ears stopped and hearts estranged  
From grace, for all our Church can do ;  
Then off they scuttle : sullen jog  
Homewards, against our Church to brew  
Fresh mischief in their synagogue. 280

### XXXVI

“ But next day—see what happened, boy !  
See why I bid you have a care  
How you pelt Jews ! The knaves employ  
Such methods of revenge, forbear  
No outrage on our faith, when free 285  
To wreak their malice ! Here they took  
So base a method—plague o’ me  
If I record it in my Book !

### XXXVII

“ For, next day, while the Farmer sat  
Laughing with Buti, in his shop, 290  
At their successful joke,—rat-tat,—  
Door opens, and they ’re like to drop  
Down to the floor as in there stalks  
A six-feet-high herculean-built  
Young he-Jew with a beard that baulks 295  
Description. *‘Help ere blood be spilt !’*

### XXXVIII

—“ Screamed Buti : for he recognized  
Whom but the son, no less no more,  
Of that High Priest his work surprised  
So pleasantly the day before ! 300

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

Son of the mother, then, whereof  
 The bier he lent a shoulder to,  
 And made the moans about, dared scoff  
 At sober Christian grief—the Jew !

### XXXIX

“ ‘ *Sirs, I salute you ! Never rise !  
 No apprehension !* ’ (Buti, white  
 And trembling like a tub of size,  
 Had tried to smuggle out of sight  
 The picture’s self—the thing in oils,  
 You know, from which a fresco’s dashed  
 Which courage speeds while caution spoils)  
 ‘ *Stay and be praised, sir, unabashed !* ”

305  
310

### XL

“ ‘ *Praised,—ay, and paid too : for I come  
 To buy that very work of yours.  
 My poor abode, which boasts—well, some  
 Few specimens of Art, secures  
 Haply, a masterpiece indeed  
 If I should find my humble means  
 Suffice the outlay. So, proceed !  
 Propose—ere prudence intervenes !* ’ ”

315  
320

### XLI

“ On Buti, cowering like a child,  
 These words descended from aloft,  
 In tone so ominously mild,  
 With smile terrifically soft  
 To that degree—could Buti dare  
 (Poor fellow) use his brains, think twice ?  
 He asked, thus taken unaware,  
 No more than just the proper price ! ”

325

## ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

### XLII

“ ‘*Done !*’ cries the monster. ‘*I disburse  
Forthwith your moderate demand.*’ 330  
*Count on my custom—if no worse  
Your future work be, understand,  
Than this I carry off ! No aid !  
My arm, sir, lacks nor bone nor thews :  
The burden ’s easy, and we ’re made,* 335  
*Easy or hard, to bear—we Jews !*’

### XLIII

“ Crossing himself at such escape,  
Buti by turns the money eyes  
And, timidly, the stalwart shape  
Now moving doorwards ; but, more wise, 340  
The Farmer,—who, though dumb, this while  
Had watched advantage,—straight conceived  
A reason for that tone and smile  
So mild and soft ! The Jew—believed !

### XLIV

“ Mary in triumph borne to deck 345  
A Hebrew household ! Pictured where  
No one was used to bend the neck  
In praise or bow the knee in prayer !  
Borne to that domicile by whom ?  
The son of the High Priest ! Through what ? 350  
An insult done his mother’s tomb !  
Saul changed to Paul—the case came pat !

### XLV

“ ‘*Stay, dog-Jew . . . gentle sir, that is !  
Resolve me ! Can it be, she crowned,—  
Mary, by miracle,—Oh bliss !—*’ 355  
*My present to your burial ground ?*

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

*Certain, a ray of light has burst  
Your veil of darkness! Had you else,  
Only for Mary's sake, unpursed  
So much hard money? Tell—oh, tell 's!* 360

### XLVI

“Round—like a serpent that we took  
For worm and trod on—turns his bulk  
About the Jew. First dreadful look  
Sends Buti in a trice to skulk  
Out of sight somewhere, safe—alack! 365  
But our good Farmer faith made bold :  
And firm (with Florence at his back)  
He stood, while gruff the gutturals rolled—

### XLVII

“*‘Ay, sir, a miracle was worked,  
By quite another power, I trow,  
Than ever yet in canvas lurked,  
Or you would scarcely face me now!  
A certain impulse did suggest  
A certain grasp with this right-hand,  
Which probably had put to rest  
Our quarrel,—thus your throat once spanned!* 370 375

### XLVIII

“*‘But I remembered me, subdued  
That impulse, and you face me still!  
And soon a philosophic mood  
Succeeding (hear it, if you will!)  
Has altogether changed my views  
Concerning Art. Blind prejudice!  
Well may you Christians tax us Jews  
With scrupulosity too nice!* 380

# ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

## XLIX

“ ‘ *For, don't I see,—let 's issue join !—*  
*Whenever I 'm allowed pollute*  
*(I—and my little bag of coin)*  
*Some Christian palace of repute,—*  
*Don't I see stuck up everywhere*  
*Abundant proof that cultured taste*  
*Has Beauty for its only care,*  
*And upon Truth no thought to waste ?* ”

## L

“ ‘ ‘ Jew, since it must be, take in pledge  
 Of payment ‘—*so a Cardinal*  
*Has sighed to me as if a wedge*  
*Entered his heart—*’ this best of all  
 My treasures ! ‘ *Leda, Ganymede*  
*Or Antiope : swan, eagle, ape,*  
*(Or what 's the beast of what 's the breed)*  
*And Jupiter in every shape !* ”

## LI

“ ‘ ‘ *Whereat if I presume to ask*  
 ‘ But, Eminence, though Titian's whisk  
 Of brush have well performed its task,  
 How comes it these false godships frisk  
 In presence of—what yonder frame  
 Pretends to image ? Surely, odd  
 It seems, you let confront The Name  
 Each beast the heathen called his god ! ‘ ”

## LII

“ ‘ ‘ *Benignant smiles me pity straight*  
*The Cardinal. ’ ’T is Truth, we prize !*  
 Art 's the sole question in debate !  
 These subjects are so many lies. ”

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI

We treat them with a proper scorn  
 When we turn lies—called gods forsooth—  
 To lies' fit use, now Christ is born.  
 Drawing and colouring are Truth.

415

### LIII

“ ‘ Think you I honour lies so much  
 As scruple to parade the charms  
 Of Leda—Titian, every touch—  
 Because the thing within her arms  
 Means Jupiter who had the praise  
 And prayer of a benighted world?  
 He would have mine too, if, in days  
 Of light, I kept the canvas furled!’

420

### LIV

“ ‘ So ending, with some easy gibe.  
 What power has logic! I, at once,  
 Acknowledged error in our tribe  
 So squeamish that, when friends ensconce  
 A pretty picture in its niche  
 To do us honour, deck our graves,  
 We fret and fume and have an itch  
 To strangle folk—ungrateful knaves!

425

430

### LV

“ ‘ No, sir! Be sure that—what's its style,  
 Your picture?—shall possess ungrudged  
 A place among my rank and file  
 Of Ledas and what not—be judged  
 Just as a picture! and (because  
 I fear me much I scarce have bought  
 A Titian) Master Buti's flaws  
 Found there, will have the laugh flaws ought!’

435

440



# ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL

## LVI

“ So, with a scowl, it darkens door—  
This bulk—no longer ! Buti makes  
Prompt glad re-entry ; there 's a score  
Of oaths, as the good Farmer wakes  
From what must needs have been a trance, 445  
Or he had struck (he swears) to ground  
The bold bad mouth that dared advance  
Such doctrine the reverse of sound !

## LVII

“ Was magic here ? Most like ! For, since,  
Somehow our city's faith grows still 450  
More and more lukewarm, and our Prince  
Or loses heart or wants the will  
To check increase of cold. 'T is ' *Live*  
*And let live ! Languidly repress*  
*The Dissident ! In short,—contrive* 455  
*Christians must bear with Jews : no less !*

## LVIII

“ The end seems, any Israelite  
Wants any picture,—pishes, poohs,  
Purchases, hangs it full in sight  
In any chamber he may choose ! 460  
In Christ's crown, one more thorn we rue !  
In Mary's bosom, one more sword !  
No, boy, you must not pelt a Jew !  
O Lord, how long ? How long, O Lord ? ”

## EPILOGUE

μεστοὶ . . .

οἱ δ' ἀμφορῆς οἶνου μέλανος ἀνθοσμίου.

### I

“THE poets pour us wine—”

Said the dearest poet I ever knew,  
Dearest and greatest and best to me.

You clamour athirst for poetry—

We pour. “But when shall a vintage be”—

You cry—“strong grape, squeezed gold from 5  
screw,

Yet sweet juice, flavoured flowery-fine?

That were indeed the wine !”

### II

One pours your cup—stark strength,

Meat for a man ; and you eye the pulp 10  
Strained, turbid still, from the viscous blood  
Of the snaky bough : and you grumble “Good !  
For it swells resolve, breeds hardihood ;

Despatch it, then, in a single gulp !”  
So, down, with a wry face, goes at length 15  
The liquor : stuff for strength.

### III

One pours your cup—sheer sweet,

The fragrant fumes of a year condensed :  
Suspicion of all that 's ripe or rathe,  
From the bud on branch to the grass in swathe. 20

## EPILOGUE

“We suck mere milk of the seasons,” saith  
A curl of each nostril—“dew, dispensed  
Nowise for nerving man to feat :  
Boys sip such honeyed sweet !”

### IV

And thus who wants wine strong, 25  
Waves each sweet smell of the year away ;  
Who likes to swoon as the sweets suffuse  
His brain with a mixture of beams and dews  
Turned syrupy drink—rough strength eschews :  
“What though in our veins your wine-stock  
stay ? 30  
The lack of the bloom does our palate wrong.  
Give us wine sweet, not strong !”

### V

Yet wine is—some affirm—  
Prime wine is found in the world somewhere,  
Of potable strength with sweet to match. 35  
You double your heart its dose, yet catch—  
As the draught descends—a violet-smatch,  
Softness—however it came there,  
Through drops expressed by the fire and worm :  
Strong sweet wine—some affirm. 40

### VI

Body and bouquet both ?  
’T is easy to ticket a bottle so ;  
But what was the case in the cask, my friends ?  
Cask ? Nay, the vat—where the maker mends 45  
His strong with his sweet (you suppose) and blends  
His rough with his smooth, till none can know  
How it comes you may tipple, nothing loth,  
Body and bouquet both.

## EPILOGUE

### VII

“ You ” being just—the world.

No poets—who turn, themselves, the winch 50  
Of the press ; no critics—I ’ll even say,  
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)  
Who for love of the work have learned the way  
Till themselves produce home-made, at a pinch :  
No ! You are the world, and wine ne’er purled 55  
Except to please the world !

### VIII

“ For, oh the common heart !

And, ah the irremissible sin  
Of poets who please themselves, not us !  
Strong wine yet sweet wine pouring thus, 60  
How please still—Pindar and Æschylus !—  
Drink—dipt into by the bearded chin  
Alike and the bloomy lip—no part  
Denied the common heart !

### IX

“ And might we get such grace, 65

And did you moderns but stock our vault  
With the true half-brandy half-attar-gul,  
How would seniors indulge at a hearty pull  
While juniors tossed off their thimbleful !  
Our Shakespeare and Milton escaped your fault, 70  
So, they reign supreme o’er the weaker race  
That wants the ancient grace ! ”

### X

If I paid myself with words

(As the French say well) I were dupe indeed !  
I were found in belief that you quaffed and bowsed 75  
At your Shakespeare the whole day long, caroused

## EPILOGUE

In your Milton pottle-deep nor drowsed  
A moment of night—toped on, took heed  
Of nothing like modern cream-and-curds.  
Pay me with deeds, not words !

80

### XI

For—see your cellarage !

There are forty barrels with Shakespeare's brand.  
Some five or six are abroach : the rest  
Stand spigoted, fauceted. Try and test  
What yourselves call best of the very best !

85

How comes it that still untouched they stand ?  
Why don't you try tap, advance a stage  
With the rest in cellarage ?

### XII

For—see your cellarage !

There are four big butts of Milton's brew.  
How comes it you make old drips and drops  
Do duty, and there devotion stops ?  
Leave such an abyss of malt and hops

90

Embellied in butts which bungs still glue ?  
You hate your bard ! A fig for your rage !  
Free him from cellarage !

95

### XIII

'T is said I brew stiff drink,

But the deuce a flavour of grape is there.  
Hardly a May-go-down, 't is just  
A sort of a gruff Go-down-it-must—  
No Merry-go-down, no gracious gust

100

Commingles the racy with Springtide's rare !  
"Whatwonder," say you "that we cough, and blink  
At Autumn's heady drink ?"

## EPILOGUE

### XIV

Is it a fancy, friends? 105

Mighty and mellow are never mixed,  
Though mighty and mellow be born at once.  
Sweet for the future,—strong for the nonce!  
Stuff you should stow away, ensconce

In the deep and dark, to be found fast-fixed 110  
At the century's close : such time strength spends  
A-sweetening for my friends !

### XV

And then—why, what you quaff

With a smack of lip and a cluck of tongue,  
Is leakage and leavings—just what haps 115  
From the tun some learned taster taps  
With a promise “ Prepare your watery chaps !

Here 's properest wine for old and young !  
Dispute its perfection—you make us laugh !  
Have faith, give thanks, but—quaff !” 120

### XVI

Leakage, I say, or—worse—

Leavings suffice pot-valiant souls.  
Somebody, brimful, long ago,  
Frothed flagon he drained to the dregs ; and lo,  
Down whisker and beard what an overflow ! 125

Lick spilth that has trickled from classic jowls,  
Sup the single scene, sip the only verse—  
Old wine, not new and worse !

### XVII

I grant you : worse by much !

Renounce that new where you never gained 130  
One glow at heart, one gleam at head,  
And stick to the warrant of age instead !

## EPILOGUE

No dwarf's-lap ! Fatten, by giants fed !

*You* fatten, with oceans of drink undrained ?  
*You* feed—who would choke did a cobweb smutch 135  
The Age you love so much ?

### XVIII

A mine 's beneath a moor :

Acres of moor roof fathoms of mine  
Which diamonds dot where you please to dig ;  
Yet who plies spade for the bright and big ? 140  
Your product is—truffles, you hunt with a pig !

Since bright-and-big, when a man would dine,  
Suits badly : and therefore the Koh-i-noor  
May sleep in mine 'neath moor !

### XIX

Wine, pulse in might from me ! 145

It may never emerge in must from vat,  
Never fill cask nor furnish can,  
Never end sweet, which strong began—  
God's gift to gladden the heart of man ;

But spirit 's at proof, I promise that ! 150  
No sparing of juice spoils what should be  
Fit brewage—mine for me.

### XX

Man's thoughts and loves and hates !

Earth is my vineyard, these grew there :  
From grape of the ground, I made or marred 155  
My vintage ; easy the task or hard,  
Who set it—his praise be my reward !

Earth's yield ! Who yearn for the Dark Blue  
Sea's,

Let them " lay, pray, bray "—the addle-pates !  
Mine be Man's thoughts, loves, hates ! 160

## EPILOGUE

### XXI

But someone says "Good Sir!"

('T is a worthy versed in what concerns  
The making such labour turn out well)

"You don't suppose that the nosegay-smell  
Needs always come from the grape? Each bell 165

At your foot, each bud that your culture spurns,  
The very cowslip would act like myrrh  
On the stiffest brew—good Sir!

### XXII

"Cowslips, abundant birth

O'er meadow and hillside, vineyard too, 170

—Like a schoolboy's scrawlings in and out  
Distasteful lesson-book—all about

Greece and Rome, victory and rout—

Love-verses instead of such vain ado!

So, fancies frolic it o'er the earth 175

Where thoughts have rightlier birth.

### XXIII

"Nay, thoughtlings they themselves :

Loves, hates—in little and less and least !

Thoughts? '*What is a man beside a mount!*'

Loves? '*Absent—poor lovers the minutes count!*' 180

Hates? '*Fie—Pope's letters to Martha Blount!*'

These furnish a wine for a children's-feast :

Inspid to man, they suit the elves

Like thoughts, loves, hates themselves."

### XXIV

And, friends, beyond dispute 185

I too have the cowslips dewy and dear.

Punctual as Springtide forth peep they :

I leave them to make my meadow gay.



## EPILOGUE

But I ought to pluck and impound them, eh ?

Not let them alone, but deftly shear 190  
And shred and reduce to—what may suit  
Children, beyond dispute ?

### XXV

And, here 's May-month, all bloom,

All bounty : what if I sacrifice ?

If I out with shears and shear, nor stop 195

Shearing till prostrate, lo, the crop ?

And will you prefer it to ginger-pop

When I 've made you wine of the memories

Which leave as bare as a churchyard tomb

My meadow, late all bloom ? 200

### XXVI

Nay, what ingratitude

Should I hesitate to amuse the wits

That have pulled so long at my flask, nor grudged

The headache that paid their pains, nor budged

From bunghole before they sighed and judged 205

“ Too rough for our taste, to-day, befits

The racy and right when the years conclude ! ”

Out on ingratitude !

### XXVII

Grateful or ingrate—none,

No cowslip of all my fairy crew 210

Shall help to concoct what makes you wink

And goes to your head till you think you think !

I like them alive : the printer's ink

Would sensibly tell on the perfume too.

I may use up my nettles, ere I 've done ; 215

But of cowslips—friends get none !

## EPILOGUE

### XXVIII

Don't nettles make a broth

Wholesome for blood grown lazy and thick?

Maws out of sorts make mouths out of taste.

My Thirty-four Port—no need to waste

220

On a tongue that 's fur and a palate—paste!

A magnum for friends who are sound! The  
sick—

I 'll posset and cosset them, nothing loth,

Henceforward with nettle-broth!

# LA SAISIAZ



## I

GOOD, to forgive ;  
     Best, to forget !  
     Living, we fret ;  
 Dying, we live.  
 Fretless and free,  
     Soul, clap thy pinion !  
     Earth have dominion,  
 Body, o'er thee !

## II

Wander at will,  
     Day after day,—  
     Wander away,  
 Wandering still—  
 Soul that canst soar !  
     Body may slumber :  
     Body shall cumber  
 Soul-flight no more.

## III

Waft of soul's wing !  
     What lies above ?  
     Sunshine and Love,  
 Skyblue and Spring !  
 Body hides—where ?  
     Ferns of all feather,  
     Mosses and heather,  
 Yours be the care !



# LA SAISIAZ

1878

A. E. S. SEPTEMBER 14, 1877

DARED and done : at last I stand upon the summit,  
Dear and True !

Singly dared and done ; the climbing both of us  
were bound to do.

Petty feat and yet prodigious : every side my  
glance was bent

O'er the grandeur and the beauty lavished through  
the whole ascent.

Ledge by ledge, out broke new marvels, now  
minute and now immense :

Earth's most exquisite disclosure, heaven's own  
God in evidence !

And no berry in its hiding, no blue space in its  
outspread,

Pleaded to escape my footstep, challenged my  
emerging head,

(As I climbed or paused from climbing, now  
o'erbranched by shrub and tree,

Now built round by rock and boulder, now at  
just a turn set free,

Stationed face to face with—Nature? rather with  
Infinitude)

—No revelation of them all, as singly I my path  
pursued,

## LA SAISIAZ

But a bitter touched its sweetness, for the thought  
stung "Even so  
Both of us had loved and wondered just the same,  
five days ago!"  
Five short days, sufficient hardly to entice, from  
out its den 15  
Splintered in the slab, this pink perfection of the  
cyclamen;  
Scarce enough to heal and coat with amber gum  
the sloe-tree's gash,  
Bronze the clustered wilding apple, redden ripe  
the mountain-ash:  
Yet of might to place between us—Oh the barrier!  
Yon Profound  
Shrinks beside it, proves a pin-point: barrier this,  
without a bound! 20  
Boundless though it be, I reach you: somehow  
seem to have you here  
—Who are there. Yes, there you dwell now, plain  
the four low walls appear;  
Those are vineyards they enclose from; and the  
little spire which points  
—That's Collonge, henceforth your dwelling.  
All the same, howe'er disjoints  
Past from present, no less certain you are here,  
not there: have dared, 25  
Done the feat of mountain-climbing,—five days  
since, we both prepared  
Daring, doing, arm in arm, if other help should  
haply fail.  
For you asked, as forth we sallied to see sunset  
from the vale,  
"Why not try for once the mountain,—take a  
foretaste, snatch by stealth  
Sight and sound, some unconsidered fragment of  
the hoarded wealth? 30



## LA SAISIAZ

Six weeks at its base, yet never once have we  
together won  
Sight or sound by honest climbing: let us two  
have dared and done  
Just so much of twilight journey as may prove to-  
morrow's jaunt  
Not the only mode of wayfare—wheeled to reach  
the eagle's haunt!"

So, we turned from the low grass-path you were  
pleased to call "your own," 35  
Set our faces to the rose-bloom o'er the summit's  
front of stone  
Where Salève obtains, from Jura and the sunken  
sun she hides,  
Due return of blushing "Good Night," rosy as a  
borne-off bride's,  
For his masculine "Good Morrow" when, with  
sunrise still in hold,  
Gay he hails her, and, magnific, thrilled her black  
length burns to gold. 40  
Up and up we went, how careless—nay, how  
joyous! All was new,  
All was strange. "Call progress toilsome? that  
were just insulting you!  
How the trees must temper noontide! Ah, the  
thicket's sudden break!  
What will be the morning glory, when at dusk  
thus gleams the lake?  
Light by light puts forth Geneva: what a land—  
and, of the land, 45  
Can there be a lovelier station than this spot where  
now we stand?  
Is it late, and wrong to linger? True, to-morrow  
makes amends.  
Toilsome progress? child's play, call it—specially  
when one descends!

## LA SAISIAZ

There, the dread descent is over — hardly our  
adventure, though!  
Take the vale where late we left it, pace the grass-  
path, 'mine,' you know!  
Proud completion of achievement!" And we  
paced it, praising still  
That soft tread on velvet verdure as it wound  
through hill and hill;  
And at very end there met us, coming from  
Collonge, the pair  
—All our people of the Chalet—two, enough and  
none to spare.  
So, we made for home together, and we reached  
it as the stars  
One by one came lamping—chiefly that pre-  
potency of Mars—  
And your last word was "I owe you this enjoy-  
ment!"—met with "Nay:  
With yourself it rests to have a month of morrows  
like to-day!"  
Then the meal, with talk and laughter, and the  
news of that rare nook  
Yet untroubled by the tourist, touched on by no  
travel-book,  
All the same—though latent—patent, hybrid birth  
of land and sea,  
And (our travelled friend assured you)—if such  
miracle might be—  
Comparable for completeness of both blessings—  
all around  
Nature, and, inside her circle, safety from world's  
sight and sound—  
Comparable to our Saisiaz. "Hold it fast and  
guard it well!  
Go and see and vouch for certain, then come back  
and never tell

## LA SAISIAZ

Living soul but us; and haply, prove our sky  
from cloud as clear,  
There may we four meet, praise fortune just as  
now, another year!"

Thus you charged him on departure: not without  
the final charge

"Mind to-morrow's early meeting! We must  
leave our journey marge 70  
Ample for the wayside wonders: there's the  
stoppage at the inn

Three-parts up the mountain, where the hard-  
ships of the track begin;

There's the convent worth a visit; but, the  
triumph crowning all—

There's Salève's own platform facing glory which  
strikes greatness small,

—Blanc, supreme above his earth-brood, needles  
red and white and green, 75

Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on edge in  
his demesne.

So, some three weeks since, we saw them: so,  
to-morrow we intend

You shall see them likewise; therefore Good Night  
till to-morrow, friend!"

Last, the nothings that extinguish embers of a  
vivid day:

"What might be the Marshal's next move, what  
Gambetta's counter-play?" 80

Till the landing on the staircase saw escape the  
latest spark:

"Sleep you well!" "Sleep but as well, you!"  
—lazy love quenched, all was dark.

Nothing dark next day at sundawn! Up I rose  
and forth I fared:

## LA SAISIAZ

Took my plunge within the bath-pool, pacified  
the watch-dog scared,  
Saw proceed the transmutation—Jura's black to  
one gold glow, 85  
Trode your level path that let me drink the morn-  
ing deep and slow,  
Reached the little quarry—ravage recompensed  
by shrub and fern—  
Till the overflowing ardours told me time was for  
return.  
So, return I did, and gaily. But, for once, from  
no far mound  
Waved salute a tall white figure. "Has her  
sleep been so profound? 90  
Foresight, rather, prudent saving strength for  
day's expenditure!  
Ay, the chamber-window's open: out and on the  
terrace, sure!"

No, the terrace showed no figure, tall, white,  
leaning through the wreaths,  
Tangle-twine of leaf and bloom that intercept the  
air one breathes,  
Interpose between one's love and Nature's loving,  
hill and dale 95  
Down to where the blue lake's wrinkle marks the  
river's inrush pale  
—Mazy Arve: whereon no vessel but goes sliding  
white and plain,  
Not a steamboat pants from harbour but one  
hears pulsate amain,  
Past the city's congregated peace of homes and  
pomp of spires  
—Man's mild protest that there's something  
more than Nature, man requires, 100

## LA SAISIAZ

And that, useful as is Nature to attract the  
tourist's foot,

Quiet slow sure money-making proves the matter's  
very root,—

Need for body,—while the spirit also needs a  
comfort reached

By no help of lake or mountain, but the texts  
whence Calvin preached.

“Here 's the veil withdrawn from landscape : up  
to Jura and beyond,

All awaits us ranged and ready ; yet she violates  
the bond,

Neither leans nor looks nor listens : why is this ?”  
A turn of eye

Took the whole sole answer, gave the undisputed  
reason “why !”

This dread way you had your summons ! No  
premonitory touch,

As you talked and laughed ('t is told me) scarce  
a minute ere the clutch

Captured you in cold forever. Cold ? nay, warm  
you were as life

When I raised you, while the others used, in  
passionate poor strife,

All the means that seemed to promise any aid,  
and all in vain.

Gone you were, and I shall never see that earnest  
face again

Grow transparent, grow transfigured with the  
sudden light that leapt,

At the first word's provocation, from the heart-  
deeps where it slept.

Therefore, paying piteous duty, what seemed  
You have we consigned

## LA SAISIAZ

Peacefully to—what I think were, of all earth-  
beds, to your mind  
Most the choice for quiet, yonder : low walls stop  
the vines' approach,  
Lovingly Salève protects you ; village-sports will  
ne'er encroach 120  
On the stranger lady's silence, whom friends bore  
so kind and well  
Thither "just for love's sake,"—such their own  
word was : and who can tell ?  
You supposed that few or none had known and  
loved you in the world :  
May be ! flower that's full-blown tempts the butter-  
fly, not flower that 's furred.  
But more learned sense unlocked you, loosed the  
sheath and let expand 125  
Bud to bell and outspread flower-shape at the  
least warm touch of hand  
—Maybe, throb of heart, beneath which,—quicken-  
ing farther than it knew,—  
Treasure oft was disembosomed, scent all strange  
and unguessed hue.  
Disembosomed, re-embosomed,—must one me-  
mory suffice,  
Prove I knew an Alpine-rose which all beside  
named Edelweiss ? 130

Rare thing, red or white, you rest now : two days  
slumbered through ; and since  
One day more will see me rid of this same scene  
whereat I wince,  
Tetchy at all sights and sounds and pettish at  
each idle charm  
Proffered me who pace now singly where we two  
went arm in arm,—

## LA SAISIAZ

I have turned upon my weakness : asked “And  
what, forsooth, prevents  
That, this latest day allowed me, I fulfil of her  
intents  
One she had the most at heart—that we should  
thus again survey  
From Salève Mont Blanc together?” Therefore,  
—dared and done to-day  
Climbing,—here I stand : but you—where?

If a spirit of the place  
Broke the silence, bade me question, promised  
answer,—what disgrace  
Did I stipulate “Provided answer suit my hopes,  
not fears!”  
Would I shrink to learn my life-time’s limit—  
days, weeks, months or years?  
Would I shirk assurance on each point whereat I  
can but guess—  
“Does the soul survive the body? Is there  
God’s self, no or yes?”  
If I know my mood, ’t were constant—come in  
whatsoe’er uncouth  
Shape it should, nay, formidable—so the answer  
were but truth.

Well, and wherefore shall it daunt me, when ’t is  
I myself am tasked,  
When, by weakness weakness questioned, weakly  
answers—weakly asked?  
Weakness never needs be falseness : truth is truth  
in each degree  
—Thunderpealed by God to Nature, whispered  
by my soul to me.  
Nay, the weakness turns to strength and triumphs  
in a truth beyond :

## LA SAISIAZ

“ Mine is but man’s truest answer—how were it  
did God respond ? ”

I shall no more dare to mimic such response in  
futile speech,

Pass off human lisp as echo of the sphere-song  
out of reach,

Than,—because it well may happen yonder, where  
the far snows blanch

Mute Mont Blanc, that who stands near them sees  
and hears an avalanche,—

I shall pick a clod and throw,—cry “ Such the  
sight and such the sound ! ”

What though I nor see nor hear them ? Others  
do, the proofs abound ! ”

Can I make my eye an eagle’s, sharpen ear to  
recognize

Sound o’er league and league of silence ? Can I  
know, who but surmise ?

If I dared no self-deception when, a week since,  
I and you

Walked and talked along the grass-path, passing  
lightly in review

What seemed hits and what seemed misses in a  
certain fence-play,—strife

Sundry minds of mark engaged in “ On the Soul  
and Future Life,”—

If I ventured estimating what was come of parried  
thrust,

Subtle stroke, and, rightly, wrongly, estimating  
could be just

—Just, though life so seemed abundant in the form  
which moved by mine,

I might well have played at feigning, fooling,—  
laughed “ What need opine

Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past  
pleasure turns to pain,



## LA SAISIAZ

And this first life claims a second, else I count its  
good no gain?"—170  
Much less have I heart to palter when the matter  
to decide  
Now becomes "Was ending ending once and  
always, when you died?"  
Did the face, the form I lifted as it lay, reveal the  
loss  
Not alone of life but soul? A tribute to yon  
flowers and moss,  
What of you remains beside? A memory! Easy  
to attest175  
"Certainly from out the world that one believes  
who knew her best  
Such was good in her, such fair, which fair and  
good were great perchance  
Had but fortune favoured, bidden each shy faculty  
advance;  
After all—who knows another? Only as I know,  
I speak."  
So much of you lives within me while I live my  
year or week.180  
Then my fellow takes the tale up, not unwilling  
to aver  
Duly in his turn "I knew him best of all, as he  
knew her :  
Such he was, and such he was not, and such other  
might have been  
But that somehow every actor, somewhere in this  
earthly scene,  
Fails." And so both memories dwindle, yours  
and mine together linked,185  
Till there is but left for comfort, when the last  
spark proves extinct,  
This—that somewhere new existence led by men  
and women new

## LA SAISIAZ

Possibly attains perfection coveted by me and  
you ;

While ourselves, the only witness to what work  
our life evolved,

Only to ourselves proposing problems proper to  
be solved

By ourselves alone,—who working ne'er shall  
know if work bear fruit

Others reap and garner, heedless how produced  
by stalk and root,—

We who, darkling, timed the day's birth,—  
struggling, testified to peace,—

Earned, by dint of failure, triumph,—we, creative  
thought, must cease

In created word, thought's echo, due to impulse  
long since sped !

Why repine? There's ever someone lives although  
ourselves be dead !

190

195

Well, what signifies repugnance? Truth is truth  
howe'er it strike.

Fair or foul the lot apportioned life on earth, we  
bear alike.

Stalwart body idly yoked to stunted spirit, powers,  
that fain

Else would soar, condemned to grovel, ground-  
lings through the fleshly chain,—

Help that hinders, hindrance proved but help  
disguised when all too late,—

Hindrance is the fact acknowledged, howsoe'er  
explained as Fate,

Fortune, Providence : we bear, own life a burthen  
more or less.

Life thus owned unhappy, is there supplemental  
happiness

200

## LA SAISIAZ

Possible and probable in life to come? or must  
we count 205  
Life a curse and not a blessing, summed-up in its  
whole amount,  
Help and hindrance, joy and sorrow?  
Why should I want courage here?  
I will ask and have an answer,—with no favour,  
with no fear,—  
From myself. How much, how little, do I inwardly  
believe  
True that controverted doctrine? Is it fact to  
which I cleave, 210  
Is it fancy I but cherish, when I take upon my  
lips  
Phrase the solemn Tuscan fashioned, and declare  
the soul's eclipse  
Not the soul's extinction? take his "I believe and  
I declare—  
Certain am I—from this life I pass into a better,  
there  
Where that lady lives of whom enamoured was  
my soul"—where this 215  
Other lady, my companion dear and true, she also is?  
I have questioned and am answered. Question,  
answer presuppose  
Two points: that the thing itself which questions,  
answers,—*is*, it knows;  
As it also knows the thing perceived outside itself,  
—a force  
Actual ere its own beginning, operative through  
its course, 220  
Unaffected by its end,—that this thing likewise  
needs must be;  
Call this—God, then, call that—soul, and both—  
the only facts for me.

## LA SAISIAZ

Prove them facts? that they o'erpass my power of  
proving, proves them such :

Fact it is I know I know not something which is  
fact as much.

What before caused all the causes, what effect of  
all effects

Haply follows,—these are fancy. Ask the rush  
if it suspects

225

Whence and how the stream which floats it had  
a rise, and where and how

Falls or flows on still! What answer makes the  
rush except that now

Certainly it floats and is, and, no less certain  
than itself,

Is the everyway external stream that now through  
shoal and shelf

230

Floats it onward, leaves it—may be—wrecked at  
last, or lands on shore

There to root again and grow and flourish stable  
evermore.

—May be! mere surmise not knowledge: much  
conjecture styled belief,

What the rush conceives the stream means  
through the voyage blind and brief.

Why, because I doubtless am, shall I as doubt-  
less be? “Because

235

God seems good and wise.” Yet under this our  
life's apparent laws

Reigns a wrong which, righted once, would give  
quite other laws to life.

“He seems potent.” Potent here, then: why  
are right and wrong at strife?

Has in life the wrong the better? Happily life  
ends so soon!

Right predominates in life? Then why two  
lives and double boon?

240

## LA SAISIAZ

“Anyhow, we want it : wherefore want ?” Be-  
cause, without the want,  
Life, now human, would be brutish : just that  
hope, however scant,  
Makes the actual life worth leading ; take the  
hope therein away,  
All we have to do is surely not endure another  
day.

This life has its hopes for this life, hopes that  
promise joy : life done—

Out of all the hopes, how many had complete  
fulfilment ? none.

“But the soul is not the body :” and the breath  
is not the flute ;

Both together make the music : either marred  
and all is mute.

Truce to such old sad contention whence, accord-  
ing as we shape

Most of hope or most of fear, we issue in a half-  
escape :

“We believe” is sighed. I take the cup of  
comfort proffered thus,

Taste and try each soft ingredient, sweet infusion,  
and discuss

What their blending may accomplish for the cure  
of doubt, till—slow,

Sorrowful, but how decided ! needs must I o’er-  
turn it—so !

Cause before, effect behind me—blanks ! The  
midway point I am,

Caused, itself—itsself efficient : in that narrow  
space must cram

All experience—out of which there crowds con-  
jecture manifold,

But, as knowledge, this comes only—things may  
be as I behold,

## LA SAISIAZ

Or may not be, but, without me and above me,  
things there are ;  
I myself am what I know not—ignorance which  
proves no bar  
To the knowledge that I am, and, since I am, 260  
can recognize  
What to me is pain and pleasure : this is sure,  
the rest—surmise.  
If my fellows are or are not, what may please  
them and what pain,—  
Mere surmise : my own experience—that is know-  
ledge, once again !

I have lived, then, done and suffered, loved and  
hated, learnt and taught 265  
This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a  
world distraught,  
Goodness with triumphant evil, power with fail-  
ure in the aim,  
If—(to my own sense, remember ! though none  
other feel the same !)—  
If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's  
place,  
And life, time,—with all their chances, changes,  
—just probation-space, 270  
Mine, for me. But those apparent other mortals  
—theirs, for them ?  
Knowledge stands on my experience : all outside  
its narrow hem,  
Free surmise may sport and welcome ! Plea-  
sures, pains affect mankind  
Just as they affect myself ? Why, here 's my  
neighbour colour-blind,  
Eyes like mine to all appearance : “green as  
grass” do I affirm ? 275

## LA SAISIAZ

“Red as grass” he contradicts me : which employs the proper term ?

Were we two the earth's sole tenants, with no third for referee,

How should I distinguish ? Just so, God must judge 'twixt man and me.

To each mortal peradventure earth becomes a new machine,

Pain and pleasure no more tally in our sense than red and green ;

280

Still, without what seems such mortal's pleasure, pain, my life were lost

—Life, my whole sole chance to prove—although at man's apparent cost—

What is beautiful and what ugly, right to strive for, right to shun,

Fit to help and fit to hinder,—prove my forces everyone,

Good and evil,—learn life's lesson, hate of evil, love of good,

285

As 't is set me, understand so much as may be understood—

Solve the problem : “From thine apprehended scheme of things, deduce

Praise or blame of its contriver, shown a niggard or profuse

In each good or evil issue ! nor miscalculate alike Counting one the other in the final balance,

which to strike,

290

Soul was born and life allotted : ay, the show of things unfurled

For thy summing-up and judgment,—thine, no other mortal's world ! ”

What though fancy scarce may grapple with the complex and immense

## LA SAISIAZ

—“His own world for every mortal?” Postulate  
 omnipotence!  
 Limit power, and simple grows the complex:  
 shrunk to atom size, 295  
 That which loomed immense to fancy low before  
 my reason lies,—  
 I survey it and pronounce it work like other  
 work: success  
 Here and there, the workman’s glory,—here and  
 there, his shame no less,  
 Failure as conspicuous. Taunt not “Human  
 work ape work divine?”  
 As the power, expect performance! God’s be  
 God’s as mine is mine! 300  
 God whose power made man and made man’s  
 wants, and made, to meet those wants,  
 Heaven and earth which, through the body, prove  
 the spirit’s ministrants,  
 Excellently all,—did He lack power or was the  
 will in fault  
 When He let blue heaven be shrouded o’er by  
 vapours of the vault,  
 Gay earth drop her garlands shrivelled at the  
 first infecting breath 305  
 Of the serpent pains which herald, swarming in,  
 the dragon death?  
 What, no way but this that man may learn and  
 lay to heart how rife  
 Life were with delights would only death allow  
 their taste to life?  
 Must the rose sigh “Pluck—I perish!” must the  
 eve weep “Gaze—I fade!”  
 —Every sweet warn “Ware my bitter!” every  
 shine bid “Wait my shade”? 310  
 Can we love but on condition, that the thing we  
 love must die?



## LA SAISIAZ

Needs there groan a world in anguish just to  
teach us sympathy—  
Multitudinously wretched that we, wretched too,  
may guess  
What a preferable state were universal happiness?  
Hardly do I so conceive the outcome of that  
power which went 315  
To the making of the worm there in yon clod its  
tenement,  
Any more than I distinguish aught of that which,  
wise and good,  
Framed the leaf, its plain of pasture, dropped the  
dew, its fineless food.  
Nay, were fancy fact, were earth and all it holds  
illusion mere,  
Only a machine for teaching love and hate and  
hope and fear 320  
To myself, the sole existence, single truth mid  
falsehood,—well!  
If the harsh throes of the prelude die not off into  
the swell  
Of that perfect piece they sting me to become a-  
strain for,—if  
Roughness of the long rock-clamber lead not to  
the last of cliff,  
First of level country where is sward my pilgrim-  
foot can prize,— 325  
Plainlier! if this life's conception new life fail to  
realize,—  
Though earth burst and proved a bubble glassing  
hues of hell, one huge  
Reflex of the devil's doings—God's work by no  
subterfuge—  
(So death's kindly touch informed me as it broke  
the glamour, gave

## LA SAISIAZ

Soul and body both release from life's long night-  
mare in the grave) 330  
Still,—with no more Nature, no more Man as  
riddle to be read,  
Only my own joys and sorrows now to reckon  
real instead,—  
I must say—or choke in silence—“Howsoever  
came my fate,  
Sorrow did and joy did nowise,—life well weighed,  
—preponderate.”  
By necessity ordained thus? I shall bear as best  
I can ; 335  
By a cause all-good, all-wise, all-potent? No, as  
I am man !  
Such were God : and was it goodness that the  
good within my range  
Or had evil in admixture or grew evil's self by  
change ?  
Wisdom—that becoming wise meant making slow  
and sure advance  
From a knowledge proved in error to acknow-  
ledged ignorance ? 340  
Power? 't is just the main assumption reason  
most revolts at ! power  
Unavailing for bestowment on its creature of an  
hour,  
Man, of so much proper action rightly aimed and  
reaching aim,  
So much passion,—no defect there, no excess, but  
still the same,—  
As what constitutes existence, pure perfection  
bright as brief 345  
For yon worm, man's fellow-creature, on yon  
happier world—its leaf !  
No, as I am man, I mourn the poverty I must  
impute :

## LA SAISIAZ

Goodness, wisdom, power, all bounded, each a  
human attribute !

But, O world outspread beneath me ! only for  
myself I speak,  
Nowise dare to play the spokesman for my brothers  
strong and weak, 350  
Full and empty, wise and foolish, good and bad,  
in every age,  
Every clime, I turn my eyes from, as in one or  
other stage  
Of a torture writhe they, Job-like couched on dung  
and crazed with blains  
—Wherefore ? whereto ? ask the whirlwind what  
the dread voice thence explains !  
I shall “vindicate no way of God’s to man,” nor  
stand apart, 355  
“Laugh, be candid !” while I watch it traversing  
the human heart.  
Traversed heart must tell its story uncommented  
on : no less  
Mine results in “Only grant a second life, I  
acquiesce  
In this present life as failure, count misfortune’s  
worst assaults  
Triumph, not defeat, assured that loss so much  
the more exalts 360  
Gain about to be. For at what moment did I so  
advance  
Near to knowledge as when frustrate of escape  
from ignorance ?  
Did not beauty prove most precious when its  
opposite obtained  
Rule, and truth seem more than ever potent  
because falsehood reigned ?

## LA SAISIAZ

While for love—Oh how but, losing love, does  
     whoso loves succeed 365  
 By the death-pang to the birth-throe—learning  
     what is love indeed?  
 Only grant my soul may carry high through death  
     her cup unspilled,  
 Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss  
     drop by drop distilled,  
 I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless each  
     kindly wretch that wrung  
 From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root  
     whence pleasure sprung, 370  
 Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and  
     bruised the berry, left all grace  
 Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its  
     place!

Witness, Dear and True, how little I was 'ware of  
     —not your worth  
 —That I knew, my heart assures me—but of what  
     a shade on earth  
 Would the passage from my presence of the tall  
     white figure throw 375  
 O'er the ways we walked together! Somewhat  
     narrow, somewhat slow  
 Used to seem the ways, the walking: narrow ways  
     are well to tread  
 When there's moss beneath the footstep, honey-  
     suckle overhead:  
 Walking slow to beating bosom surest solace  
     soonest gives,  
 Liberates the brain o'erloaded—best of all restora-  
     tives. 380  
 Nay, do I forget the open vast where soon or late  
     converged

## LA SAISIAZ

Ways though winding?—world-wide heaven-high  
    sea where music slept or surged  
As the angel had ascendant, and Beethoven's  
    Titan mace  
Smote the immense to storm, Mozart would by a  
    finger's lifting chase?  
Yes, I knew—but not with knowledge such as  
    thrills me while I view 385  
Yonder precinct which henceforward holds and  
    hides the Dear and True.  
Grant me (once again) assurance we shall each  
    meet each some day,  
Walk—but with how bold a footstep! on a way  
    —but what a way!  
—Worst were best, defeat were triumph, utter loss  
    were utmost gain.  
Can it be, and must, and will it?

Silence! Out of fact's domain, 390  
Just surmise prepared to mutter hope, and also fear  
    —dispute  
Fact's inexorable ruling “Outside fact, surmise  
    be mute!”  
Well!

Ay, well and best, if fact's self I may force  
    the answer from!  
'T is surmise I stop the mouth of. Not above in  
    yonder dome  
All a rapture with its rose-glow,—not around,  
    where pile and peak 395  
Strainingly await the sun's fall,—not beneath,  
    where crickets creak,  
Birds assemble for their bed-time, soft the tree-top  
    swell subsides,—  
No, nor yet within my deepest sentient self the  
    knowledge hides.

## LA SAISIAZ

Aspiration, reminiscence, plausibilities of trust  
—Now the ready “Man were wronged else,”  
now the rash “and God unjust”— 400  
None of these I need. Take thou, my soul, thy  
solitary stand,  
Umpire to the champions Fancy, Reason, as on  
either hand  
Amicable war they wage and play the foe in thy  
behoof!  
Fancy thrust and Reason parry! Thine the prize  
who stand aloof.

### FANCY

I concede the thing refused: henceforth no cer-  
tainty more plain 405  
Than this mere surmise that after body dies soul  
lives again.  
Two, the only facts acknowledged late, are now  
increased to three—  
God is, and the soul is, and, as certain, after death  
shall be.  
Put this third to use in life, the time for using  
fact!

### REASON

I do :  
Find it promises advantage, coupled with the other  
two. 410  
Life to come will be improvement on the life  
that 's now; destroy  
Body's thwartings, there 's no longer screen be-  
twixt soul and soul's joy.  
Why should we expect new hindrance, novel  
tether? In this first  
Life, I see the good of evil, why our world began  
at worst :

## LA SAISIAZ

Since time means amelioration, tardily enough  
displayed, 415  
Yet a mainly onward moving, never wholly  
retrograde.  
We know more though we know little, we grow  
stronger though still weak,  
Partly see though all too purblind, stammer though  
we cannot speak.  
There is no such grudge in God as scared the  
ancient Greek, no fresh  
Substitute of trap for dragnet, once a breakage in  
the mesh. 420  
Dragons were, and serpents are, and blindworms  
will be : ne'er emerged  
Any new-created python for man's plague since  
earth was purged.  
Failing proof, then, of invented trouble to replace  
the old,  
O'er this life the next presents advantage much  
and manifold :  
Which advantage—in the absence of a fourth and  
farther fact 425  
Now conceivably surmised, of harm to follow from  
the act—  
I pronounce for man's obtaining at this moment.  
Why delay ?  
Is he happy ? happiness will change : anticipate  
the day !  
Is he sad ? there 's ready refuge : of all sadness  
death 's prompt cure !  
Is he both, in mingled measure ? cease a burthen  
to endure ! 430  
Pains with sorry compensations, pleasures stinted  
in the dole,  
Power that sinks and pettiness that soars, all halved  
and nothing whole,

## LA SAISIAZ

Idle hopes that lure man onward, forced back by  
as idle fears—

What a load he stumbles under through his glad  
sad seventy years,

When a touch sets right the turmoil, lifts his spirit  
where, flesh-freed,

Knowledge shall be rightly named so, all that  
seems be truth indeed !

435

Grant his forces no accession, nay, no faculty's  
increase,

Only let what now exists continue, let him prove  
in peace

Power whereof the interrupted unperfected play  
enticed

Man through darkness, which to lighten any spark  
of hope sufficed,—

440

What shall then deter his dying out of darkness  
into light ?

Death itself perchance, brief pain that 's pang,  
condensed and infinite ?

But at worst, he needs must brave it one day,  
while, at best, he laughs—

Drops a drop within his chalice, sleep not death  
his science quaffs !

Any moment claims more courage when, by  
crossing cold and gloom,

Manfully man quits discomfort, makes for the  
provided room

445

Where the old friends want their fellow, where  
the new acquaintance wait,

Probably for talk assembled, possibly to sup in  
state !

I affirm and re-affirm it therefore : only make as  
plain

As that man now lives, that, after dying, man will  
live again,—

450



## LA SAISIAZ

Make as plain the absence, also, of a law to contravene  
Voluntary passage from this life to that by change  
of scene,—  
And I bid him—at suspicion of first cloud athwart  
his sky,  
Flower's departure, frost's arrival—never hesitate,  
but die !

### FANCY

Then I double my concession : grant, along with  
new life sure, 455  
This same law found lacking now : ordain that,  
whether rich or poor  
Present life is judged in aught man counts advantage—be it hope,  
Be it fear that brightens, blackens most or least  
his horoscope,—  
He, by absolute compulsion such as made him  
live at all,  
Go on living to the fated end of life whate'er befall. 460  
What though, as on earth he darkling grovels,  
man descry the sphere,  
Next life's—call it, heaven of freedom, close above  
and crystal-clear ?  
He shall find—say, hell to punish who in aught  
curtails the term,  
Fain would act the butterfly before he has played  
out the worm.  
God, soul, earth, heaven, hell,—five facts now :  
what is to desiderate ? 465

### REASON

Nothing ! Henceforth man's existence bows to  
the monition "Wait !

## LA SAISIAZ

Take the joys and bear the sorrows—neither with  
extreme concern !

Living here means nescience simply : 't is next  
life that helps to learn.

Shut those eyes, next life will open,—stop those  
ears, next life will teach

Hearing's office,—close those lips, next life will  
give the power of speech !

Or, if action more amuse thee than the passive  
attitude,

Bravely bustle through thy being, busy thee for  
ill or good,

Reap this life's success or failure ! Soon shall  
things be unperplexed

And the right and wrong, now tangled, lie un-  
ravelled in the next."

470

## FANCY

Not so fast ! Still more concession ! not alone do  
I declare

Life must needs be borne,—I also will that man  
become aware

Life has worth incalculable, every moment that  
he spends

So much gain or loss for that next life which on  
this life depends.

Good, done here, be there rewarded,—evil, worked  
here, there amerced !

Six facts now, and all established, plain to man  
the last as first.

475

480

## REASON

There was good and evil, then, defined to man by  
this decree ?

*Was*—for at its promulgation both alike have  
ceased to be.

## LA SAISIAZ

Prior to this last announcement "Certainly as  
 God exists,  
 As He made man's soul, as soul is quenchless by  
 the deathly mists,  
 Yet is, all the same, forbidden premature escape  
 from time 485  
 To eternity's provided purer air and brighter  
 clime,—  
 Just so certainly depends it on the use to which  
 man turns  
 Earth, the good or evil done there, whether after  
 death he earns  
 Life eternal,—heaven, the phrase be, or eternal  
 death,—say, hell.  
 As his deeds, so proves his portion, doing ill or  
 doing well!" 490  
 —Prior to this last announcement, earth was man's  
 probation-place :  
 Liberty of doing evil gave his doing good a  
 grace ;  
 Once lay down the law, with Nature's simple  
 "Such effects succeed  
 Causes such, and heaven or hell depends upon  
 man's earthly deed  
 Just as surely as depends the straight or else the  
 crooked line 495  
 On his making point meet point or with or else  
 without incline,"—  
 Thenceforth neither good nor evil does man, doing  
 what he must.  
 Lay but down that law as stringent "Wouldst  
 thou live again, be just!"  
 As this other "Wouldst thou live now, regularly  
 draw thy breath !  
 For, suspend the operation, straight law's breach  
 results in death—" 500

## LA SAISIAZ

And (provided always, man, addressed this mode,  
be sound and sane)  
Prompt and absolute obedience, never doubt, will  
law obtain !  
Tell not me “ Look round us ! nothing each side  
but acknowledged law,  
Now styled God’s—now, Nature’s edict ! ” Where’s  
obedience without flaw  
Paid to either ? What’s the adage rife in man’s  
mouth ? Why, “ The best 505  
I both see and praise, the worst I follow ”—which,  
despite professed  
Seeing, praising, all the same he follows, since he  
disbelieves  
In the heart of him that edict which for truth his  
head receives.  
There’s evading and persuading and much making  
law amends  
Somehow, there’s the nice distinction ’twixt fast  
foes and faulty friends, 510  
—Any consequence except inevitable death when  
“ Die,  
Whoso breaks our law ! ” they publish, God and  
Nature equally.  
Law that’s kept or broken—subject to man’s will  
and pleasure ! Whence ?  
How comes law to bear eluding ? Not because of  
impotence :  
Certain laws exist already which to hear means to  
obey ; 515  
Therefore not without a purpose these man must,  
while those man may  
Keep and, for the keeping, haply gain approval  
and reward.  
Break through this last superstructure, all is  
empty air—no sward

## LA SAISIAZ

Firm like my first fact to stand on "God there  
is, and soul there is,"  
And soul's earthly life-allotment: wherein, by  
hypothesis, 520  
Soul is bound to pass probation, prove its  
powers, and exercise  
Sense and thought on fact, and then, from fact  
educing fit surmise,  
Ask itself, and of itself have solely answer,  
"Does the scope  
Earth affords of fact to judge by warrant future  
fear or hope?"

Thus have we come back full circle: fancy's  
footsteps one by one 525  
Go their round conducting reason to the point  
where they begun,  
Left where we were left so lately, Dear and  
True! When, half a week  
Since, we walked and talked and thus I told you,  
how suffused a cheek  
You had turned me had I sudden brought the  
blush into the smile  
By some word like "Idly argued! you know  
better all the while!" 530  
Now, from me—Oh not a blush but, how much  
more, a joyous glow,  
Laugh triumphant, would it strike did your  
"Yes, better I do know"  
Break, my warrant for assurance! which assur-  
ance may not be  
If, supplanting hope, assurance needs must  
change this life to me.  
So, I hope—no more than hope, but hope—no  
less than hope, because 535

## LA SAISIAZ

I can fathom, by no plumb-line sunk in life's  
apparent laws,  
How I may in any instance fix where change  
should meetly fall  
Nor involve, by one revisal, abrogation of them  
all :  
—Which again involves as utter change in life  
thus law-released,  
Whence the good of goodness vanished when the  
ill of evil ceased.  
Whereas, life and laws apparent re-instated,—all  
we know,  
All we know not,—o'er our heaven again cloud  
closes, until, lo—  
Hope the arrowy, just as constant, comes to  
pierce its gloom, compelled  
By a power and by a purpose which, if no one  
else beheld,  
I behold in life, so—hope !

540

Sad summing-up of all to say !  
*Athanasius contra mundum*, why should he hope  
more than they ?  
So are men made notwithstanding, such mag-  
netic virtue darts  
From each head their fancy haloes to their un-  
resisting hearts !

545

Here I stand, methinks a stone's throw from yon  
village I this morn  
Traversed for the sake of looking one last look  
at its forlorn  
Tenement's ignoble fortune : through a crevice,  
plain its floor  
Piled with provender for cattle, while a dung-  
heap blocked the door.

550

## LA SAISIAZ

In that squalid Bossex, under that obscene red  
roof, arose,  
Like a fiery flying serpent from its egg, a soul—  
Rousseau's.

Turn thence! Is it Diodati joins the glimmer of  
the lake?

There I plucked a leaf, one week since,—ivy,  
plucked for Byron's sake.

Famed unfortunates! And yet, because of that  
phosphoric fame

Swathing blackness' self with brightness till  
putridity looked flame,

All the world was witched: and wherefore?  
what could lie beneath, allure

Heart of man to let corruption serve man's head  
as cynosure?

Was the magic in the dictum "All that 's good  
is gone and past;

Bad and worse still grows the present, and the  
worst of all comes last:

Which believe—for I believe it?" So preached  
one his gospel-news;

While melodious moaned the other "Dying day  
with dolphin-hues!

Storm, for loveliness and darkness like a woman's  
eye! Ye mounts

Where I climb to 'scape my fellow, and thou sea  
wherein he counts

Not one inch of vile dominion! What were your  
especial worth

Failed ye to enforce the maxim 'Of all objects  
found on earth

Man is meanest, much too honoured when com-  
pared with—what by odds

Beats him—any dog: so, let him go a-howling  
to his gods!'

## LA SAISIAZ

Which believe—for I believe it!" such the comfort man received

Sadly since perforce he must: for why? the famous bard believed!

Fame! Then, give me fame, a moment! As I gather at a glance

Human glory after glory vivifying yon expanse,  
Let me grasp them all together, hold on high and brandish well

Beacon-like above the rapt world ready, whether heaven or hell

Send the dazzling summons earthward, to submit itself the same,

Take on trust the hope or else despair flashed full on face by—Fame!

Thanks, thou pine-tree of Makistos, wide thy giant torch I wave!

Know ye whence I plucked the pillar, late with sky for architrave?

This the trunk, the central solid Knowledge, kindled core, began

Tugging earth-deeps, trying heaven-heights, rooted yonder at Lausanne.

This which flits and spits, the aspic,—sparkles in and out the boughs

Now, and now condensed, the python, coiling round and round allows

Scarce the bole its due effulgence, dulled by flake on flake of Wit—

Laughter so bejewels Learning,—what but Ferney nourished it?

Nay, nor fear—since every resin feeds the flame—that I dispense

With yon Bossex terebinth-tree's all-explosive Eloquence:



## LA SAISIAZ

No, be sure! nor, any more than thy resplendency, Jean-Jacques,  
Dare I want thine, Diodati! What though monkeys and macaques  
Gibber "Byron"? Byron's ivy rears a branch 590  
beyond the crew,  
Green for ever, no deciduous trash macaques and monkeys chew!  
As Rousseau, then, eloquent, as Byron prime in poet's power,—  
Detonations, fulgurations, smiles—the rainbow, tears—the shower,—  
Lo, I lift the coruscating marvel—Fame! and, famed, declare 595  
—Learned for the nonce as Gibbon, witty as wit's self Voltaire . . .  
O the sorriest of conclusions to whatever man of sense  
Mid the millions stands the unit, takes no flare for evidence!  
Yet the millions have their portion, live their calm or troublous day,  
Find significance in fireworks: so, by help of mine, they may 600  
Confidently lay to heart and lock in head their life long—this:  
"He there with the brand flamboyant, broad o'er night's forlorn abyss,  
Crowned by prose and verse; and wielding, with Wit's bauble, Learning's rod . . .  
Well? Why, he at least believed in Soul, was very sure of God.

## LA SAISIAZ

So the poor smile played, that evening : pallid  
    smile long since extinct 605  
Here in London's mid-November ! Not so loosely  
    thoughts were linked,  
Six weeks since as I, descending in the sunset  
    from Salève,  
Found the chain, I seemed to forge there, flawless  
    till it reached your grave,—  
Not so filmy was the texture, but I bore it in my  
    breast  
Safe thus far. And since I found a something in  
    me would not rest 610  
Till I, link by link, unravelled any tangle of the  
    chain,  
—Here it lies, for much or little ! I have lived  
    all o'er again  
That last pregnant hour : I saved it, just as I  
    could save a root  
Disinterred for re-interment when the time best  
    helps to shoot.  
Life is stocked with germs of torpid life ; but may  
    I never wake 615  
Those of mine whose resurrection could not be  
    without earthquake !  
Rest all such, unraised forever ! Be this, sad yet  
    sweet, the sole  
Memory evoked from slumber ! Least part this :  
    then what the whole ?

# THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC



## I

SUCH a starved bank of moss  
Till, that May-morn,  
Blue ran the flash across :  
Violets were born !

## II

Sky—what a scowl of cloud  
Till, near and far,  
Ray on ray split the shroud  
Splendid, a star !

## III

World—how it walled about  
Life with disgrace  
Till God's own smile came out :  
That was thy face !



# THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

1878

## I

“FAME!” Yes, I said it and you read it. First,  
Praise the good log-fire! Winter howls without.  
Crowd closer, let us! Ha, the secret nursed  
Inside yon hollow, crusted roundabout  
With copper where the clamp was,—how the burst 5  
Vindicates flame the stealthy feeder! Spout  
Thy splendidest—a minute and no more?  
So soon again all sobered as before?

## II

Nay, for I need to see your face! One stroke  
Adroitly dealt, and lo, the pomp revealed! 10  
Fire in his pandemonium, heart of oak  
Palatial, where he wrought the works concealed  
Beneath the solid-seeming roof I broke,  
As redly up and out and off they reeled  
Like disconcerted imps, those thousand sparks 15  
From fire’s slow tunnelling of vaults and arcs!

## III

Up, out, and off, see! Were you never used,—  
You now, in childish days or rather nights,—  
As I was, to watch sparks fly? not amused  
By that old nurse-taught game which gave the  
sprites 20

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Each one his title and career,—confused  
Belief 't was all long over with the flights  
From earth to heaven of hero, sage and bard,  
And bade them once more strive for Fame's award?

### IV

New long bright life ! and happy chance befell— 25  
That I know—when some prematurely lost  
Child of disaster bore away the bell  
From some too-pampered son of fortune, crossed  
Never before my chimney broke the spell !  
Octogenarian Keats gave up the ghost, 30  
While—never mind Who was it cumbered earth—  
Sank stifled, span-long brightness, in the birth.

### V

Well, try a variation of the game !  
Our log is old ship-timber, broken bulk.  
There 's sea-brine spirits up the brimstone flame, 35  
That crimson-curly spiral proves the hulk  
Was saturate with—ask the chloride's name  
From somebody who knows ! I shall not sulk  
If yonder greenish tonguelet licked from brass  
Its life, I thought was fed on copperas. 40

### VI

Anyhow, there they flutter ! What may be  
The style and prowess of that purple one ?  
Who is the hero other eyes shall see  
Than yours and mine ? That yellow, deep to  
dun—  
Conjecture how the sage glows, whom not we 45  
But those unborn are to get warmth by ! Son  
O' the coal,—as Job and Hebrew name a spark,—  
What bard, in thy red soaring, scares the dark ?



## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### VII

Oh and the lesser lights, the dearer still  
That they elude a vulgar eye, give ours 50  
The glimpse repaying astronomic skill  
Which searched sky deeper, passed those patent  
powers  
Constellate proudly,—swords, scrolls, harps, that  
fill  
The vulgar eye to surfeit,—found best flowers  
Hid deepest in the dark,—named unplucked grace 55  
Of soul, ungathered beauty, form or face !

### VIII

Up with thee, mouldering ash men never knew,  
But I know ! flash thou forth, and figure bold,  
Calm and columnar as yon flame I view !  
Oh and I bid thee,—to whom fortune doled 60  
Scantly all other gifts out—bicker blue,  
Beauty for all to see, zinc's uncontrolled  
Flake-brilliance ! Not my fault if these were  
shown,  
Grandeur and beauty both, to me alone.

### IX

No ! as the first was boy's play, this proves mere 65  
Stripling's amusement : manhood's sport be  
grave !  
Choose rather sparkles quenched in mid career,  
Their boldness and their brightness could not  
save  
(In some old night of time on some lone drear  
Sea-coast, monopolized by crag or cave) 70  
—Save from ignoble exit into smoke,  
Silence, oblivion, all death-damps that choke !

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### X

Launched by our ship-wood, float we, once adrift  
In fancy to that land-strip waters wash,  
We both know well ! Where uncouth tribes made  
shift

75

Long since to just keep life in, billows dash  
Nigh over folk who shudder at each lift

Of the old tyrant tempest's whirlwind-lash,  
Though they have built the serviceable town  
Tempests but tease now, billows drench, notdrown.

80

### XI

Croisic, the spit of sandy rock which juts

Spitefully northward, bears nor tree nor shrub  
To tempt the ocean, show what Guérande shuts

Behind her, past wild Batz whose Saxons grub  
The ground for crystals grown where ocean gluts

85

Their promontory's breadth with salt : all stub  
Of rock and stretch of sand, the land's last strife  
To rescue a poor remnant for dear life.

### XII

And what life ! Here was, from the world to choose,  
The Druids' chosen chief of homes : they reared  
—Only their women,—mid the slush and ooze

90

Of yon low islet,—to their sun, revered  
In strangestoneguise,—a temple. May-dawn dew

Saw the old structure levelled ; when there peered  
May's earliest eve-star, high and wide once more  
Up towered the new pile perfect as before :

95

### XIII

Seeing that priestesses—and all were such—

Unbuilt and then rebuilt it every May,  
Each alike helping—well, if not too much !

For, mid their eagerness to outstrip day

100

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

And get work done, if any loosed her clutch  
And let a single stone drop, straight a prey  
Herself fell, torn to pieces, limb from limb,  
By sisters in full chorus glad and grim.

### XIV

And still so much remains of that grey cult, 105  
That even now, of nights, do women steal  
To the sole Menhir standing, and insult  
The antagonistic church-spire by appeal  
To power discrowned in vain, since each adult  
Believes the gruesome thing she clasps may heal 110  
Whatever plague no priestly help can cure :  
Kiss but the cold stone, the event is sure !

### XV

Nay more : on May-morns, that primeval rite  
Of temple-building, with its punishment  
For rash precipitation, lingers, spite 115  
Of all remonstrance ; vainly are they shent,  
Those girls who form a ring and, dressed in white,  
Dance round it, till some sister's strength be  
spent :  
Touch but the Menhir, straight the rest turn roughs  
From gentles, fall on her with fisticuffs. 120

### XVI

Oh and, for their part, boys from door to door  
Sing unintelligible words to tunes  
As obsolete : "scraps of Druidic lore,"  
Sigh scholars, as each pale man importunes  
Vainly the mumbling to speak plain once more. 125  
Enough of this old worship, rounds and runes !  
They serve my purpose, which is but to show  
Croisic to-day and Croisic long ago.

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### XVII

What have we sailed to see, then, wafted there  
By fancy from the log that ends its days 130  
Of much adventure 'neath skies foul or fair,  
On waters rough or smooth, in this good blaze  
We two crouch round so closely, bidding care  
Keep outside with the snow-storm? Something  
says  
“Fit time for story-telling!” I begin— 135  
Why not at Croisic, port we first put in?

### XVIII

Anywhere serves : for point me out the place  
Wherever man has made himself a home,  
And there I find the story of our race  
In little, just at Croisic as at Rome. 140  
What matters the degree? the kind I trace.  
Druids their temple, Christians have their dome :  
So with mankind ; and Croisic, I 'll engage,  
With Rome yields sort for sort, in age for age.

### XIX

No doubt, men vastly differ : and we need 145  
Some strange exceptional benevolence  
Of nature's sunshine to develop seed  
So well, in the less-favoured clime, that thence  
We may discern how shrub means tree indeed  
Though dwarfed till scarcely shrub in evidence. 150  
Man in the ice-house or the hot-house ranks  
With beasts or gods : stove-forced, give warmth  
the thanks !

### XX

While, is there any ice-checked? Such shall learn  
I am thankworthy, who propose to slake  
His thirst for tasting how it feels to turn 155  
Cedar from hyssop-on-the-wall. I wake

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

No memories of what is harsh and stern

In ancient Croisic-nature, much less rake  
The ashes of her last warmth till out leaps  
Live Hervé Riel, the single spark she keeps.

160

### XXI

Take these two, see, each outbreak,—spirt and  
spirt

Of fire from our brave billet's either edge  
Which—call maternal Croisic ocean-girt!

These two shall thoroughly redeem my pledge.  
One flames fierce gules, its feebler rival—vert,

165

Heralds would tell you : heroes, I allege,  
They both were : soldiers, sailors, statesmen,  
priests,

Lawyers, physicians—guess what gods or beasts!

### XXII

None of them all, but—poets, if you please!

“What, even there, endowed with knack of  
rhyme,

170

Did two among the aborigines

Of that rough region pass the ungracious time  
Suiting, to rumble-tumble of the sea's,

The songs forbidden a serener clime?  
Or had they universal audience—that's  
To say, the folk of Croisic, ay and Batz?”

175

### XXIII

Open your ears! Each poet in his day

Had such a mighty moment of success  
As pinnaced him straight, in full display,

For the whole world to worship—nothing less!  
Was not the whole polite world Paris, pray?

180

And did not Paris, for one moment—yes,  
Worship these poet-flames, our red and green,  
One at a time, a century between?

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### XXIV

And yet you never heard their names ! Assist, 185  
Clio, Historic Muse, while I record  
Great deeds ! Let fact, not fancy, break the mist  
And bid each sun emerge, in turn play lord  
Of day, one moment ! Hear the annalist  
Tell a strange story, true to the least word ! 190  
At Croisic, sixteen hundred years and ten  
Since Christ, forth flamed yon liquid ruby, then.

### XXV

Know him henceforth as René Gentilhomme  
—Appropriate appellation ! noble birth  
And knightly blazon, the device wherefrom 195  
Was “Better do than say” ! In Croisic’s dearth  
Why prison his career while Christendom  
Lay open to reward acknowledged worth ?  
He therefore left it at the proper age  
And got to be the Prince of Condé’s page. 200

### XXVI

Which Prince of Condé, whom men called “The  
Duke,”  
—Failing the king, his cousin, of an heir,  
(As one might hold would hap, without rebuke,  
Since Anne of Austria, all the world was ’ware,  
Twenty-three years long sterile, scarce could look 205  
For issue)—failing Louis of so rare  
A godsend, it was natural the Prince  
Should hear men call him “Next King” too, nor  
wince.

### XXVII

Now, as this reasonable hope, by growth  
Of years, nay, tens of years, looked plump almost 210  
To bursting,—would the brothers, childless both,  
Louis and Gaston, give but up the ghost—

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Condé, called "Duke" and "Next King," nothing  
loth

Awaited his appointment to the post,  
And wiled away the time, as best he might, 215  
Till Providence should settle things aright.

### XXVIII

So, at a certain pleasure-house, withdrawn  
From cities where a whisper breeds offence,  
He sat him down to watch the streak of dawn  
Testify to first stir of Providence ; 220  
And, since dull country life makes courtiers yawn,  
There wanted not a poet to dispense  
Song's remedy for spleen-fits all and some,  
Which poet was Page René Gentilhomme.

### XXIX

A poet born and bred, his very sire 225  
A poet also, author of a piece  
Printed and published, "Ladies—their attire" :  
Therefore the son, just born at his decease,  
Was bound to keep alive the sacred fire,  
And kept it, yielding moderate increase 230  
Of songs and sonnets, madrigals, and much  
Rhyming thought poetry and praised as such.

### XXX

Rubbish unutterable (bear in mind !),  
Rubbish not wholly without value, though,  
Being to compliment the Duke designed 235  
And bring the complimenter credit so,—  
Pleasure with profit happily combined.  
Thus René Gentilhomme rhymed, rhymed till  
—lo,  
This happened, as he sat in an alcove  
Elaborating rhyme for "love"—*not* "dove." 240

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### XXXI

He was alone : silence and solitude  
Befit the votary of the Muse. Around,  
Nature—not our new picturesque and rude,  
But trim tree-cinctured stately garden-ground—  
Breathed polish and politeness. All-imbued 245  
With these, he sat absorbed in one profound  
Excogitation “ Were it best to hint  
Or boldly boast ‘ She loves me,—Araminte ’ ? ”

### XXXII

When suddenly flashed lightning, searing sight  
Almost, so close to eyes ; then, quick on flash, 250  
Followed the thunder, splitting earth downright  
Where René sat a-rhyming : with huge crash  
Of marble into atoms infinite—  
Marble which, stately, dared the world to dash  
The stone-thing proud, high-pillared, from its  
place : 255  
One flash, and dust was all that lay at base.

### XXXIII

So, when the horrible confusion loosed  
Its wrappage round his senses, and, with breath,  
Seeing and hearing by degrees induced  
Conviction what he felt was life, not death— 260  
His fluttered faculties came back to roost  
One after one, as fowls do : ay, beneath,  
About his very feet there, lay in dust  
Earthly presumption paid by heaven’s disgust.

### XXXIV

For, what might be the thunder-smitten thing 265  
But, pillared high and proud, in marble guise,  
A ducal crown—which meant “ Now Duke : Next,  
King ” ?  
Since such the Prince was, not in his own eyes



## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Alone, but all the world's. Pebble from sling  
Prostrates a giant ; so can pulverize 270  
Marble pretension—how much more, make moult  
A peacock-prince his plume—God's thunderbolt.

### XXXV

That was enough for René, that first fact  
Thus flashed into him. Up he looked : all blue  
And bright the sky above ; earth firm, compact 275  
Beneath his footing, lay apparent too ;  
Opposite stood the pillar : nothing lacked  
There, but the Duke's crown : see, its frag-  
ments strew  
The earth,—about his feet lie atoms fine  
Where he sat nursing late his fourteenth line ! 280

### XXXVI

So, for the moment, all the universe  
Being abolished, all 'twixt God and him,—  
Earth's praise or blame, its blessing or its curse,  
Of one and the same value,—to the brim  
Flooded with truth for better or for worse, — 285  
He pounces on the writing-paper, prim,  
Keeping its place on table : not a dint  
Nor speck had damaged "Ode to Araminte."

### XXXVII

And over the neat crowquill calligraph  
His pen goes blotting, blurring, as an ox 290  
Tramples a flower-bed in a garden,—laugh  
You may !—so does not he, whose quick heart  
knocks  
Audibly at his breast : an epitaph  
On earth's break-up, amid the falling rocks,  
He might be penning in a wild dismay, 295  
Caught with his work half-done on Judgment Day.

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### XXXVIII

And what is it so terribly he pens,  
Ruining "Cupid, Venus, wile and smile,  
Hearts, darts," and all his day's *divinior mens*  
Judged necessary to a perfect style? 300  
Little reck's René, with a breast to cleanse,  
Of Rhadamanthine law that reigned erewhile :  
Brimful of truth, truth's outburst will convince  
(Style or no style) who bears truth's brunt—the  
Prince.

### XXXIX

"Condé, called 'Duke,' be called just 'Duke,'  
not more 305  
To life's end ! 'Next King' thou forsooth wilt  
be ?  
Ay, when this bauble, as it decked before  
Thy pillar, shall again, for France to see,  
Take its proud station there ! Let France adore  
No longer an illusive mock-sun—thee— 310  
But keep her homage for Sol's self, about  
To rise and put pretenders to the rout !

### XL

"What? France so God-abandoned that her  
root  
Regal, though many a Spring it gave no sign,  
Lacks power to make the bole, now branchless,  
shoot 315  
Greenly as ever? Nature, though benign,  
Thwarts ever the ambitious and astute.  
In store for such is punishment condign :  
Sure as thy Duke's crown to the earth was  
hurled,  
So sure, next year, a Dauphin glads the world !" 320

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### XXI

Which penned—some forty lines to this effect—

Our René folds his paper, marches brave  
Back to the mansion, luminous, erect,

Triumphant, an emancipated slave.

There stands the Prince. “How now? My  
Duke’s crown wrecked?”

325

What may this mean?” The answer René gave  
Was—handing him the verses, with the due  
Incline of body: “Sir, God’s word to you!”

### XLII

The Prince read, paled, was silent; all around,

The courtier-company, to whom he passed

330

The paper, read, in equal silence bound.

René grew also by degrees aghast

At his own fit of courage—palely found

Way of retreat from that pale presence: classed

Once more among the cony-kind. “Oh, son,

335

It is a feeble folk!” saith Solomon.

### XLIII

Vainly he apprehended evil: since,

When, at the year’s end, even as foretold,

Forth came the Dauphin who discrowned the  
Prince

Of that long-craved mere visionary gold,

340

’T was no fit time for envy to evince

Malice, be sure! The timidest grew bold:

Of all that courtier-company not one

But left the semblance for the actual sun.

### XLIV

And all sorts and conditions that stood by

345

At René’s burning moment, bright escape

Of soul, bore witness to the prophecy.

Which witness took the customary shape

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Of verse ; a score of poets in full cry  
Hailed the inspired one. Nantes and Tours  
agape, 350  
Soon Paris caught the infection ; gaining strength,  
How could it fail to reach the Court at length ?

### LV

“ O poet ! ” smiled King Louis, “ and besides,  
O prophet ! Sure, by miracle announced,  
My babe will prove a prodigy. Who chides 355  
Henceforth the unchilded monarch shall be  
trounced  
For irreligion : since the fool derides  
Plain miracle by which this prophet pounced  
Exactly on the moment I should lift  
Like Simeon, in my arms, a babe, ‘ God’s gift ! ’ 360

### LVI

“ So call the boy ! and call this bard and seer  
By a new title ! him I raise to rank  
Of ‘ Royal Poet : ’ poet without peer !  
Whose fellows only have themselves to thank  
If humbly they must follow in the rear 365  
My René. He’s the master : they must clank  
Their chains of song, confessed his slaves ; for why ?  
They poetize, while he can prophesy ! ”

### LVII

So said, so done ; our René rose august,  
“ The Royal Poet ; ” straightway put in type 370  
His poem-prophecy, and (fair and just  
Procedure) added,—now that time was ripe  
For proving friends did well his word to trust,—  
Those attestations, tuned to lyre or pipe,  
Which friends broke out with when he dared foretell 375  
The Dauphin’s birth : friends trusted, and did well.

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### XLVIII

Moreover he got painted by Du Pré,  
Engraved by Daret also, and prefixed  
The portrait to his book : a crown of bay  
Circled his brows, with rose and myrtle mixed ; 380  
And Latin verses, lovely in their way,  
Described him as "the biforked hill betwixt :  
Since he hath scaled Parnassus at one jump,  
Joining the Delphic quill and Getic trump."

### XLIX

Whereof came . . . What, it lasts, our spirt,  
thus long 385  
—The red fire? That's the reason must excuse  
My letting flicker René's prophet-song  
No longer ; for its pertinacious hues  
Must fade before its fellow joins the throng  
Of sparks departed up the chimney, dues 390  
To dark oblivion. At the word, it winks,  
Rallies, relapses, dwindles, deathward sinks !

### L

So does our poet. All this burst of fame,  
Fury of favour, Royal Poetship,  
Prophetship, book, verse, picture—thereof came 395  
—Nothing! That's why I would not let outstrip  
Red his green rival flamelet : just the same  
Ending in smoke waits both ! In vain we rip  
The past, no further faintest trace remains  
Of René to reward our pious pains. 400

### LI

Somebody saw a portrait framed and glazed  
At Croisic. "Who may be this glorified  
Mortal unheard-of hitherto?" amazed  
That person asked the owner by his side,

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Who proved as ignorant. The question raised 405  
Provoked inquiry ; key by key was tried  
On Croisic's portrait-puzzle, till back flew  
The wards at one key's touch, which key was—  
Who ?

### LII

The other famous poet ! Wait thy turn,  
Thou green, our red's competitor ! Enough 410  
Just now to note 't was he that itched to learn  
(A hundred years ago) how fate could puff  
Heaven-high (a hundred years before) then spurn  
To suds so big a bubble in some huff :  
Since green too found red's portrait,—having heard 415  
Hitherto of red's rare self not one word.

### LIII

And he with zeal addressed him to the task  
Of hunting out, by all and any means,  
—Who might the brilliant bard be, born to bask  
Butterfly-like in shine which kings and queens 420  
And baby-dauphins shed ? Much need to ask !  
Is fame so fickle that what perks and preens  
The eyed wing, one imperial minute, dips  
Next sudden moment into blind eclipse ?

### LIV

After a vast expenditure of pains, 425  
Our second poet found the prize he sought :  
Urged in his search by something that restrains  
From undue triumph famed ones who have  
fought,  
Or simply, poetizing, taxed their brains :  
Something that tells such—dear is triumph  
bought 430  
If it means only basking in the midst  
Of fame's brief sunshine, as thou, René, didst.

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### LV

For, what did searching find at last but this?  
Quoth somebody "I somehow somewhere seem  
To think I heard one old De Chevaye is 435  
Or was possessed of René's works!" which gleam  
Of light from out the dark proved not amiss  
To track, by correspondence on the theme;  
And soon the twilight broadened into day,  
For thus to question answered De Chevaye. 440

### LVI

"True it is, I did once possess the works  
You want account of—works—to call them  
so,—  
Comprised in one small book: the volume lurks  
(Some fifty leaves *in duodecimo*)  
'Neath certain ashes which my soul it irks 445  
Still to remember, because long ago  
That and my other rare shelf-occupants  
Perished by burning of my house at Nantes.

### LVII

"Yet of that book one strange particular  
Still stays in mind with me"—and thereupon 450  
Followed the story. "Few the poems are;  
The book was two-thirds filled up with this one,  
And sundry witnesses from near and far  
That here at least was prophesying done  
By prophet, so as to preclude all doubt, 455  
Before the thing he prophesied about."

### LVIII

That's all he knew, and all the poet learned,  
And all that you and I are like to hear  
Of René; since not only book is burned  
But memory extinguished,—nay, I fear, 460

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Portrait is gone too : nowhere I discerned  
A trace of it at Croisic. "Must a tear  
Needs fall for that?" you smile. "How fortune  
fares  
With such a mediocrity, who cares?"

### LIX

Well, I care—intimately care to have 465  
Experience how a human creature felt  
In after-life, who bore the burden grave  
Of certainly believing God had dealt  
For once directly with him : did not rave  
—A maniac, did not find his reason melt 470  
—An idiot, but went on, in peace or strife,  
The world's way, lived an ordinary life.

### LX

How many problems that one fact would solve !  
An ordinary soul, no more, no less,  
About whose life earth's common sights revolve, 475  
On whom is brought to bear, by thunder-stress,  
This fact—God tasks him, and will not absolve  
Task's negligent performer ! Can you guess  
How such a soul,—the task performed to point,—  
Goes back to life nor finds things out of joint ? 480

### LXI

Does he stand stock-like henceforth ? or proceed  
Dizzily, yet with course straightforward still,  
Down-trampling vulgar hindrance ?—as the reed  
Is crushed beneath its tramp when that blind will  
Hatched in some old-world beast's brain bids it  
speed 485  
Where the sun wants brute-presence to fulfil  
Life's purpose in a new far zone, ere ice  
Enwomb the pasture-track its fortalice.



## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### LXII

I think no such direct plain truth consists  
With actual sense and thought and what they  
take 490  
To be the solid walls of life : mere mists—  
How such would, at that truth's first piercing,  
break  
Into the nullity they are !—slight lists  
Wherein the puppet-champions wage, for sake  
Of some mock-mistress, mimic war : laid low 495  
At trumpet-blast, there's shown the world, one foe!

### LXIII

No, we must play the pageant out, observe  
The tourney-regulations, and regard  
Success—to meet the blunted spear nor swerve,  
Failure—to break no bones yet fall on sward ; 500  
Must prove we have—not courage ? well then,—  
nerve !  
And, at the day's end, boast the crown's award—  
Be warranted as promising to wield  
Weapons, no sham, in a true battle-field.

### LXIV

Meantime, our simulated thunderclaps 505  
Which tell us counterfeited truths—these same  
Are—sound, when music storms the soul, per-  
haps ?  
—Sight, beauty, every dart of every aim  
That touches just, then seems, by strange re-  
lapse,  
To fall effectless from the soul it came 510  
As if to fix its own, but simply smote  
And startled to vague beauty more remote ?

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### LXV

So do we gain enough—yet not too much—  
Acquaintance with that outer element  
Wherein there 's operation (call it such !) 515  
Quite of another kind than we the pent  
On earth are proper to receive. Our hutch  
Lights up at the least chink : let roof be rent—  
How inmates huddle, blinded at first spasm,  
Cognizant of the sun's self through the chasm ! 520

### LXVI

Therefore, who knows if this our René's quick  
Subsidence from as sudden noise and glare  
Into oblivion was impolitic ?  
No doubt his soul became at once aware  
That, after prophecy, the rhyming-trick 525  
Is poor employment : human praises scare  
Rather than soothe ears all a-tingle yet  
With tones few hear and live, but none forget.

### LXVII

There 's our first famous poet. Step thou forth  
Second consummate songster! See, the tongue 530  
Of fire that typifies thee, owns thy worth  
In yellow, purple mixed its green among,  
No pure and simple resin from the North,  
But composite with virtues that belong  
To Southern culture ! Love not more than hate 535  
Helped to a blaze . . . But I anticipate.

### LXVIII

Prepare to witness a combustion rich  
And riotously splendid, far beyond  
Poor René's lambent little streamer which  
Only played candle to a Court grown fond 540

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

By baby-birth : this soared to such a pitch,  
Alternately such colours doffed and donned,  
That when I say it dazzled Paris—please  
Know that it brought Voltaire upon his knees !

### LXIX

Who did it, was a dapper gentleman, 545  
Paul Desforges Maillard, Croisickese by birth,  
Whose birth that century ended which began  
By similar bestowment on our earth  
Of the aforesaid René. Cease to scan  
The ways of Providence! See Croisic's dearth— 550  
Not Paris in its plenitude—suffice  
To furnish France with her best poet twice !

### LXX

Till he was thirty years of age, the vein  
Poetic yielded rhyme by drops and spirts :  
In verses of society had lain 555  
His talent chiefly ; but the Muse asserts  
Privilege most by treating with disdain  
Epics the bard mouths out, or odes he blurts  
Spasmodically forth. Have people time  
And patience nowadays for thought in rhyme ? 560

### LXXI

So, his achievements were the quatrain's inch  
Of homage, or at most the sonnet's ell  
Of admiration : welded lines with clinch  
Of ending word and word, to every belle  
In Croisic's bounds ; these, brisk as any finch, 565  
He twittered till his fame had reached as well  
Guérande as Batz ; but there fame stopped, for—  
curse  
On fortune—outside lay the universe !

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### LXXII

That 's Paris. Well,—why not break bounds,  
and send

Song onward till it echo at the gates  
Of Paris whither all ambitions tend, 570

And end too, seeing that success there sates  
The soul which hungers most for fame? Why  
spend

A minute in deciding, while, by Fate's  
Decree, there happens to be just the prize 575  
Proposed there, suiting souls that poetize?

### LXXIII

A prize indeed, the Academy's own self  
Proposes to what bard shall best indite  
A piece describing how, through shoal and shelf,  
The Art of Navigation, steered aright, 580  
Has, in our last king's reign,—the lucky elf,—  
Reached, one may say, Perfection's haven quite,  
And there cast anchor. At a glance one sees  
The subject's crowd of capabilities!

### LXXIV

Neptune and Amphitrité! Thetis, who 585  
Is either Tethys or as good—both tag!  
Triton can shove along a vessel too:

It's Virgil! Then the winds that blow or lag,—  
De Maille, Vendôme, Vermandois! Toulouse blew  
Longest, we reckon: he must puff the flag 590  
To fullest outflare; while our lacking nymph  
Be Anne of Austria, Regent o'er the lymph!

### LXXV

Promised, performed! Since *irritabilis gens*  
Holds of the feverish impotence that strives  
To stay an itch by prompt resource to pen's 595  
Scratching itself on paper; placid lives,

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Leisurely works mark the *divinior mens* :

Bees brood above the honey in their hives ;  
Gnats are the busy bustlers. Splash and scrawl,—  
Completed lay thy piece, swift penman Paul ! 600

### LXXVI

To Paris with the product ! This despatched,  
One had to wait the Forty's slow and sure  
Verdict, as best one might. Our penman scratched  
Away perforce the itch that knows no cure  
But daily paper-friction : more than matched 605  
His first feat by a second—tribute pure  
And heartfelt to the Forty when their voice  
Should peal with one accord "Be Paul our choice!"

### LXXVII

Scratch, scratch went much laudation of that sane  
And sound Tribunal, delegates august 610  
Of Phœbus and the Muses' sacred train—  
Whom every poetaster tries to thrust  
From where, high-throned, they dominate the  
Seine :  
Fruitless endeavour,—fail it shall and must !  
Whereof in witness have not one and all 615  
The Forty voices pealed "Our choice be Paul" ?

### LXXVIII

Thus Paul discounted his applause. Alack  
For human expectation ! Scarcely ink  
Was dry when, lo, the perfect piece came back  
Rejected, shamed ! Some other poet's clink 620  
"Thetis and Tethys" had seduced the pack  
Of pedants to declare perfection's pink  
A singularly poor production. "Whew !  
The Forty are stark fools, I always knew."

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### LXXIX

First fury over (for Paul's race—to-wit, 625  
Brain-vibrios—wriggle clear of protoplasm  
Into minute life that 's one fury-fit),  
“These fools shall find a bard's enthusiasm  
Comports with what should counterbalance it—  
Some knowledge of the world! No doubt,  
orgasm 630  
Effects the birth of verse which, born, demands  
Prosaic ministration, swaddling-bands !

### LXXX

“Verse must be cared for at this early stage,  
Handled, nay dandled even. I should play  
Their game indeed if, till it grew of age, 635  
I meekly let these dotards frown away  
My bantling from the rightful heritage  
Of smiles and kisses! Let the public say  
If it be worthy praises or rebukes,  
My poem, from these Forty old perukes !” 640

### LXXXI

So, by a friend, who boasts himself in grace  
With no less than the Chevalier La Roque,—  
Eminent in those days for pride of place,  
Seeing he had it in his power to block  
The way or smooth the road to all the race 645  
Of literators trudging up to knock  
At Fame's exalted temple-door—for why?  
He edited the Paris “Mercury” :—

### LXXXII

By this friend's help the Chevalier receives  
Paul's poem, prefaced by the due appeal 650  
To Cæsar from the Jews. As duly heaves  
A sigh the Chevalier, about to deal

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

With case so customary—turns the leaves,  
Finds nothing there to borrow, beg or steal—  
Then brightens up the critic's brow deep-lined. 655  
“The thing may be so cleverly declined!”

### LXXXIII

Down to desk, out with paper, up with quill,  
Dip and indite! “Sir, gratitude immense  
For this true draught from the Pierian rill!  
Our Academic clodpoles must be dense 660  
Indeed to stand unirrigated still.  
No less, we critics dare not give offence  
To grandees like the Forty: while we mock  
We grin and bear. So, here's your piece! La  
Roque.”

### LXXXIV

“There now!” cries Paul: “the fellow can't avoid 665  
Confessing that my piece deserves the palm;  
And yet he dares not grant me space enjoyed  
By every scribbler he permits embalm  
His crambo in the Journal's corner! Cloyed  
With stuff like theirs, no wonder if a qualm 670  
Be caused by verse like mine: though that's no  
cause  
For his defrauding me of just applause.

### LXXXV

“Aha, he fears the Forty, this poltroon?  
First let him fear *me*! Change smooth speech  
to rough!  
I'll speak my mind out, show the fellow soon 675  
Who is the foe to dread: insist enough  
On my own merits till, as clear as noon,  
He sees I am no man to take rebuff  
As patiently as scribblers may and must!  
Quick to the onslaught, out sword, cut and thrust!” 680

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### LXXXVI

And thereupon a fierce epistle flings  
Its challenge in the critic's face. Alack !  
Our bard mistakes his man ! The gauntlet rings  
On brazen visor proof against attack.  
Prompt from his editorial throne up springs 685  
The insulted magnate, and his mace falls, thwack,  
On Paul's devoted brainpan,—quite away  
From common courtesies of fencing-play !

### LXXXVII

“Sir, will you have the truth? This piece of yours  
Is simply execrable past belief. 690  
I shrank from saying so ; but, since nought cures  
Conceit but truth, truth's at your service! Brief,  
Just so long as ‘The Mercury’ endures,  
So long are you excluded by its Chief  
From corner, nay, from cranny ! Play the cock 695  
O' the roost, henceforth, at Croisic !” wrote La  
Roque.

### LXXXVIII

Paul yellowed, whitened, as his wrath from red  
Waxed incandescent. Now, this man of rhyme  
Was merely foolish, faulty in the head  
Not heart of him : conceit's a venial crime. 700  
“Oh by no means malicious !” cousins said :  
Fussily feeble,—harmless all the time,  
Piddling at so-called satire—well-advised,  
He held in most awe whom he satirized.

### LXXXIX

Accordingly his kith and kin—removed 705  
From emulation of the poet's gift  
By power and will—these rather liked, nay, loved  
The man who gave his family a lift



## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Out of the Croisic level ; “disapproved  
Satire so trenchant.” Thus our poet sniffed 710  
Home-incense, though too churlish to unlock  
“The Mercury’s” box of ointment was La Roque.

### XC

But when Paul’s visage grew from red to white,  
And from his lips a sort of mumbling fell  
Of who was to be kicked,—“And serve him  
right”— 715

A gay voice interposed—“did kicking well  
Answer the purpose ! Only—if I might  
Suggest as much—a far more potent spell  
Lies in another kind of treatment. Oh,  
Women are ready at resource, you know ! 720

### XCI

“Talent should minister to genius ! Good :  
The proper and superior smile returns.  
Hear me with patience ! Have you understood  
The only method whereby genius earns  
Fit guerdon nowadays ? In knightly mood 725  
You entered lists with visor up ; one learns  
Too late that, had you mounted Roland’s crest,  
‘Room !’ they had roared—La Roque with all the  
rest !

### XCII

“Why did you first of all transmit your piece  
To those same priggish Forty unprepared 730  
Whether to rank you with the swans or geese  
By friendly intervention ? If they dared  
Count you a cackler,—wonders never cease !  
I think it still more wondrous that you bared  
Your brow (my earlier image) as if praise  
Were gained by simple fighting nowadays ! 735

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### XCIII

“Your next step showed a touch of the true means  
Whereby desert is crowned : not force but wile  
Came to the rescue. ‘Get behind the scenes!’

Your friend advised : he writes, sets forth your  
style

740

And title, to such purpose intervenes

That you get velvet-compliment three-pile ;  
And, though ‘The Mercury’ said ‘nay,’ nor stock  
Nor stone did his refusal prove La Roque.

### XCIV

“Why must you needs revert to the high hand, 745  
Imperative procedure—what you call

‘Taking on merit your exclusive stand’ ?

*Stand*, with a vengeance! Soon you went to wall,  
You and your merit! Only fools command

When folk are free to disobey them, Paul ! 750  
You’ve learnt your lesson, found out what’s o’clock,  
By this uncivil answer of La Roque.

### XCV

“Now let me counsel ! Lay this piece on shelf  
—Masterpiecethough it be! From out your desk

Hand me some lighter sample, verse the elf 755

Cupid inspired you with, no god grotesque  
Presiding o’er the Navy ! I myself

Hand-write what ’s legible yet picturesque ;  
I ’ll copy fair and femininely frock

Your poem masculine that courts La Roque ! 760

### XCVI

“Deïdamia he—Achilles thou !

Ha, ha, these ancient stories come so apt !

My sex, my youth, my rank I next avow

In a neat prayer for kind perusal. Sapped

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

I see the walls which stand so stoutly now ! 765

I see the toils about the game entrapped  
By honest cunning ! Chains of lady's-smock,  
Not thorn and thistle, tether fast La Roque !”

### XCVII

Now, who might be the speaker sweet and arch  
That laughed above Paul's shoulder as it heaved 770

With the indignant heart ?—bade steal a march  
And not continue charging ? Who conceived  
This plan which set our Paul, like pea you parch

On fire-shovel, skipping, of a load relieved,  
From arm-chair moodiness to escritoire 775  
Sacred to Phoebus and the tuneful choir ?

### XCVIII

Who but Paul's sister ! named of course like him  
“ Desforges ” ; but, mark you, in those days a  
queer

Custom obtained,—who knows whence grew the  
whim ?—

That people could not read their title clear 780  
To reverence till their own true names, made dim

By daily mouthing, pleased to disappear,  
Replaced by brand-new bright ones : Arouet,  
For instance, grew Voltaire ; Desforges—Malcrais.

### XCIX

“ Demoiselle Malcrais de la Vigne ”—because 785  
The family possessed at Brederac

A vineyard,—few grapes, many hips-and-haws,—  
Still a nice Breton name. As breast and back  
Of this vivacious beauty gleamed through gauze,

So did her sprightly nature nowise lack 790  
Lustre when draped, the fashionable way,  
In “ Malcrais de la Vigne ”—more short, “ Mal-  
crais.”

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### C

Out from Paul's *escritoire* behold escape  
The hoarded treasure! verse falls thick and fast,  
Sonnets and songs of every size and shape. 795  
The lady ponders on her prize; at last  
Selects one which—Oh angel and yet ape!—  
Her malice thinks is probably surpassed  
In badness by no fellow of the flock,  
Copies it fair, and "Now for my La Roque!" 800

### CI

So, to him goes, with the neat manuscript,  
The soft petitionary letter. "Grant  
A fledgeling novice that with wing unclipt  
She soar her little circuit, habitant  
Of an old manor; buried in which crypt, 805  
How can the youthful *châtelaine* but pant  
For disemprisonment by one *ad hoc*  
Appointed 'Mercury's' Editor, La Roque?"

### CII

'T was an epistle that might move the Turk!  
More certainly it moved our middle-aged 810  
Pen-driver drudging at his weary work,  
Raked the old ashes up and disengaged  
The sparks of gallantry which always lurk  
Somehow in literary breasts, assuaged  
In no degree by compliments on style; 815  
Are Forty wagging beards worth one girl's smile?

### CIII

In trips the lady's poem, takes its place  
Of honour in the gratified Gazette,  
With due acknowledgment of power and grace;  
Prognostication, too, that higher yet 820

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

The Breton Muse will soar: fresh youth, high race,  
Beauty and wealth have amicably met  
That Demoiselle Malcrais may fill the chair  
Left vacant by the loss of Deshoulières.

### CIV

“There!” cried the lively lady. “Who was  
right— 825  
You in the dumps, or I the merry maid  
Who know a trick or two can baffle spite  
Tenfold the force of this old fool’s? Afraid  
Of Editor La Roque? But come! next flight  
Shall outsoar—Deshoulières alone? My blade, 830  
Sappho herself shall you confess outstript!  
Quick, Paul, another dose of manuscript!”

### CV

And so, once well a-foot, advanced the game:  
More and more verses, corresponding gush  
On gush of praise, till everywhere acclaim 835  
Rose to the pitch of uproar. “Sappho? Tush!  
Sure ‘Malcrais on her Parrot’ puts to shame  
Deshoulières’ pastoral, clay not worth a rush  
Beside this find of treasure, gold in crock,  
Unearthed in Brittany,—nay, ask La Roque!” 840

### CVI

Such was the Paris tribute. “Yes,” you sneer,  
“Ninnies stock Noodledom, but folk more sage  
Resist contagious folly, never fear!”  
Do they? Permit me to detach one page  
From the huge Album which from far and near 845  
Poetic praises blackened in a rage  
Of rapture! and that page shall be—who stares  
Confounded now, I ask you?—just Voltaire’s!

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CVII

Ay, sharpest shrewdest steel that ever stabbed  
To death Imposture through the armour-joints ! 850  
How did it happen that gross Humbug grabbed  
Thy weapons, gouged thine eyes out? Fate  
appoints  
That pride shall have a fall, or I had blabbed  
Hardly that Humbug, whom thy soul aroints,  
Could thus cross-buttock thee caught unawares, 855  
And dismalest of tumbles proved—Voltaire's !

### CVIII

See his epistle extant yet, wherewith  
“Henri” in verse and “Charles” in prose he  
sent  
To do her suit and service ! Here 's the pith  
Of half a dozen stanzas—stones which went 860  
To build that simulated monolith—  
Sham love in due degree with homage blent  
As sham—which in the vast of volumes scares  
The traveller still : “That stucco-heap—Vol-  
taire's ?”

### CIX

“Oh thou, whose clarion-voice has overflown 865  
The wilds to startle Paris that 's one ear !  
Thou who such strange capacity hast shown  
For joining all that 's grand with all that 's  
dear,  
Knowledge with power to please—Deshoulières  
grown  
Learned as Dacier in thy person ! mere 870  
Weak fruit of idle hours, these crabs of mine  
I dare lay at thy feet, O Muse divine !

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CX

“ Charles was my taskwork only ; Henri trod  
My hero erst ; and now, my heroine—she  
Shall be thyself ! True—is it true, great God ? 875  
Certainly love henceforward must not be !  
Yet all the crowd of Fine Arts fail—how odd !—  
Tried turn by turn, to fill a void in me !  
There ’s no replacing love with these, alas !  
Yet all I can I do to prove no ass. 880

### CXI

“ I labour to amuse my freedom ; but  
Should any sweet young creature slavery preach,  
And—borrowing thy vivacious charm, the slut !—  
Make me, in thy engaging words, a speech,  
Soon should I see myself in prison shut 885  
With all imaginable pleasure.” Reach  
The washhand-basin for admirers ! There ’s  
A stomach-moving tribute—and Voltaire’s !

### CXII

Suppose it a fantastic billet-doux,  
Adulatory flourish, not worth frown ! 890  
What say you to the Fathers of Trévoux ?  
These in their Dictionary have her down  
Under the heading “ Author ” : “ Malcrais, too,  
Is ‘ Author ’ of much verse that claims renown.”  
While Jean-Baptiste Rousseau . . . but why  
proceed ? 895  
Enough of this—something too much, indeed !

### CXIII

At last La Roque, unwilling to be left  
Behindhand in the rivalry, broke bounds  
Of figurative passion ; hilt and heft,  
Plunged his huge downright love through what  
surrounds 900

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

The literary female bosom ; reft

Away its veil of coy reserve with "Zounds !  
I love thee, Breton Beauty ! All 's no use !  
Body and soul I love,—the big word 's loose !"

### CXIV

*He's greatest now and to de-struc-ti-on* 905

*Nearest.* Attend the solemn word I quote,  
O Paul ! *There 's no pause at per-fec-ti-on.*

Thus knolls thy knell the Doctor's bronzed  
throat !

*Greatness a period hath, no sta-ti-on !*

Better and truer verse none ever wrote 910  
(Despite the antique outstretched *a-i-on*)  
Than thou, revered and magisterial Donne !

### CXV

Flat on his face, La Roque, and,—pressed to heart  
His dexter hand,—Voltaire with bended knee !  
Paul sat and sucked-in triumph ; just apart 915

Leaned over him his sister. "Well !" smirks he,  
And "Well ?" she answers, smiling—woman's art

To let a man's own mouth, not hers, decree  
What shall be next move which decides the game :  
Success ? She said so. Failure ? His the blame. 920

### CXVI

"Well !" this time forth affirmatively comes  
With smack of lip, and long-drawn sigh through  
teeth

Close clenched o'er satisfaction, as the gums  
Were tickled by a sweetmeat teased beneath  
Palate by lubricating tongue : "Well ! crumbs 925

Of comfort these, undoubtedly ! no death  
Likely from famine at Fame's feast ! 't is clear  
I may put claim in for my pittance, Dear !



## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CXVII

“ La Roque, Voltaire, my lovers ! Then disguise  
Has served its turn, grows idle ; let it drop ! 930  
I shall to Paris, flaunt there in men’s eyes  
My proper manly garb and mount a-top  
The pedestal that waits me, take the prize  
Awarded Hercules. He threw a sop  
To Cerberus who let him pass, you know, 935  
Then, following, licked his heels : exactly so !

### CXVIII

“ I like the prospect—their astonishment,  
Confusion : wounded vanity, no doubt,  
Mixed motives ; how I see the brows quick bent !  
‘ What, sir, yourself, none other, brought about 940  
This change of estimation ? Phoebus sent  
His shafts as from Diana ? ’ Critic pout  
Turns courtier smile : ‘ Lo, him we took for her !  
Pleasant mistake ! You bear no malice, sir ? ’

### CXIX

“ Eh, my Diana ? ” But Diana kept 945  
Smilingly silent with fixed needle-sharp  
Much-meaning eyes that seemed to intercept  
Paul’s very thoughts ere they had time to warp  
From earnest into sport the words they leapt  
To life with—changed as when maltreated harp 950  
Renders in tinkle what some player-prig  
Means for a grave tune though it proves a jig.

### CXX

“ What, Paul, and are my pains thus thrown away,  
My lessons end in loss ? ” at length fall slow  
The pitying syllables, her lips allay 955  
The satire of by keeping in full flow,

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Above their coral reef, bright smiles at play :

“Can it be, Paul thus fails to rightly know  
And altogether estimate applause  
As just so many asinine hee-haws ?

960

### CXXI

“I thought to show you ” . . . “Show me,” Paul  
in-broke,

“My poetry is rubbish, and the world  
That rings with my renown a sorry joke !

What fairer test of worth than that, form furled,  
I entered the arena ? Yet you croak

965

Just as if Phœbé and not Phœbus hurled  
The dart and struck the Python ! What, he crawls  
Humbly in dust before your feet, not Paul's ?

### CXXII

“Nay, 't is no laughing matter though absurd  
If there 's an end of honesty on earth !

970

La Roque sends letters, lying every word !

Voltaire makes verse, and of himself makes mirth  
To the remotest age ! Rousseau 's the third

Who, driven to despair amid such dearth  
Of people that want praising, finds no one  
More fit to praise than Paul the simpleton !

975

### CXXIII

“Somebody says—if a man writes at all

It is to show the writer's kith and kin  
He was unjustly thought a natural ;

And truly, sister, I have yet to win  
Your favourable word, it seems, for Paul

980

Whose poetry you count not worth a pin,  
Though well enough esteemed by these Voltaires,  
Rousseaus and suchlike : let them quack, who  
cares ?”

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CXXIV

“—To Paris with you, Paul! Not one word’s waste 985  
Further : my scrupulosity was vain !  
Go triumph ! Be my foolish fears effaced  
From memory’s record ! Go, to come again  
With glory crowned,—by sister re-embraced,  
Cured of that strange delusion of her brain 990  
Which led her to suspect that Paris gloats  
On male limbs mostly when in petticoats !”

### CXXV

So laughed her last word, with the little touch  
Of malice proper to the outraged pride  
Of any artist in a work too much 995  
Shorn of its merits. “By all means be tried  
The opposite procedure ! Cast your crutch  
Away, no longer crippled, nor divide  
The credit of your march to the World’s Fair  
With sister Cherry-cheeks who helped you there !” 1000

### CXXVI

Crippled, forsooth ! what courser sprightlier  
pranced  
Paris-ward than did Paul ? Nay, dreams lent  
wings :  
He flew, or seemed to fly, by dreams entranced.  
Dreams ? wide-awake realities : no things  
Dreamed merely were the missives that advanced 1005  
The claim of Malcrais to consort with kings  
Crowned by Apollo—not to say with queens  
Cinctured by Venus for Idalian scenes.

### CXXVII

Soon he arrives, forthwith is found before  
The outer gate of glory. Bold tic-toc 1010  
Announces there ’s a giant at the door.  
“Ay, sir, here dwells the Chevalier La Roque.”

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

“Lackey! Malcrais,—mind, no word less nor more!—

Desires his presence. I’ve unearthed the brock:

Now, to transfix him!” There stands Paul erect, 1015  
Inched out his uttermost, for more effect.

### CXXVIII

A bustling entrance: “Idol of my flame!

Can it be that my heart attains at last

Its longing? that you stand, the very same

As in my visions? . . . Ha! hey, how?” aghast 1020

Stops short the rapture. “Oh, my boy’s to blame!

You merely are the messenger! Too fast

My fancy rushed to a conclusion. Pooh!

Well, sir, the lady’s substitute is—who?”

### CXXIX

Then Paul’s smirk grows inordinate. “Shake hands!

1025

Friendship not love awaits you, master mine,

Though nor Malcrais nor any mistress stands

To meet your ardour! So, you don’t divine

Who wrote the verses wherewith ring the land’s

Whole length and breadth? Just he whereof  
no line

1030

Had ever leave to blot your Journal—eh?

Paul Desforges Maillard—otherwise Malcrais!”

### CXXX

And there the two stood, stare confronting smirk,

Awhile uncertain which should yield the *pas*.

In vain the Chevalier beat brain for quirk

1035

To help in this conjuncture; at length “Bah!

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Boh ! Since I 've made myself a fool, why shirk  
The punishment of folly ? Ha, ha, ha,  
Let me return your handshake ! " Comic sock  
For tragic buskin prompt thus changed La Roque. 1040

### CXXXI

" I 'm nobody—a wren-like journalist ;  
You 've flown at higher game and winged your  
bird,  
The golden eagle ! That 's the grand acquist !  
Voltaire's sly Muse, the tiger-cat, has purred  
Prettily round your feet ; but if she missed 1045  
Priority of stroking, soon were stirred  
The dormant spit-fire. To Voltaire ! away,  
Paul Desforges Maillard, otherwise Malcrais ! "

### CXXXII

Whereupon, arm in arm, and head in air,  
The two begin their journey. Need I say, 1050  
La Roque had felt the talon of Voltaire,  
Had a long-standing little debt to pay,  
And pounced, you may depend, on such a rare  
Occasion for its due discharge ? So, gay  
And grenadier-like, marching to assault, 1055  
They reach the enemy's abode, there halt.

### CXXXIII

" I 'll be announcer ! " quoth La Roque : " I know,  
Better than you, perhaps, my Breton bard,  
How to procure an audience ! He 's not slow  
To smell a rat, this scamp Voltaire ! Discard 1060  
The petticoats too soon,—you 'll never show  
Your *haut-de-chausses* and all they 've made or  
marred  
In your true person. Here 's his servant. Pray,  
Will the great man see Demoiselle Malcrais ? "

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CXXXIV

Now, the great man was also, no whit less, 1065  
The man of self-respect,—more great man he !  
And bowed to social usage, dressed the dress,  
And decorated to the fit degree  
His person ; 't was enough to bear the stress  
Of battle in the field, without, when free 1070  
From outside foes, inviting friends' attack  
By—sword in hand? No,—ill-made coat on back!

### CXXXV

And, since the announcement of his visitor  
Surprised him at his toilet,—never glass  
Had such solicitation ! “Black, now—or 1075  
Brown be the killing wig to wear? Alas,  
Where's the rouge gone, this cheek were better for  
A tender touch of? Melted to a mass,  
All my pomatum ! There's at all events  
A devil—for he's got among my scents !” 1080

### CXXXVI

So, “barbered ten times o'er,” as Antony  
Paced to his Cleopatra, did at last  
Voltaire proceed to the fair presence : high  
In colour, proud in port, as if a blast  
Of trumpet bade the world “Take note ! draws  
nigh 1085  
To Beauty, Power ! Behold the Iconoclast,  
The Poet, the Philosopher, the Rod  
Of iron for imposture ! Ah my God !”

### CXXXVII

For there stands smirking Paul, and—what lights  
fierce  
The situation as with sulphur flash— 1090

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

There grinning stands La Roque ! No carte-and-tierce

Observes the grinning fencer, but, full dash  
From breast to shoulderblade, the thrusts trans-pierce

That armour against which so idly clash  
The swords of priests and pedants ! Victors there, 1095  
Two smirk and grin who have befooled—Voltaire !

### CXXXVIII

A moment's horror ; then quick turn-about  
On high-heeled shoe,—flurry of ruffles, flounce  
Of wig-ties and of coat-tails,—and so out  
Of door banged wrathfully behind, goes—  
bounce—

Voltaire in tragic exit ! vows, no doubt,  
Vengeance upon the couple. Did he trounce  
Either, in point of fact ? His anger's flash  
Subsided if a culprit craved his cash. 1100

### CXXXIX

As for La Roque, he having laughed his laugh 1105  
To heart's content,—the joke defunct at once,  
Dead in the birth, you see,—its epitaph

Was sober earnest. “ Well, sir, for the nonce,  
You 've gained the laurel ; never hope to graff

A second sprig of triumph there ! Ensconce 1110  
Yourself again at Croisic : let it be  
Enough you mastered both Voltaire and—me !

### CXL

“ Don't linger here in Paris to parade  
Your victory, and have the very boys  
Point at you ! ‘ There's the little mouse which made 1115  
Believe those two big lions that its noise,

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Nibbling away behind the hedge, conveyed  
Intelligence that—portent which destroys  
All courage in the lion's heart, with horn  
That 's fable—there lay couched the unicorn !' 1120

### CXLI

“Beware us, now we 've found who fooled us !  
Quick  
To cover ! ‘In proportion to men's fright,  
Expect their fright's revenge !’ quoth politic  
Old Macchiavelli. As for me,—all 's right :  
I 'm but a journalist. But no pin's prick 1125  
The tooth leaves when Voltaire is roused to bite !  
So, keep your counsel, I advise ! Adieu !  
Good journey ! Ha, ha, ha, Malcrais was—you !”

### CXLII

“—Yes, I 'm Malcrais, and somebody beside,  
You snickering monkey !” thus winds up the tale 1130  
Our hero, safe at home, to that black-eyed  
Cherry-cheeked sister, as she soothes the pale  
Mortified poet. “Let their worst be tried,  
I'm their match henceforth—very man and male !  
Don't talk to me of knocking-under ! man 1135  
And male must end what petticoats began !

### CXLIII

“How woman-like it is to apprehend  
The world will eat its words ! why, words trans-  
fixed  
To stone, they stare at you in print,—at end,  
Each writer's style and title ! Choose betwixt 1140  
Fool and knave for his name, who should intend  
To perpetrate a baseness so unmixed  
With prospect of advantage ! What is writ  
Is writ : they 've praised me, there 's an end of it.



## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CXLIV

“No, Dear, allow me ! I shall print these same 1145  
Pieces, with no omitted line, as Paul’s.  
Malcrais no longer, let me see folk blame  
What they—praised simply ?—placed on pedestals,  
Each piece a statue in the House of Fame !  
Fast will they stand there, though their presence  
galls 1150  
The envious crew : such show their teeth, perhaps  
And snarl, but never bite ! I know the chaps !”

### CXLV

Oh Paul, oh piteously deluded ! Pace  
Thy sad sterility of Croisic flats,  
Watch, from their southern edge, the foamy race 1155  
Of high-tide as it heaves the drowning mats  
Of yellow-berried web-growth from their place,  
The rock-ridge, when, rolling as far as Batz,  
One broadside crashes on it, and the crags,  
That needle under, stream with weedy rags ! 1160

### CXLVI

Or, if thou wilt, at inland Bergerac,  
Rude heritage but recognized domain,  
Do as two here are doing : make hearth crack  
With logs until thy chimney roar again  
Jolly with fire-glow ! Let its angle lack 1165  
No grace of Cherry-cheeks thy sister, fain  
To do a sister’s office and laugh smooth  
Thy corrugated brow—that scowls forsooth !

### CXLVII

Wherefore ? Who does not know how these La  
Roques,  
Voltaires, can say and unsay, praise and blame, 1170

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Prove black white, white black, play at paradox  
And, when they seem to lose it, win the game?  
Care not thou what this badger, and that fox,  
His fellow in rascality, call "fame!"  
Fiddlepin's end! Thou hadst it,—quack, quack,  
quack!  
Have quietude from geese at Bergerac!

1175

### CXLVIII

Quietude! For, be very sure of this!  
A twelvemonth hence, and men shall know or  
care  
As much for what to-day they clap or hiss  
As for the fashion of the wigs they wear,  
Then wonder at. There 's fame which, bale or  
bliss,—  
Got by no gracious word of great Voltaire  
Or not-so-great La Roque,—is taken back  
By neither, any more than Bergerac!

1180

### CXLIX

Too true! or rather, true as ought to be!  
No more of Paul the man, Malcrais the maid,  
Thenceforth for ever! One or two, I see,  
Stuck by their poet: who the longest stayed  
Was Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, and even he  
Seemingly saddened as perforce he paid  
A rhyming tribute "After death, survive—  
He hoped he should; and died while yet alive!"

1185

1190

### CL

No, he hoped nothing of the kind, or held  
His peace and died in silent good old age.  
Him it was, curiosity impelled  
To seek if there were extant still some page

1195

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

Of his great predecessor, rat who belled  
The cat once, and would never deign engage  
In after-combat with mere mice,—saved from  
More sonnetteering,—René Gentilhomme.

1200

### CLI

Paul's story furnished forth that famous play  
Of Piron's "Métromanie" : there you 'll find  
He 's Francaleu, while Demoiselle Malcrais  
Is Demoiselle No-end-of-names-behind !  
As for Voltaire, he 's Damis. Good and gay  
The plot and dialogue, and all 's designed  
To spite Voltaire : at "Something" such the  
laugh  
Of simply "Nothing !" (see his epitaph).

1205

### CLII

But truth, truth, that 's the gold ! and all the good  
I find in fancy is, it serves to set  
Gold's inmost glint free, gold which comes up rude  
And rayless from the mine. All fume and fret  
Of artistry beyond this point pursued  
Brings out another sort of burnish : yet  
Always the ingot has its very own  
Value, a sparkle struck from truth alone.

1210

1215

### CLIII

Now, take this sparkle and the other spirt  
Of fitful flame,—twin births of our grey brand  
That 's sinking fast to ashes ! I assert,  
As sparkles want but fuel to expand  
Into a conflagration no mere squirt  
Will quench too quickly, so might Croisic  
strand,  
Had Fortune pleased posterity to chowse,  
Boast of her brace of beacons luminous.

1220

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CLIV

Did earlier Agamemnons lack their bard ? 1225  
But later bards lacked Agamemnon too !  
How often frustrate they of fame's award  
Just because Fortune, as she listed, blew  
Some slight bark's sails to bellying, mauled and  
marred  
And forced to put about the First-rate ! True, 1230  
Such tacks but for a time : still—small-craft  
ride  
At anchor, rot while Beddoes breasts the tide !

### CLV

Dear, shall I tell you ? There 's a simple test  
Would serve, when people take on them to  
weigh  
The worth of poets, " Who was better, best, 1235  
This, that, the other bard ? " (bards none gain-  
say  
As good, observe ! no matter for the rest)  
" What quality preponderating may  
Turn the scale as it trembles ? " End the strife  
By asking " Which one led a happy life ? " 1240

### CLVI

If one did, over his antagonist  
That yelled or shrieked or sobbed or wept or  
wailed  
Or simply had the dumps,—dispute who list,—  
I count him victor. Where his fellow failed,  
Mastered by his own means of might,—acquist 1245  
Of necessary sorrows,—he prevailed,  
A strong since joyful man who stood distinct  
Above slave-sorrows to his chariot linked.

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

### CLVII

Was not his lot to feel more? What meant  
“feel”

Unless to suffer! Not, to see more? Sigh— 1250  
What helped it but to watch the drunken reel  
Of vice and folly round him, left and right,  
One dance of rogues and idiots! Not, to deal  
More with things lovely? What provoked the  
spite  
Of filth incarnate, like the poet's need 1255  
Of other nutriment than strife and greed!

### CLVIII

Who knows most, doubts most; entertaining hope,  
Means recognizing fear; the keener sense  
Of all comprised within our actual scope  
Recoils from aught beyond earth's dim and dense. 1260  
Who, grown familiar with the sky, will grope  
Henceforward among groundlings? That 's  
offence  
Just as indubitably: stars abound  
O'erhead, but then—what flowers make glad the  
ground!

### CLIX

So, force is sorrow, and each sorrow, force: 1265  
What then? since Swiftness gives the charioteer  
The palm, his hope be in the vivid horse  
Whose neck God clothed with thunder, not the  
steer  
Sluggish and safe! Yoke Hatred, Crime, Remorse,  
Despair: but ever mid the whirling fear, 1270  
Let, through the tumult, break the poet's face  
Radiant, assured his wild slaves win the race!

# THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

## CLX

Therefore I say . . . no, shall not say, but think,  
And save my breath for better purpose. White  
From grey our log has burned to : just one blink 1275  
That quivers, loth to leave it, as a sprite  
The outworn body. Ere your eyelids' wink  
Punish who sealed so deep into the night  
Your mouth up, for two poets dead so long,—  
Here pleads a live pretender : right your wrong ! 1280

---

## I

WHAT a pretty tale you told me  
Once upon a time  
—Said you found it somewhere (scold me !)  
Was it prose or was it rhyme,  
Greek or Latin ? Greek, you said, 5  
While your shoulder propped my head.

## II

Anyhow there 's no forgetting  
This much if no more,  
That a poet (pray, no petting !)  
Yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore, 10  
Went where suchlike used to go,  
Singing for a prize, you know.

## III

Well, he had to sing, nor merely  
Sing but play the lyre ;  
Playing was important clearly 15  
Quite as singing : I desire,  
Sir, you keep the fact in mind  
For a purpose that 's behind.

## EPILOGUE

### IV

There stood he, while deep attention  
Held the judges round, 20  
—Judges able, I should mention,  
To detect the slightest sound  
Sung or played amiss : such ears  
Had old judges, it appears !

### V

None the less he sang out boldly, 25  
Played in time and tune,  
Till the judges, weighing coldly  
Each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,  
Sure to smile "In vain one tries  
Picking faults out : take the prize !" 30

### VI

When, a mischief ! Were they seven  
Strings the lyre possessed ?  
Oh, and afterwards eleven,  
Thank you ! Well, sir,—who had guessed  
Such ill luck in store ?—it happed 35  
One of those same seven strings snapped.

### VII

All was lost, then ! No ! a cricket  
(What, "cicada" ? Pooh !)  
—Some mad thing that left its thicket  
For mere love of music—flew 40  
With its little heart on fire,  
Lighted on the crippled lyre.

### VIII

So that when (ah joy !) our singer  
For his truant string

## EPILOGUE

Feels with disconcerted finger, 45  
What does cricket else but fling  
Fiery heart forth, sound the note  
Wanted by the throbbing throat?

### IX

Ay and, ever to the ending,  
Cricket chirps at need, 50  
Executes the hand's intending,  
Promptly, perfectly,—indeed  
Saves the singer from defeat  
With her chirrup low and sweet.

### X

Till, at ending, all the judges 55  
Cry with one assent  
“Take the prize—a prize who grudges  
Such a voice and instrument?  
Why, we took your lyre for harp,  
So it shrilled us forth F sharp!” 60

### XI

Did the conqueror spurn the creature,  
Once its service done?  
That 's no such uncommon feature  
In the case when Music's son  
Finds his Lotte's power too spent 65  
For aiding soul-development.

### XII

No! This other, on returning  
Homeward, prize in hand,  
Satisfied his bosom's yearning :  
(Sir, I hope you understand !)  
—Said “Some record there must be 70  
Of this cricket's help to me !”



## EPILOGUE

### XIII

So, he made himself a statue :  
Marble stood, life-size ;  
On the lyre, he pointed at you, 75  
Perched his partner in the prize ;  
Never more apart you found  
Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

### XIV

That 's the tale : its application ?  
Somebody I know 80  
Hopes one day for reputation  
Through his poetry that 's—Oh,  
All so learned and so wise  
And deserving of a prize !

### XV

If he gains one, will some ticket, 85  
When his statue 's built,  
Tell the gazer "'T was a cricket  
Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt  
Sweet and low, when strength usurped  
Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped ? 90

### XVI

"For as victory was nighest,  
While I sang and played,—  
With my lyre at lowest, highest,  
Right alike,—one string that made  
'Love' sound soft was snapt in twain, 95  
Never to be heard again,—

### XVII

"Had not a kind cricket fluttered,  
Perched upon the place

## EPILOGUE

Vacant left, and duly uttered  
    ‘ Love, Love, Love,’ whene’er the bass      100  
Asked the treble to atone  
For its somewhat sombre drone.”

### XVIII

But you don’t know music !    Wherefore  
    Keep on casting pearls  
To a—poet ?    All I care for  
    Is—to tell him that a girl’s  
“ Love ” comes aptly in when gruff      105  
Grows his singing.    (There, enough !)

# DRAMATIC IDYLS

*FIRST SERIES*



# DRAMATIC IDYLS

## FIRST SERIES

1879

MARTIN RELPH

*My grandfather says he remembers he saw, when a  
youngster long ago,  
On a bright May day, a strange old man, with a  
beard as white as snow,  
Stand on the hill outside our town like a monument  
of woe,  
And, striking his bare bald head the while, sob out  
the reason—so!*

If I last as long as Methuselah I shall never for-  
give myself:

But—God forgive me, that I pray, unhappy 5  
Martin Relph,

As coward, coward I call him—him, yes, him!  
Away from me!

Get you behind the man I am now, you man that  
I used to be!

What can have sewed my mouth up, set me a-stare,  
all eyes, no tongue?

People have urged “You visit a scare too hard  
on a lad so young!” 10

You were taken aback, poor boy,” they urge,  
“no time to regain your wits:

Besides it had maybe cost you life.” Ay, there  
is the cap which fits!

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

So, cap me, the coward,—thus! No fear! A  
cuff on the brow does good :  
The feel of it hinders a worm inside which bores  
at the brain for food.  
See now, there certainly seems excuse : for a  
moment, I trust, dear friends, 15  
The fault was but folly, no fault of mine, or if mine,  
I have made amends !

For, every day that is first of May, on the hill-top,  
here stand I,  
Martin Relph, and I strike my brow, and publish  
the reason why,  
When there gathers a crowd to mock the fool.  
No fool, friends, since the bite  
Of a worm inside is worse to bear : pray God I  
have baulked him quite ! 20

I 'll tell you. Certainly much excuse ! It came  
of the way they cooped  
Us peasantry up in a ring just here, close huddling  
because tight-hooped  
By the red-coats round us villagers all : they  
meant we should see the sight  
And take the example,—see, not speak, for speech  
was the Captain's right.

“You clowns on the slope, beware !” cried he :  
“This woman about to die 25  
Gives by her fate fair warning to such acquaintance  
as play the spy.  
Henceforth who meddle with matters of state  
above them perhaps will learn  
That peasants should stick to their plough-tail,  
leave to the King the King's concern.

## MARTIN RELPH

“Here ’s a quarrel that sets the land on fire,  
between King George and his foes :  
What call has a man of your kind—much less, a  
woman—to interpose? 30  
Yet you needs must be meddling, folk like you,  
not foes—so much the worse !  
The many and loyal should keep themselves un-  
mixed with the few perverse.

“Is the counsel hard to follow? I gave it you  
plainly a month ago,  
And where was the good? The rebels have  
learned just all that they need to know.  
Not a month since in we quietly marched : a week,  
and they had the news, 35  
From a list complete of our rank and file to a note  
of our caps and shoes.

“All about all we did and all we were doing and  
like to do !  
Only, I catch a letter by luck, and capture who  
wrote it, too.  
Some of you men look black enough, but the  
milk-white face demure  
Betokens the finger foul with ink : ’t is a woman  
who writes, be sure ! 40

“Is it ‘Dearie, how much I miss your mouth !’—  
good natural stuff, she pens?  
Some sprinkle of that, for a blind, of course : with  
talk about cocks and hens,  
How ‘robin has built on the apple-tree, and our  
creeper which came to grief  
Through the frost, we feared, is twining afresh  
round casement in famous leaf.’

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“ But all for a blind ! She soon glides frank into  
    ‘ Horrid the place is grown 45  
With Officers here and Privates there, no nook  
    we may call our own :  
And Farmer Giles has a tribe to house, and  
    lodging will be to seek  
For the second Company sure to come (’t is  
    whispered) on Monday week.’

“ And so to the end of the chapter ! There !  
    The murder, you see, was out :  
Easy to guess how the change of mind in the  
    rebels was brought about ! 50  
Safe in the trap would they now lie snug, had  
    treachery made no sign :  
But treachery meets a just reward, no matter if  
    fools malign !

“ That traitors had played us false, was proved—  
    sent news which fell so pat :  
And the murder was out—this letter of love, the  
    sender of this sent that !  
’T is an ugly job, though, all the same—a hateful,  
    to have to deal 55  
With a case of the kind, when a woman ’s in fault :  
    we soldiers need nerves of steel !

“ So, I gave her a chance, despatched post-haste  
    a message to Vincent Parkes  
Whom she wrote to ; easy to find he was, since  
    one of the King’s own clerks,  
Ay, kept by the King’s own gold in the town close  
    by where the rebels camp :  
A sort of a lawyer, just the man to betray our  
    sort—the scamp ! 60



## MARTIN RELPH

“ ‘If her writing is simple and honest and only  
the lover-like stuff it looks,  
And if you yourself are a loyalist, nor down in the  
rebels’ books,  
Come quick,’ said I, ‘and in person prove you  
are each of you clear of crime,  
Or martial law must take its course : this day next  
week ’s the time !’

“Next week is now : does he come? Not he !  
Clean gone, our clerk, in a trice ! 65  
He has left his sweetheart here in the lurch : no  
need of a warning twice !  
His own neck free, but his partner’s fast in the  
noose still, here she stands  
To pay for her fault. ’T is an ugly job : but  
soldiers obey commands.

“And hearken wherefore I make a speech !  
Should any acquaintance share  
The folly that led to the fault that is now to be  
punished, let fools beware ! 70  
Look black, if you please, but keep hands white :  
and, above all else, keep wives—  
Or sweethearts or what they may be—from ink !  
Not a word now, on your lives !”

Black ? but the Pit’s own pitch was white to the  
Captain’s face—the brute  
With the bloated cheeks and the bulgy nose and  
the bloodshot eyes to suit !  
He was muddled with wine, they say : more like,  
he was out of his wits with fear ; 75  
He had but a handful of men, that ’s true,—a riot  
might cost him dear.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

And all that time stood Rosamund Page, with  
pinioned arms and face  
Bandaged about, on the turf marked out for the  
party's firing-place.  
I hope she was wholly with God : I hope 't was  
His angel stretched a hand  
To steady her so, like the shape of stone you see  
in our church-aisle stand.

80

I hope there was no vain fancy pierced the bandage  
to vex her eyes,  
No face within which she missed without, no  
questions and no replies—  
“Why did you leave me to die?”—“Because . . .”  
Oh, fiends, too soon you grin  
At merely a moment of hell, like that—such  
heaven as hell ended in !

Let mine end too ! He gave the word, up went  
the guns in a line.  
Those heaped on the hill were blind as dumb,—  
for, of all eyes, only mine  
Looked over the heads of the foremost rank.  
Some fell on their knees in prayer,  
Some sank to the earth, but all shut eyes, with a  
sole exception there.

85

That was myself, who had stolen up last, had  
sidled behind the group :  
I am highest of all on the hill-top, there stand fixed  
while the others stoop !  
From head to foot in a serpent's twine am I  
tightened : / touch ground ?  
No more than a gibbet's rigid corpse which the  
fettters rust around !

90

## MARTIN RELPH

Can I speak, can I breathe, can I burst—aught  
else but see, see, only see?

And see I do—for there comes in sight—a man,  
it sure must be!—

Who staggeringly, stumblingly rises, falls, rises,  
at random flings his weight

On and on, anyhow onward—a man that 's mad  
he arrives too late!

95

Else why does he wave a something white high-  
flourished above his head?

Why does not he call, cry,—curse the fool!—why  
throw up his arms instead?

O take this fist in your own face, fool! Why  
does not yourself shout “Stay!

Here 's a man comes rushing, might and main,  
with something he 's mad to say”?

100

And a minute, only a moment, to have hell-fire  
boil up in your brain,

And ere you can judge things right, choose  
heaven,—time 's over, repentance vain!

They level : a volley, a smoke and the clearing of  
smoke : I see no more

Of the man smoke hid, nor his frantic arms, nor  
the something white he bore.

But stretched on the field, some half-mile off, is  
an object. Surely dumb,

Deaf, blind were we struck, that nobody heard,  
not one of us saw him come!

105

Has he fainted through fright? One may well  
believe! What is it he holds so fast?

Turn him over, examine the face! Heyday!  
What, Vincent Parkes at last?

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Dead ! dead as she, by the self-same shot : one  
bullet has ended both,  
Her in the body and him in the soul. They laugh  
at our plighted troth. 110  
“Till death us do part?” Till death us do join  
past parting—that sounds like  
Betrothal indeed ! O Vincent Parkes, what need  
has my fist to strike ?

I helped you : thus were you dead and wed : one  
bound, and your soul reached hers !  
There is clenched in your hand the thing, signed,  
sealed, the paper which plain avers  
She is innocent, innocent, plain as print, with the  
King's Arms broad engraved : 115  
No one can hear, but if anyone high on the hill  
can see, she 's saved !

And torn his garb and bloody his lips with heart-  
break—plain it grew  
How the week's delay had been brought about :  
each guess at the end proved true.  
It was hard to get at the folk in power : such waste  
of time ! and then  
Such pleading and praying, with, all the while,  
his lamb in the lions' den ! 120

And at length when he wrung their pardon out,  
no end to the stupid forms—  
The licence and leave : I make no doubt—what  
wonder if passion warms  
The pulse in a man if you play with his heart ?—  
he was something hasty in speech ;  
Anyhow, none would quicken the work : he had  
to beseech, beseech !

## MARTIN RELPH

And the thing once signed, sealed, safe in his  
grasp,—what followed but fresh delays? 125  
For the floods were out, he was forced to take  
such a roundabout of ways!  
And 't was "Halt there!" at every turn of the  
road, since he had to cross the thick  
Of the red-coats: what did they care for him and  
his "Quick, for God's sake, quick!"

Horse? but he had one: had it how long? till the  
first knave smirked "You brag  
Yourself a friend of the King's? then lend to a  
King's friend here your nag!" 130  
Money to buy another? Why, piece by piece  
they plundered him still,  
With their "Wait you must,—no help: if aught  
can help you, a guinea will!"

And a borough there was—I forget the name—  
whose Mayor must have the bench  
Of Justices ranged to clear a doubt: for "Vincent,"  
thinks he, sounds French!  
It well may have driven him daft, God knows!  
all man can certainly know 135  
Is—rushing and falling and rising, at last he  
arrived in a horror—so!

When a word, cry, gasp, would have rescued both!  
Ay bite me! The worm begins  
At his work once more. Had cowardice proved  
—that only—my sin of sins!  
Friends, look you here! Suppose . . . sup-  
pose . . . But mad I am, needs must be!  
Judas the Damned would never have dared such  
a sin as I dream! For, see! 140

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Suppose I had sneakingly loved her myself, my  
wretched self, and dreamed  
In the heart of me "She were better dead than  
happy and his!"—while gleamed  
A light from hell as I spied the pair in a perfectest  
embrace,  
He the saviour and she the saved,—bliss born of  
the very murder-place!

No! Say I was scared, friends! Call me fool  
and coward, but nothing worse! 145  
Jeer at the fool and gibe at the coward! 'T was  
ever the coward's curse  
That fear breeds fancies in such: such take their  
shadow for substance still,  
—A fiend at their back. I liked poor Parkes,—  
loved Vincent, if you will!

And her—why, I said "Good morrow" to her,  
"Good even," and nothing more:  
The neighbourly way! She was just to me as  
fifty had been before. 150  
So, coward it is and coward shall be! There's a  
friend, now! Thanks! A drink  
Of water I wanted: and now I can walk, get home  
by myself, I think.

## PHEIDIPPIDES

*Χαίρετε, νικῶμεν*

FIRST I salute this soil of the blessed, river and  
rock!

Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honour  
to all!

Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-  
equal in praise

—Ay, with Zeus the Defender; with Her of the  
ægis and spear!

Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be  
your peer,

Now, henceforth and forever,—O latest to whom  
I upraise

Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave  
pasture and flock!

Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron I  
call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I  
return!

See, 't is myself here standing alive, no spectre  
that speaks!

Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me,  
Athens and you,

“Run Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta  
for aid!

Persia has come, we are here, where is She?”  
Your command I obeyed,

Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a  
fire runs through,

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Was the space between city and city : two days,  
two nights did I burn 15  
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up  
peaks.

Into their midst I broke : breath served but for  
“ Persia has come !

Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water  
and earth ;

Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall  
Athens sink,

Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas  
utterly die, 20

Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the  
stupid, the stander-by ?

Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you  
stretch o'er destruction's brink ?

How,—when ? No care for my limbs !—there 's  
lightning in all and some—

Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give  
it birth ! ”

O my Athens—Sparta love thee ? Did Sparta  
respond ? 25

Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,  
Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of  
gratified hate !

Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for  
excuses. I stood

Quivering,—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets,  
an inch from dry wood :

“ Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they  
debate ? 30

Thunder, thou Zeus ! Athene, are Spartans a  
quarry beyond

Swing of thy spear ? Phoibos and Artemis, clang  
them ‘ Ye must ’ ! ”



## PHEIDIPPIDES

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their  
answer at last!

“Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may  
Sparta befriend?

Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the  
issue at stake!

35

Count we no time lost time which lags through  
respect to the Gods!

Ponder that precept of old, ‘No warfare, what-  
ever the odds

In your favour, so long as the moon, half-orbed,  
is unable to take

Full-circle her state in the sky!’ Already she  
rounds to it fast:

Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment  
suspend.”

40

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I  
had mouldered to ash!

That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and  
away was I back,

—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the  
false and the vile!

Yet “O Gods of my land!” I cried, as each  
hillock and plain,

Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing  
past them again,

45

“Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honours  
we paid you erewhile?

Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation!  
Too rash

Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so  
slack!

“Oak and olive and bay,—I bid you cease to  
enwreathe

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the  
Persian's foot, 50  
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never  
adorn a slave!  
Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild  
waste tract!  
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What  
matter if slacked  
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag  
and to cave  
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? at least  
I can breathe, 55  
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from  
the mute!"

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;  
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden,  
a bar  
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking  
the way.  
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the  
fissure across: 60  
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night  
in the fosse?  
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through  
Erebos, thus I obey—  
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise!  
No bridge  
Better!"—when—ha! what was it I came on, of  
wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan! 65  
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss  
cushioned his hoof:  
All the great God was good in the eyes grave-  
kindly—the curl

## PHEIDIPPIDES

Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's  
awe,

As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs  
grand I saw.

"Halt, Pheidippides!"—halt I did, my brain of  
a whirl:

"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?"  
he gracious began:

"How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me  
aloof?"

70

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me  
no feast!

Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens  
more helpful of old?

Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan,  
trust me!

75

Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn,  
have faith

In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens,  
'The Goat-God saith:

When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—  
is cast in the sea,

Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with  
your most and least,

Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with  
the free and the bold!' "

80

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place,  
be the pledge!'"

(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear  
—Fennel—I grasped it a-tremble with dew—  
whatever it bode)

"While, as for thee . . ." But enough! He  
was gone. If I ran hitherto—

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no  
longer, but flew. 85  
Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air was my  
road :  
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more  
on the razor's edge !  
Pan for Athens, Pan for me ! I too have a guerdon  
rare !

---

Then spoke Miltiades. “ And thee, best runner  
of Greece,  
Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is  
promised thyself? 90  
Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother  
demands of her son ! ”  
Rosily blushed the youth : he paused : but, lifting  
at length  
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered  
the rest of his strength  
Into the utterance—“ Pan spoke thus : ‘ For what  
thou hast done  
Count on a worthy reward ! Henceforth be  
allowed thee release 95  
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise  
or in pelf ! ’ ”

“ I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most  
to my mind !  
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this  
fennel may grow,—  
Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and,  
under the deep,  
Whelm her away for ever ; and then,—no Athens  
to save,—

## PHEIDIPPIDES

Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the  
brave,—  
Hie to my house and home : and, when my  
children shall creep  
Close to my knees,—recount how the God was  
awful yet kind,  
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding  
him—so ! ”

---

Unforeseeing one ! Yes, he fought on the  
Marathon day :  
So, when Persia was dust, all cried “ To Akropolis ! ”<sup>105</sup>  
Run, Pheidippides, one race more ! the meed is  
thy due !  
‘ Athens is saved, thank Pan, ’ go shout ! ” He  
flung down his shield,  
Ran like fire once more : and the space ’twixt the  
Fennel-field  
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire  
runs through,  
Till in he broke : “ Rejoice, we conquer ! ”<sup>110</sup>  
Like wine through clay,  
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the  
bliss !

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word  
of salute  
Is still “ Rejoice ! ”—his word which brought  
rejoicing indeed.  
So is Pheidippides happy for ever,—the noble  
strong man<sup>115</sup>  
Who could race like a God, bear the face of a  
God, whom a God loved so well ;  
He saw the land saved he had helped to save,  
and was suffered to tell

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as  
he began,

So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be  
mute :

“Athens is saved !”—Pheidippides dies in the  
shout for his deed.

120

## HALBERT AND HOB

HERE is a thing that happened. Like wild beasts  
whelped, for den,  
In a wild part of North England, there lived once  
two wild men  
Inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor  
hut,  
Time out of mind their birthright : father and son,  
these—but—  
Such a son, such a father ! Most wildness by  
degrees  
Softens away : yet, last of their line, the wildest  
and worst were these.

Criminals, then ? Why, no : they did not murder  
and rob ;  
But, give them a word, they returned a blow—  
old Halbert as young Hob :  
Harsh and fierce of word, rough and savage of  
deed,  
Hated or feared the more—who knows?—the  
genuine wild-beast breed.

Thus were they found by the few sparse folk of  
the country-side ;  
But how fared each with other ? E'en beasts  
couch, hide by hide,  
In a growling, grudging agreement : so, father  
and son aye curled  
The closelier up in their den because the last of  
their kind in the world.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Still, beast irks beast on occasion. One Christmas night of snow,  
Came father and son to words—such words!  
more cruel because the blow  
To crown each word was wanting, while taunt  
matched gibe, and curse  
Competed with oath in wager, like pastime in  
hell,—nay, worse :  
For pastime turned to earnest, as up there sprang  
at last  
The son at the throat of the father, seized him  
and held him fast.

“Out of this house you go!”—(there followed a hideous oath)—

“This oven where now we bake, too hot to hold us both!

If there's snow outside, there's coolness: out with you, bide a spell

In the drift and save the sexton the charge of a parish shell!”

Now, the old trunk was tough, was solid as stump of oak

Untouched at the core by a thousand years: much less had its seventy broke

One whipcord nerve in the muscly mass from neck to shoulder-blade

Of the mountainous man, whereon his child's rash hand like a feather weighed.

Nevertheless at once did the mammoth shut his eyes,

Drop chin to breast, drop hands to sides, stand stiffened—arms and thighs



## HALBERT AND HOB

All of a piece—struck mute, much as a sentry  
stands,  
Patient to take the enemy's fire : his captain so  
commands.

Whereat the son's wrath flew to fury at such  
sheer scorn  
Of his puny strength by the giant eld thus  
acting the babe new-born :  
And "Neither will this turn serve !" yelled he.  
"Out with you ! Trundle, log !  
If you cannot tramp and trudge like a man, try  
all-fours like a dog !"

Still the old man stood mute. So, logwise,—  
down to floor  
Pulled from his fireside place, dragged on from  
hearth to door,—  
Was he pushed, a very log, staircase along, until  
A certain turn in the steps was reached, a yard  
from the house-door-sill.

Then the father opened eyes—each spark of their  
rage extinct,—  
Temples, late black, dead-blanced,—right-hand  
with left-hand linked,—  
He faced his son submissive ; when slow the  
accents came,  
They were strangely mild though his son's rash  
hand on his neck lay all the same.

"Hob, on just such a night of a Christmas long  
ago,  
For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I drag  
—so—

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

My father down thus far : but, softening here, I  
heard  
A voice in my heart, and stopped : you wait for  
an outer word.

“For your own sake, not mine, soften you too !  
Untrod  
Leave this last step we reach, nor brave the finger  
of God !  
I dared not pass its lifting : I did well. I nor  
blame  
Nor praise you. I stopped here : and, Hob, do  
you the same !”

Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the  
father's throat.  
They mounted, side by side, to the room again :  
no note  
Took either of each, no sign made each to either :  
last  
As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas-night  
they passed.

At dawn, the father sate on, dead, in the self-  
same place,  
With an outburst blackening still the old bad  
fighting-face :  
But the son crouched all a-tremble like any lamb  
new-yeaned.

When he went to the burial, someone's staff he  
borrowed—tottered and leaned.  
But his lips were loose, not locked,—kept mutter-  
ing, mumbling. “There !

## HALBERT AND HOB

At his cursing and swearing!" the youngsters  
cried : but the elders thought "In prayer."  
A boy threw stones : he picked them up and  
stored them in his vest.

So tottered, muttered, mumbled he, till he died,  
perhaps found rest.

"Is there a reason in nature for these hard  
hearts?" O Lear,  
That a reason out of nature must turn them soft,  
seems clear !

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

“THEY tell me, your carpenters,” quoth I to my friend the Russ,

“Make a simple hatchet serve as a tool-box serves with us.

Arm but each man with his axe, 't is a hammer and saw and plane

And chisel, and—what know I else? We should imitate in vain

The mastery wherewithal, by a flourish of just the adze,

He cleaves, clamps, dovetails in,—no need of our nails and brads,—

The manageable pine: 't is said he could shave himself

With the axe,—so all adroit, now a giant and now an elf,

Does he work and play at once!”

Quoth my friend the Russ to me,  
“Ay, that and more beside on occasion! It scarce may be

You never heard tell a tale told children, time out of mind,

By father and mother and nurse, for a moral that's behind,

Which children quickly seize. If the incident happened at all,

We place it in Peter's time when hearts were great not small,

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

Germanized, Frenchified. I wager 't is old to  
you 15  
As the story of Adam and Eve, and possibly  
quite as true."

---

In the deep of our land, 't is said, a village from  
out the woods  
Emerged on the great main-road 'twixt two great  
solitudes.  
Through forestry right and left, black verst and  
verst of pine,  
From village to village runs the road's long wide  
bare line. 20  
Clearance and clearance break the else-uncon-  
quered growth  
Of pine and all that breeds and broods there,  
leaving loth  
Man's inch of masterdom,—spot of life, spirt of  
fire,—  
To star the dark and dread, lest right and rule  
expire  
Throughout the monstrous wild, a-hungered to  
resume 25  
Its ancient sway, suck back the world into its  
womb :  
Defrauded by man's craft which clove from North  
to South  
This highway broad and straight e'en from the  
Neva's mouth  
To Moscow's gates of gold. So, spot of life and  
spirt  
Of fire aforesaid, burn, each village death-begirt 30  
By wall and wall of pine—unprobed undreamed  
abyss.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Early one winter morn, in such a village as this,  
Snow-whitened everywhere except the middle road  
Ice-roughed by track of sledge, there worked by  
his abode  
Ivàn Ivànovitch, the carpenter, employed 35  
On a huge shipmast trunk ; his axe now trimmed  
and toyed  
With branch and twig, and now some chop  
athwart the bole  
Changed bole to billets, bared at once the sap  
and soul.  
About him, watched the work his neighbours  
sheepskin-clad ;  
Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye  
twinkled glad 40  
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,  
Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze  
winter as he may.  
Sudden, a burst of bells. Out of the road, on edge  
Of the hamlet—horse's hoofs galloping. "How,  
a sledge ?  
What's here?" cried all as—in, up to the open space, 45  
Workyard and market-ground, folk's common  
meeting-place,—  
Stumbled on, till he fell, in one last bound for life,  
A horse : and, at his heels, a sledge held—  
"Dmìtri's wife !  
Back without Dmìtri too ! and children—where  
are they ?  
Only a frozen corpse !"

They drew it forth : then—"Nay, 50  
Not dead, though like to die ! Gone hence a  
month ago :  
Home again, this rough jaunt—alone through  
night and snow—

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

What can the cause be? Hark—Droug, old  
horse, how he groans :  
His day's done ! Chafe away, keep chafing, for  
she moans :  
She's coming to ! Give here : see, motherkin,  
your friends ! 55  
Cheer up, all safe at home ! Warm inside makes  
amends  
For outside cold,—sup quick ! Don't look as  
we were bears !  
What is it startles you ? What strange adventure  
stares  
Up at us in your face ? You know friends—  
which is which ?  
I'm Vàssili, he's Sergeì, Ivàn Ivànovitch . . .” 60

At the word, the woman's eyes, slow-wandering  
till they neared  
The blue eyes o'er the bush of honey-coloured  
beard,  
Took in full light and sense and—torn to rags,  
some dream  
Which hid the naked truth—O loud and long the  
scream  
She gave, as if all power of voice within her throat 65  
Poured itself wild away to waste in one dread note !  
Then followed gasps and sobs, and then the  
steady flow  
Of kindly tears : the brain was saved, a man  
might know.  
Down fell her face upon the good friend's prop-  
ping knee ;  
His broad hands smoothed her head, as fain to  
brush it free  
From fancies, swarms that stung like bees un- 70  
hived. He soothed—

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“Loukèria, Louëscha!”—still he, fondling, smoothed  
and smoothed.

At last her lips formed speech.

“Ivàn, dear—you indeed !  
You, just the same dear you ! While I . . . O  
intercede,

Sweet Mother, with thy Son Almighty—let his  
might

Bring yesterday once more, undo all done last  
night !

But this time yesterday, Ivàn, I sat like you,  
A child on either knee, and, dearer than the two,  
A babe inside my arms, close to my heart—that’s  
lost

In morsels o’er the snow ! Father, Son, Holy  
Ghost,

Cannot you bring again my blessed yesterday ?”

When no more tears would flow, she told her  
tale : this way.

“ Maybe, a month ago,—was it not ?—news came  
here,

They wanted, deeper down, good workmen fit to  
rear

A church and roof it in. ‘We ’ll go,’ my hus-  
band said :

‘None understands like me to melt and mould  
their lead.’

So, friends here helped us off—Ivàn, dear, you  
the first !

How gay we jingled forth, all five—(my heart  
will burst)—

While Dmìtri shook the reins, urged Droug upon  
his track !



## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

“Well, soon the month ran out, we just were  
coming back,  
When yesterday—behold, the village was on fire! 90  
Fire ran from house to house. What help, as,  
nigh and nigher,  
The flames came furious? ‘Haste,’ cried Dmìtri,  
‘men must do  
The little good man may: to sledge and in with  
you,  
You and our three! We check the fire by laying  
flat  
Each building in its path,—I needs must stay for 95  
that,—  
But you . . . no time for talk! Wrap round  
you every rug,  
Cover the couple close,—you ’ll have the babe to  
hug.  
No care to guide old Droug, he knows his way,  
by guess,  
Once start him on the road: but chirrup, none  
the less! 100  
The snow lies glib as glass and hard as steel,  
and soon  
You ’ll have rise, fine and full, a marvel of a  
moon.  
Hold straight up, all the same, this lighted twist  
of pitch!  
Once home and with our friend Ivàn Ivànovitch,  
All ’s safe: I have my pay in pouch, all ’s right  
with me, 105  
So I but find as safe you and our precious  
three!  
Off, Droug!’—because the flames had reached  
us, and the men  
Shouted ‘But lend a hand, Dmìtri—as good as  
ten!’

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“So, in we bundled—I, and those God gave me  
once ;  
Old Droug, that ’s stiff at first, seemed youthful  
for the nonce : 110  
He understood the case, galloping straight ahead.  
Out came the moon : my twist soon dwindled,  
feebly red  
In that unnatural day—yes, daylight, bred between  
Moon-light and snow-light, lamped those grotto-  
depths which screen  
Such devils from God’s eye. Ah, pines, how  
straight you grow 115  
Nor bend one pitying branch, true breed of brutal  
snow !  
Some undergrowth had served to keep the devils  
blind  
While we escaped outside their border !

“Was that—wind ?  
Anyhow, Droug starts, stops, back go his ears,  
he snuffs,  
Snorts,—never such a snort ! then plunges, knows  
the sough ’s 120  
Only the wind : yet, no—our breath goes up too  
straight !  
Still the low sound,—less low, loud, louder, at a  
rate  
There ’s no mistaking more ! Shall I lean out—  
look—learn  
The truth whatever it be ? Pad, pad ! At last,  
I turn—

“’T is the regular pad of the wolves in pursuit of  
the life in the sledge ! 125  
An army they are : close-packed they press like  
the thrust of a wedge :

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

They increase as they hunt : for I see, through  
the pine-trunks ranged each side,  
Slip forth new fiend and fiend, make wider and  
still more wide

The four-footed steady advance. The foremost  
—none may pass :

They are elders and lead the line, eye and eye—  
green-glowing brass !

But a long way distant still. Droug, save us !  
He does his best :

Yet they gain on us, gain, till they reach,—one  
reaches . . . How utter the rest ?

O that Satan-faced first of the band ! How he  
lolls out the length of his tongue,

How he laughs and lets gleam his white teeth !  
He is on me, his paws pry among

The wraps and the rugs ! O my pair, my twin-  
pigeons, lie still and seem dead !

Stepàn, he shall never have you for a meal,—  
here 's your mother instead !

No, he will not be counselled—must cry, poor  
Stiòpka, so foolish ! though first

Of my boy-brood, he was not the best : nay,  
neighbours have called him the worst :

He was puny, an undersized slip,—a darling to  
me, all the same !

But little there was to be praised in the boy, and  
a plenty to blame.

I loved him with heart and soul, yes—but, deal  
him a blow for a fault,

He would sulk for whole days. 'Foolish boy !  
lie still or the villain will vault,

Will snatch you from over my head !' No use !  
he cries, screams,—who can hold

Fast a boy in a frenzy of fear ! It follows—as I  
foretold !

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

The Satan-face snatched and snapped : I tugged,  
I tore—and then 145  
His brother too needs must shriek ! If one must  
go, 't is men  
The Tsar needs, so we hear, not ailing boys !  
Perhaps  
My hands relaxed their grasp, got tangled in the  
wraps :  
God, he was gone ! I looked : there tumbled the  
cursed crew,  
Each fighting for a share : too busy to pursue ! 150  
That 's so far gain at least : Droug, gallop another  
verst  
Or two, or three—God sends we beat them, arrive  
the first !  
A mother who boasts two boys was ever accounted  
rich :  
Some have not a boy : some have, but lose him,  
—God knows which  
Is worse : how pitiful to see your weakling pine 155  
And pale and pass away ! Strong brats, this pair  
of mine !

“O misery ! for while I settle to what near seems  
Content, I am 'ware again of the tramp, and  
again there gleams—  
Point and point—the line, eyes, levelled green  
brassy fire !  
So soon is resumed your chase ? Will nothing  
appease, nought tire 160  
The furies ? And yet I think—I am certain the  
race is slack,  
And the numbers are nothing like. Not a quarter  
of the pack !  
Feasters and those full-fed are staying behind . . .  
Ah why ?

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

We 'll sorrow for that too soon! Now,—gallop,  
reach home, and die,  
Nor ever again leave house, to trust our life in  
the trap 165  
For life—we call a sledge! Teriòscha, in my lap!  
Yes, I 'll lie down upon you, tight-tie you with  
the strings  
Here—of my heart! No fear, this time, your  
mother flings . . .  
Flings? I flung? Never! But think!—a  
woman, after all,  
Contending with a wolf! Save you I must and  
shall, 170  
Terenti! !  
“How now? What, you still head the race,  
Your eyes and tongue and teeth crave fresh food,  
Satan-face?  
There and there! Plain I struck green fire out!  
Flash again?  
All a poor fist can do to damage eyes proves vain!  
My fist—why not crunch that? He is wanton  
for . . . O God, 175  
Why give this wolf his taste? Common wolves  
scrape and prod  
The earth till out they scratch some corpse—mere  
putrid flesh!  
Why must this glutton leave the faded, choose  
the fresh?  
Terenti!—God, feel!—his neck keeps fast thy bag  
Of holy things, saints' bones, this Satan-face will  
drag 180  
Forth, and devour along with him, our Pope  
declared  
The relics were to save from danger!

“Spurned, not spared!

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

'T was through my arms, crossed arms, he—nuz-  
 zling now with snout,  
 Now ripping, tooth and claw—plucked, pulled  
 Terentiù out,  
 A prize indeed! I saw—how could I else but  
 see?—185  
 My precious one—I bit to hold back—pulled from  
 me!  
 Up came the others, fell to dancing—did the  
 imps!—  
 Skipped as they scampered round. There 's one  
 is grey, and limps :  
 Who knows but old bad Mårpha,—she always  
 owed me spite  
 And envied me my births,—skulks out of doors  
 at night190  
 And turns into a wolf, and joins the sisterhood,  
 And laps the youthful life, then slinks from out  
 the wood,  
 Squats down at door by dawn, spins there demure  
 as erst  
 —No strength, old crone,—not she!—to crawl  
 forth half a verst!

“ Well, I escaped with one : 'twixt one and none  
 there lies195  
 The space 'twixt heaven and hell. And see, a  
 rose-light dyes  
 The endmost snow : 't is dawn, 't is day, 't is safe  
 at home!  
 We have outwitted you! Ay, monsters, snarl and  
 foam,  
 Fight each the other fiend, disputing for a share,—  
 Forgetful, in your greed, our finest off we bear,200  
 Tough Droug and I,—my babe, my boy that  
 shall be man,

## IVAN IVANOVITCH

My man that shall be more, do all a hunter can  
To trace and follow and find and catch and crucify  
Wolves, wolfkins, all your crew! A thousand  
deaths shall die

The whimperingest cub that ever squeezed the  
teat!

205

‘Take that!’ we ’ll stab you with,—‘the tender-  
ness we met

When, wretches, you danced round—not this,  
thank God—not this!

Hellhounds, we baulk you!’

“But—Ah, God above!—Bliss, bliss—  
Not the band, no! And yet—yes, for Droug  
knows him! One—

This only of them all has said ‘She saves a son!’ 210  
His fellows disbelieve such luck: but he believes,  
He lets them pick the bones, laugh at him in their  
sleeves:

He’s off and after us,—one speck, one spot, one  
ball

Grows bigger, bound on bound,—one wolf as  
good as all!

Oh but I know the trick! Have at the snaky  
tongue!

215

That’s the right way with wolves! Go, tell your  
mates I wrung

The panting morsel out, left you to howl your  
worst!

Now for it—now! Ah me! I know him—thrice-  
accurst

Satan-face,—him to the end my foe!

“All fight’s in vain:  
This time the green brass points pierce to my  
very brain.

220

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

I fall—fall as I ought—quite on the babe I guard :  
I overspread with flesh the whole of him. Too hard  
To die this way, torn piecemeal? Move hence?

Not I—one inch !

Gnaw through me, through and through : flat  
thus I lie nor flinch !

O God, the feel of the fang furrowing my shoulder !  
—see !

It grinds—it grates the bone. O Kìrill under me,  
Could I do more? Beside he knew wolf's way to  
win :

225

I clung, closed round like wax : yet in he wedged  
and in,

Past my neck, past my breasts, my heart, until  
. . . how feels

The onion-bulb your knife parts, pushing through  
its peels,

230

Till out you scoop its clove wherein lie stalk and  
leaf

And bloom and seed unborn ?

“That slew me : yes, in brief,  
I died then, dead I lay doubtlessly till Droug  
stopped

Here, I suppose. I come to life, I find me  
propped

Thus—how or when or why,—I know not. Tell  
me, friends,

235

All was a dream : laugh quick and say the night-  
mare ends !

Soon I shall find my house : 't is over there : in  
proof,

Save for that chimney heaped with snow, you 'd  
see the roof

Which holds my three—my two—my one—not  
one ?



## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

“Life ’s mixed  
With misery, yet we live—must live. The Satan  
fixed 240  
His face on mine so fast, I took its print as  
pitch  
Takes what it cools beneath. Ivàn Ivànovitch,  
’T is you unharden me, you thaw, disperse the  
thing !  
Only keep looking kind, the horror will not cling.  
Your face smooths fast away each print of Satan.  
Tears 245  
—What good they do ! Life ’s sweet, and all its  
after-years,  
Ivàn Ivànovitch, I owe you ! Yours am I !  
May God reward you, dear !”

Down she sank. Solemnly  
Ivàn rose, raised his axe,—for fitly, as she knelt,  
Her head lay : well-apart, each side, her arms  
hung,—dealt 250  
Lightning-swift thunder-strong one blow—no  
need of more !  
Headless she knelt on still : that pine was sound  
at core  
(Neighbours were used to say)—cast-iron-ker-  
nelled—which  
Taxed for a second stroke Ivàn Ivànovitch.

The man was scant of words as strokes. “It had  
to be : 255  
I could no other : God it was bade ‘Act for me !’”  
Then stooping, peering round—what is it now he  
lacks ?  
A proper strip of bark wherewith to wipe his axe.  
Which done, he turns, goes in, closes the door  
behind.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

The others mute remain, watching the blood-  
snake wind 260  
Into a hiding-place among the splinter-heaps.

At length, still mute, all move : one lifts,—from  
where it steeps  
Redder each ruddy rag of pine,—the head : two  
more  
Take up the dripping body : then, mute still as  
before,  
Move in a sort of march, march on till marching  
ends 265  
Opposite to the church ; where halting,—who  
suspends,  
By its long hair, the thing, deposits in its place  
The piteous head : once more the body shows no  
trace  
Of harm done : there lies whole the Loùscha,  
maid and wife  
And mother, loved until this latest of her life. 270  
Then all sit on the bank of snow which bounds  
a space  
Kept free before the porch for judgment : just the  
place !

Presently all the souls, man, woman, child, which  
make  
The village up, are found assembling for the  
sake  
Of what is to be done. The very Jews are there : 275  
A Gipsy troop, though bound with horses for the  
Fair,  
Squats with the rest. Each heart with its con-  
ception seethes  
And simmers, but no tongue speaks : one may  
say,—none breathes.

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

Anon from out the church totters the Pope—the  
priest—

Hardly alive, so old, a hundred years at least. 280

With him, the Commune's head, a hoary senior  
too,

Stàrosta, that 's his style,—like Equity Judge with  
you,—

Natural Jurisconsult: then, fenced about with furs,  
Pomeschìk,—Lord of the Land, who wields—and  
none demurs—

A power of life and death. They stoop, survey  
the corpse. 285

Then, straightened on his staff, the Stàrosta—the  
thorpe's

Sagaciousest old man—hears what you just have  
heard,

From Droug's first inrush, all, up to Ivàn's last  
word

“God bade me act for him: I dared not disobey!”

Silence—the Pomeschìk broke with “A wild  
wrong way 290

Of righting wrong—if wrong there were, such  
wrath to rouse!

Why was not law observed? What article allows  
Whoso may please to play the judge, and, judg-  
ment dealt,

Play executioner, as promptly as we pelt  
To death, without appeal, the vermin whose sole  
fault 295

Has been—it dared to leave the darkness of its  
vault,

Intrude upon our day! Too sudden and too rash!  
What was this woman's crime? Suppose the  
church should crash

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Down where I stand, your lord : bound are my  
serfs to dare

Their utmost that I 'scape : yet, if the crashing  
scare

My children,—as you are,—if sons fly, one and all,  
Leave father to his fate,—poor cowards though  
I call

The runaways, I pause before I claim their life  
Because they prized it more than mine. I would  
each wife

Died for her husband's sake, each son to save his  
sire :

'T is glory, I applaud—scarce duty, I require.  
Ivàn Ivànovitch has done a deed that 's named  
Murder by law and me : who doubts, may speak  
unblamed !”

All turned to the old Pope. “Ay, children, I  
am old—

How old, myself have got to know no longer.  
Rolled

Quite round, my orb of life, from infancy to age,  
Seems passing back again to youth. A certain  
stage

At least I reach, or dream I reach, where I discern  
Truer truths, laws behold more lawlike than we  
learn

When first we set our foot to tread the course I  
trod

With man to guide my steps : who leads me now  
is God.

‘Your young men shall see visions :’ and in my  
youth I saw

And paid obedience to man's visionary law :

Your old men shall dream dreams :’ and, in my  
age, a hand

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

Conducts me through the cloud round law to  
where I stand 320  
Firm on its base,—know cause, who, before,  
knew effect.

“The world lies under me : and nowhere I detect  
So great a gift as this—God’s own—of human life.  
‘Shall the dead praise thee?’ No ! ‘The whole  
live world is rife,  
God, with thy glory,’ rather ! Life then, God’s  
best of gifts, 325  
For what shall man exchange ? For life—when  
so he shifts  
The weight and turns the scale, lets life for life  
restore  
God’s balance, sacrifice the less to gain the more,  
Substitute—for low life, another’s or his own—  
Life large and liker God’s who gave it : thus alone 330  
May life extinguish life that life may trulier be !  
How low this law descends on earth, is not for me  
To trace : complexed becomes the simple, intricate  
The plain, when I pursue law’s winding. ’T is  
the straight  
Outflow of law I know and name : to law, the  
fount 335  
Fresh from God’s footstool, friends, follow while  
I remount.

“A mother bears a child : perfection is complete  
So far in such a birth. Enabled to repeat  
The miracle of life,—herself was born so just  
A type of womankind, that God sees fit to trust 340  
Her with the holy task of giving life in turn.  
Crowned by this crowning pride,—how say you,  
should she spurn  
Regality—discrowned, unchilded, by her choice

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Of barrenness exchanged for fruit which made  
    rejoice  
Creation, though life's self were lost in giving  
    birth  
To life more fresh and fit to glorify God's earth? 345  
How say you, should the hand God trusted with  
    life's torch  
Kindled to light the world—aware of sparks that  
    scorch,  
Let fall the same? Forsooth, her flesh a fire-flake  
    stings:  
The mother drops the child! Among what mon-  
    strous things 350  
Shall she be classed? Because of motherhood,  
    each male  
Yields to his partner place, sinks proudly in the  
    scale:  
His strength owned weakness, wit—folly, and  
    courage—fear,  
Beside the female proved male's mistress—only  
    here.  
The fox-dam, hunger-pined, will slay the felon sire 355  
Who dares assault her whelp: the beaver,  
    stretched on fire,  
Will die without a groan: no pang avails to wrest  
Her young from where they hide—her sanctuary  
    breast.  
What's here then? Answer me, thou dead one,  
    as, I trow,  
Standing at God's own bar, he bids thee answer  
    now! 360  
Thrice crowned wast thou—each crown of pride,  
    a child—thy charge!  
Where are they? Lost? Enough: no need that  
    thou enlarge  
On how or why the loss: life left to utter 'lost'

## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

Condemns itself beyond appeal. The soldier's  
post  
Guards from the foe's attack the camp he senti-  
nels : 365  
That he no traitor proved, this and this only  
tells—  
Over the corpse of him trod foe to foe's success.  
Yet—one by one thy crowns torn from thee—thou  
no less  
To scare the world, shame God,—livedst ! I  
hold He saw  
The unexampled sin, ordained the novel law, 370  
Whereof first instrument was first intelligence  
Found loyal here. I hold that, failing human  
sense,  
The very earth had oped, sky fallen, to efface  
Humanity's new wrong, motherhood's first dis-  
grace.  
Earth oped not, neither fell the sky, for prompt  
was found 375  
A man and man enough, head-sober and heart-  
sound,  
Ready to hear God's voice, resolute to obey.  
Ivàn Ivànovitch, I hold, has done, this day,  
No otherwise than did, in ages long ago,  
Moses when he made known the purport of that  
flow 380  
Of fire athwart the law's twain-tables ! I pro-  
claim  
Ivàn Ivànovitch God's servant ! ”

At which name  
Uprose that creepy whisper from out the crowd,  
is wont  
To swell and surge and sink when fellow-men  
confront

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

A punishment that falls on fellow flesh and blood, 385  
Appallingly beheld—shudderingly understood,  
No less, to be the right, the just, the merciful.  
“God’s servant !” hissed the crowd.

When that Amen grew dull  
And died away and left acquittal plain adjudged,  
“Amen !” last sighed the lord. “There’s none 390  
shall say I grudged  
Escape from punishment in such a novel case.  
Deferring to old age and holy life,—be grace  
Granted ! say I. No less, scruples might shake  
a sense  
Firmer than I boast mine. Law’s law, and evi-  
dence  
Of breach therein lies plain,—blood-red-bright,—  
all may see ! 395  
Yet all absolve the deed : absolved the deed must  
be !

“And next—as mercy rules the hour—methinks  
’t were well  
You signify forthwith its sentence, and dispel  
The doubts and fears, I judge, which busy now  
the head  
Law puts a halter round—a halo—you, instead ! 400  
Ivàn Ivànovitch—what think you he expects  
Will follow from his feat ? Go, tell him—law  
protects  
Murder, for once : no need he longer keep behind  
The Sacred Pictures—where skulks Innocence  
enshrined,  
Or I missay ! Go, some ! You others, haste and  
hide 405  
The dismal object there : get done, whate’er be-  
tide !”



## IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH

So, while the youngers raised the corpse, the  
elders trooped

Silently to the house : where halting, someone  
stooped,

Listened beside the door ; all there was silent too.

Then they held counsel ; then pushed door and,  
passing through,

Stood in the murderer's presence. 410

Ivàn Ivànovitch

Knelt, building on the floor that Kremlin rare  
and rich

He deftly cut and carved on lazy winter nights.

Some five young faces watched, breathlessly, as,  
to rights,

Piece upon piece, he reared the fabric nigh  
complete. 415

Stèscha, Ivàn's old mother, sat spinning by the  
heat

Of the oven where his wife Kàtia stood baking  
bread.

Ivàn's self, as he turned his honey-coloured head,  
Was just in act to drop, 'twixt fir-cones,—each a  
dome,—

The scooped-out yellow gourd presumably the  
home 420

Of Kolokol the Big : the bell, therein to hitch,

—An acorn-cup—was ready : Ivàn Ivànovitch

Turned with it in his mouth.

They told him he was free

As air to walk abroad. “How otherwise?” asked  
he.

## TRAY

SING me a hero ! Quench my thirst  
Of soul, ye bards !

Quoth Bard the first :  
“ Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don  
His helm and eke his habergeon . . . ”  
Sir Olaf and his bard—— !

“ That sin-scathed brow ” (quoth Bard the second)  
“ That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned  
My hero to some steep, beneath  
Which precipice smiled tempting death . . . ”  
You too without your host have reckoned !

“ A beggar-child ” (let ’s hear the third !)  
“ Sat on a quay’s edge : like a bird  
Sang to herself at careless play,  
And fell into the stream. ‘ Dismay !  
Help, you the standers-by ! ’ None stirred.

“ Bystanders reason, think of wives  
And children ere they risk their lives.  
Over the balustrade has bounced  
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced  
Plumb on the prize. ‘ How well he dives !

“ ‘ Up he comes with the child, see, tight  
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite  
A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet !  
Good dog ! What, off again ? There ’s yet  
Another child to save ? All right !

## TRAY

“ ‘How strange we saw no other fall !  
It ’s instinct in the animal.  
Good dog ! But he ’s a long while under :  
If he got drowned I should not wonder—  
Strong current, that against the wall !

“ ‘Here he comes, holds in mouth this time  
—What may the thing be ? Well, that ’s prime !  
Now, did you ever ? Reason reigns  
In man alone, since all Tray’s pains  
Have fished—the child’s doll from the slime !’

“ And so, amid the laughter gay,  
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—  
Till somebody, prerogated  
With reason, reasoned : ‘Why he dived,  
His brain would show us, I should say.

“ ‘John, go and catch—or, if needs be,  
Purchase—that animal for me !  
By vivisection, at expense  
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,  
How brain secretes dog’s soul, we ’ll see !’ ”

## NED BRATTS

'T WAS Bedford Special Assize, one daft Mid-  
summer's Day :

A broiling blasting June,—was never its like, men  
say.

Corn stood sheaf-ripe already, and trees looked  
yellow as that ;

Ponds drained dust-dry, the cattle lay foaming  
around each flat.

Inside town, dogs went mad, and folk kept bib-  
bing beer

While the parsons prayed for rain. 'T was horrible,  
yes—but queer :

Queer—for the sun laughed gay, yet nobodymoved  
a hand

To work one stroke at his trade : as given to  
understand

That all was come to a stop, work and such  
worldly ways,

And the world's old self about to end in a merry  
blaze.

Midsummer's Day moreover was the first of Bed-  
ford Fair,

With Bedford Town's tag-rag and bobtail a-bows-  
ing there.

But the Court House, Quality crammed : through  
doors ope, windows wide,

High on the Bench you saw sit Lordships side by  
side.

## NED BRATTS

There frowned Chief Justice Jukes, fumed learned  
    Brother Small, 15  
And fretted their fellow Judge: like threshers, one  
    and all,  
Of a reek with laying down the law in a furnace.  
    Why?  
Because their lungs breathed flame—the regular  
    crowd forbye—  
From gentry pouring in—quite a nosegay, to be  
    sure!  
How else could they pass the time, six mortal hours  
    endure 20  
Till night should extinguish day, when matters  
    might haply mend?  
Meanwhile no bad resource was—watching begin  
    and end  
Some trial for life and death, in a brisk five minutes'  
    space,  
And betting which knave would 'scape, which hang,  
    from his sort of face.

So, their Lordships toiled and moiled, and a deal  
    of work was done 25  
(I warrant) to justify the mirth of the crazy sun  
As this and t' other lout, struck dumb at the sudden  
    show  
Of red robes and white wigs, boggled nor answered  
    “Boh!”  
When asked why he, Tom Styles, should not—  
    because Jack Nokes  
Had stolen the horse—be hanged: for Judges  
    must have their jokes, 30  
And louts must make allowance—let 's say, for  
    some blue fly  
Which punctured a dewy scalp where the frizzles  
    stuck awry—

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Else Tom had fleered scot-free, so nearly over and  
done  
Was the main of the job. Full-measure, the  
gentles enjoyed their fun,  
As a twenty-five were tried, rank puritans caught  
at prayer  
In a cow-house and laid by the heels,—have at  
'em, devil may care!—  
And ten were prescribed the whip, and ten a brand  
on the cheek,  
And five a slit of the nose—just leaving enough  
to tweak.

Well, things at jolly high-tide, amusement steeped  
in fire,  
While noon smote fierce the roof's red tiles to  
heart's desire,  
The Court a-simmer with smoke, one ferment of  
oozy flesh,  
One spirituous humming musk mount-mounting  
until its mesh  
Entoiled all heads in a fluster, and Serjeant  
Postlethwayte  
—Dashing the wig oblique as he mopped his oily  
pate—  
Cried “Silence, or I grow grease! No loophole  
lets in air?  
Jurymen,—Guilty, Death! Gainsay me if you  
dare!”  
—Things at this pitch, I say,—what hubbub with-  
out the doors?  
What laughs, shrieks, hoots and yells, what rudest  
of uproars?

Bounce through the barrier throng a bulk comes  
rolling vast!

## NED BRATTS

Thumps, kicks,—no manner of use!—spite of them  
rolls at last 50  
Into the midst a ball which, bursting, brings to  
view  
Publican Black Ned Bratts and Tabby his big wife  
too :  
Both in a muck-sweat, both . . . were never such  
eyes uplift  
At the sight of yawning hell, such nostrils—snouts  
that sniffed  
Sulphur, such mouths a-gape ready to swallow  
flame ! 55  
Horried, hideous, frank fiend-faces ! yet, all the  
same,  
Mixed with a certain . . . eh ? how shall I dare  
style—mirth  
The desperate grin of the guess that, could they  
break from earth,  
Heaven was above, and hell might rage in im-  
potence  
Below the saved, the saved !

“ Confound you ! (no offence !) 60  
Out of our way,—push, wife ! Yonder their  
Worships be ! ”  
Ned Bratts has reached the bar, and “ Hey, my  
Lords,” roars he,  
“ A Jury of life and death, Judges the prime of  
the land,  
Constables, javelineers,—all met, if I understand,  
To decide so knotty a point as whether ’t was  
Jack or Joan 65  
Robbed the henroost, pinched the pig, hit the  
King’s Arms with a stone,  
Dropped the baby down the well, left the tithes-  
man in the lurch,

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Or, three whole Sundays running, not once  
attended church!

What a pother—do these deserve the parish-  
stocks or whip,

More or less brow to brand, much or little nose  
to snip,—

When, in our Public, plain stand we—that 's we  
stand here,

I and my Tab, brass-bold, brick-built of beef and  
beer,

—Do not we, slut? Step forth and show your  
beauty, jade!

Wife of my bosom—that 's the word now! What  
a trade

We drove! None said us nay: nobody loved his  
life

So little as wag a tongue against us,—did they,  
wife?

Yet they knew us all the while, in their hearts, for  
what we are

—Worst couple, rogue and quean, unchanged—  
search near and far!

Eh, Tab? The pedlar, now—o'er his noggin—  
who warned a mate

To cut and run, nor risk his pack where its loss of  
weight

Was the least to dread,—aha, how we two laughed  
a-good

As, stealing round the midden, he came on where  
I stood

With billet poised and raised,—you, ready with  
the rope,—

Ah, but that 's past, that 's sin repented of, we  
hope!

Men knew us for that same, yet safe and sound  
stood we!



## NED BRATTS

The lily-livered knaves knew too (I've baulked  
a d——)

Our keeping the 'Pied Bull' was just a mere  
pretence :

Too slow the pounds make food, drink, lodging,  
from out the pence !

There's not a stoppage to travel has chanced,  
this ten long year,

No break into hall or grange, no lifting of nag or  
steer,

Not a single roguery, from the clipping of a  
purse

To the cutting of a throat, but paid us toll. Od's  
curse !

When Gipsy Smouch made bold to cheat us of  
our due,

—Eh, Tab? the Squire's strong-box we helped  
the rascal to—

I think he pulled a face, next Sessions' swinging-  
time !

He danced the jig that needs no floor,—and, here's  
the prime,

'T was Scroggs that houghed the mare! Ay,  
those were busy days !

“Well, there we flourished brave, like scripture-  
trees called bays,

Faring high, drinking hard, in money up to  
head

—Not to say, boots and shoes, when . . .  
Zounds, I nearly said—

Lord, to unlearn one's language ! How shall we  
labour, wife ?

Have you, fast hold, the Book? Grasp, grip it,  
for your life !

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

See, sirs, here 's life, salvation ! Here 's—hold  
but out my breath—

When did I speak so long without once swearing ?  
'Sdeath,

No, nor unhelped by ale since man and boy !  
And yet

105

All yesterday I had to keep my whistle wet  
While reading Tab this Book : book ? don't say  
'book'—they 're plays,

Songs, ballads and the like : here 's no such  
strawy blaze,

But sky wide ope, sun, moon, and seven stars out  
full-flare !

Tab, help and tell ! I 'm hoarse. A mug ! or  
—no, a prayer !

110

Dip for one out of the Book ! Who wrote it in  
the Jail

—He plied his pen unhelped by beer, sirs, I 'll  
be bail !

“I 've got my second wind. In trundles she—  
that 's Tab.

‘Why, Gammer, what 's come now, that—bob-  
bing like a crab

On Yule-tide bowl—your head 's a-work and both  
your eyes

115

Break loose ? Afeard, you fool ? As if the dead  
can rise !

Say—Bagman Dick was found last May with  
fuddling-cap

Stuffed in his mouth : to choke 's a natural mis-  
hap !’

‘Gaffer, be—blessed,’ cries she, ‘and Bagman  
Dick as well !

I, you, and he are damned : this Public is our  
hell :

120

## NED BRATTS

We live in fire: live coals don't feel!—once  
quenched, they learn—  
Cinders do, to what dust they moulder while they  
burn !'

“ ‘If you don't speak straight out,’ says I—  
belike I swore—  
‘A knobstick, well you know the taste of, shall,  
once more,  
Teach you to talk, my maid !’ She ups with such  
a face,  
Heart sunk inside me. ‘Well, pad on, my prate-  
apace !’” 125

“ ‘I 've been about those laces we need for . . .  
never mind !  
If henceforth they tie hands, 't is mine they 'll  
have to bind.  
You know who makes them best—the Tinker in  
our cage,  
Pulled-up for gospelling, twelve years ago: no age 130  
To try another trade,—yet, so he scorned to take  
Money he did not earn, he taught himself the  
make  
Of laces, tagged and tough—Dick Bagman found  
them so !  
Good customers were we ! Well, last week, you  
must know  
His girl,—the blind young chit, who hawks about  
his wares,— 135  
She takes it in her head to come no more—such airs  
These hussies have ! Yet, since we need a stoutish  
lace,—  
“I 'll to the jail-bird father, abuse her to his face !”  
So, first I filled a jug to give me heart, and then,  
Primed to the proper pitch, I posted to their den— 140

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

*Patmore*—they style their prison ! I tip the turn-  
key, catch

My heart up, fix my face, and fearless lift the latch—  
Both arms a-kimbo, in bounce with a good round  
oath

Ready for rapping out : no “ Lawks ” nor “ By  
my troth ! ”

“ “ There sat my man, the father. He looked up :  
what one feels 145

When heart that leapt to mouth drops down again  
to heels !

He raised his hand . . . Hast seen, when drinking  
out the night,

And in, the day, earth grow another something quite  
Under the sun’s first stare ? I stood a very stone.

“ “ “ Woman ! ” (a fiery tear he put in every tone), 150

“ How should my child frequent your house where  
lust is sport,

Violence—trade ? Too true ! I trust no vague  
report.

Her angel’s hand, which stops the sight of sin,  
leaves clear

The other gate of sense, lets outrage through the ear.

What has she heard !—which, heard shall never  
be again. 155

Better lack food than feast, a Dives in the—wain  
Or reign or train—of Charles ! ” (His language  
was not ours :

’T is my belief, God spoke : no tinker has such  
powers).

“ Bread, only bread they bring—my laces : if we  
broke

Your lump of leavened sin, the loaf’s first crumb  
would choke ! ” 160

## NED BRATTS

“ ‘ Down on my marrow-bones ! Then all at once  
rose he :  
His brown hair burst a-spread, his eyes were suns  
to see :  
Up went his hands : “ Through flesh, I reach, I  
read thy soul !  
So may some stricken tree look blasted, bough  
and bole,  
Champed by the fire-tooth, charred without, and  
yet, thrice-bound 165  
With dreriment about, within may life be found,  
A prisoned power to branch and blossom as before,  
Could but the gardener cleave the cloister, reach  
the core,  
Loosen the vital sap: yet where shall help be found?  
Who says ‘ How save it ? ’—nor ‘ Why cumber it  
the ground ? ’ 170  
Woman, that tree art thou ! All sloughed about  
with scurf,  
Thy stag-horns fright the sky, thy snake-roots  
sting the turf !  
Drunkenness, wantonness, theft, murder gnash  
and gnarl  
Thine outward, case thy soul with coating like the  
marle  
Satan stamps flat upon each head beneath his hoof ! 175  
And how deliver such ? The strong men keep  
aloof,  
Lover and friend stand far, the mocking ones pass  
by,  
Tophet gapes wide for prey: lost soul, despair and  
die !  
What then ? ‘ Look unto me and be ye saved ! ’  
saith God :  
‘ I strike the rock, outstreats the life-stream at my  
rod !

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Be your sins scarlet, wool shall they seem like,—  
although  
Ascrimson red, yet turn white as the driven snow!’’

“ ‘There, there, there ! All I seem to somehow  
understand  
Is—that, if I reached home, ’t was through the  
guiding hand  
Of his blind girl which led and led me through  
the streets 185  
And out of town and up to door again. What greets  
First thing my eye, as limbs recover from their  
swoon ?  
A book—this Book she gave at parting. “Father’s  
boon—  
The Book he wrote: it reads as if he spoke himself:  
He cannot preach in bonds, so,—take it down  
from shelf 190  
When you want counsel,—think you hear his  
very voice !”

“ ‘Wicked dear Husband, first despair and then  
rejoice !  
Dear wicked Husband, waste no tick of moment  
more,  
Be saved like me, bald trunk ! There ’s green-  
ness yet at core,  
Sap under slough ! Read, read !’

“ ‘Let me take breath, my lords ! 195  
I’d like to know, are these—hers, mine, or Bunyan’s  
words ?  
I ’m ’wildered—scarce with drink,—nowise with  
drink alone !  
You ’ll say, with heat : but heat ’s no stuff to split  
a stone

## NED BRATTS

Like this black boulder—this flint heart of mine :  
the Book—  
That dealt the crashing blow !   Sirs, here 's the  
fist that shook 200  
His beard till Wrestler Jem howled like a just-  
lugged bear !  
You had brained me with a feather : at once I  
grew aware  
Christian was meant for me.   A burden at your  
back,  
Good Master Christian ?   Nay,—yours was that  
Joseph's sack,  
—Or whose it was,—which held the cup,—com-  
pared with mine ! 205  
Robbery loads my loins, perjury cracks my chine,  
Adultery . . . nay, Tab, you pitched me as I  
flung !  
One word, I 'll up with fist . . . No, sweet spouse,  
hold your tongue !  
  
“ I 'm hasting to the end.   The Book, sirs—take  
and read !  
You have my history in a nutshell,—ay, indeed ! 210  
It must off, my burden !   See,—slack straps and  
into pit,  
Roll, reach the bottom, rest, rot there—a plague  
on it !  
For a mountain 's sure to fall and bury Bedford  
Town,  
' Destruction '—that 's the name, and fire shall  
burn it down !  
O 'scape the wrath in time !   Time 's now, if not  
too late. 215  
How can I pilgrimage up to the wicket-gate ?  
Next comes Despond the slough : not that I fear  
to pull

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Through mud, and dry my clothes at brave House  
Beautiful—

But it's late in the day, I reckon : had I left years  
ago

Town, wife, and children dear . . . Well, Chris-  
tian did, you know !—

Soon I had met in the valley and tried my cudgel's  
strength

On the enemy horned and winged, a-straddle  
across its length !

Have at his horns, thwick—thwack : they snap,  
see ! Hoof and hoof—

Bang, break the fetlock-bones ! For love's sake,  
keep aloof

Angels ! I'm man and match,—this cudgel for  
my flail,—

To thresh him, hoofs and horns, bat's wing and  
serpent's tail !

A chance gone by ! But then, what else does  
Hopeful ding

Into the deafest ear except—hope, hope's the  
thing ?

Too late i' the day for me to thrid the windings : but  
There's still a way to win the race by death's short  
cut !

Did Master Faithful need climb the Delightful  
Mounts ?

No, straight to Vanity Fair,—a fair, by all accounts,  
Such as is held outside,—lords, ladies, grand and  
gay,—

Says he in the face of them, just what you hear  
me say.

And the Judges brought him in guilty, and brought  
him out

To die in the market-place—St. Peter's Green's  
about



## NED BRATTS

The same thing: there they flogged, flayed,  
buffeted, lanced with knives,  
Pricked him with swords,—I 'll swear, he 'd full  
a cat's nine lives,—  
So to his end at last came Faithful,—ha, ha, he!  
Who holds the highest card? for there stands  
hid, you see, 240  
Behind the rabble-rout, a chariot, pair and all:  
He 's in, he 's off, he 's up, through clouds, at  
trumpet-call,  
Carried the nearest way to Heaven-gate! Odds  
my life—  
Has nobody a sword to spare? not even a knife?  
Then hang me, draw and quarter! Tab—do the  
same by her! 245  
O Master Worldly-Wiseman . . . that 's Master  
Interpreter,  
Take the will, not the deed! Our gibbet 's handy  
close:  
Forestall Last Judgment-Day! Be kindly, not  
morose!  
There wants no earthly judge-and-jurying: here  
we stand—  
Sentence our guilty selves: so, hang us out of  
hand! 250  
Make haste for pity's sake! A single moment's  
loss  
Means—Satan 's lord once more: his whisper  
shoots across  
All singing in my heart, all praying in my brain,  
'It comes of heat and beer!'—hark how he  
guffaws plain!  
'To-morrow you 'll wake bright, and, in a safe  
skin, hug 255  
Your sound selves, Tab and you, over a foaming  
jug!

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

You 've had such qualms before, time out of  
mind!' He's right!  
Did not we kick and cuff and curse away, that  
night  
When home we blindly reeled, and left poor  
humpback Joe  
I' the lurch to pay for what . . . somebody did,  
you know! 260  
Both of us maundered then 'Lame humpback,—  
never more  
Will he come limping, drain his tankard at our  
door!  
He'll swing, while—somebody . . . ' Says  
Tab, 'No, for I'll peach!'  
'I'm for you, Tab,' cries I, 'there's rope enough  
for each!'  
So blubbered we, and bussed, and went to bed  
upon 265  
The grace of Tab's good thought: by morning,  
all was gone!  
We laughed—'What's life to him, a cripple of  
no account?'  
Oh, waves increase around—I feel them mount  
and mount!  
Hang us! To-morrow brings Tom Bearward  
with his bears:  
One new black-muzzled brute beats Sackerson,  
he swears: 270  
(Sackerson, for my money!) And, baiting o'er,  
the Brawl  
They lead on Turner's Patch,—lads, lasses, up  
tails all,—  
I'm i' the thick o' the throng! That means the  
Iron Cage,  
—Means the Lost Man inside! Where's hope  
for such as wage

## NED BRATTS

War against light? Light 's left, light 's here, I  
hold light still, 275  
So does Tab—make but haste to hang us both!  
You will?"

I promise, when he stopped you might have heard  
a mouse  
Squeak, such a death-like hush sealed up the old  
Mote House.  
But when the mass of man sank meek upon his  
knees,  
While Tab, alongside, wheezed a hoarse "Do  
hang us, please!" 280  
Why, then the waters rose, no eye but ran with  
tears,  
Hearts heaved, heads thumped, until, paying all  
past arrears  
Of pity and sorrow, at last a regular scream out-  
broke  
Of triumph, joy and praise.

My Lord Chief Justice spoke,  
First mopping brow and cheek, where still, for  
one that budged, 285  
Another bead broke fresh: "What Judge, that  
ever judged  
Since first the world began, judged such a case  
as this?  
Why, Master Bratts, long since, folk smelt you  
out, I wis!  
I had my doubts, i' faith, each time you played  
the fox  
Convicting geese of crime in yonder witness-  
box— 290  
Yea, much did I misdoubt, the thief that stole her  
eggs

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Was hardly goosey's self at Reynard's game, i'  
feggs!

Yet thus much was to praise—you spoke to point,  
direct—

Swore you heard, saw the theft : no jury could  
suspect—

Dared to suspect,—I 'll say,—a spot in white so  
clear :

295

Goosey was throttled, true : but thereof godly fear  
Came of example set, much as our laws intend ;  
And, though a fox confessed, you proved the  
Judge's friend.

What if I had my doubts ? Suppose I gave them  
breath,

Brought you to bar : what work to do, ere ' Guilty,  
Death,'—

300

Had paid our pains ! What heaps of witnesses  
to drag

From holes and corners, paid from out the County's  
bag !

Trial three dog-days long ! *Amicus Curie*—that 's  
Your title, no dispute—truth-telling Master Bratts !  
Thank you, too, Mistress Tab ! Why doubt one  
word you say ?

305

Hanging you both deserve, hanged both shall be  
this day !

The tinker needs must be a proper man. I 've  
heard

He lies in Jail long since : if Quality 's good word  
Warrants me letting loose,—some householder, I  
mean—

Freeholder, better still,—I don't say but—between 310  
Now and next Sessions . . . Well ! Consider of  
his case,

I promise to, at least : we owe him so much grace.  
Not that—no, God forbid !—I lean to think, as you,

## NED BRATTS

The grace that such repent is any jail-bird's due :  
I rather see the fruit of twelve years' pious reign— 315  
Astræa Redux, Charles restored his rights again !  
—Of which, another time ! I somehow feel a peace  
Stealing across the world. May deeds like this  
increase !

So, Master Sheriff, stay that sentence I pronounced  
On those two dozen odd : deserving to be trounced 320  
Soundly, and yet . . . well, well, at all events  
despatch

This pair of—shall I say, sinner-saints ?—ere we  
catch

Their jail-distemper too. Stop tears, or I 'll indite  
All weeping Bedfordshire for turning Bunyanite !”

So, forms were galloped through. If Justice, on  
the spur, 325  
Proved somewhat expeditious, would Quality  
demur ?

And happily hanged were they,—why lengthen out  
my tale ?—

Where Bunyan's Statue stands facing where stood  
his Jail.



# DRAMATIC IDYLS

*SECOND SERIES*







# DRAMATIC IDYLS

## *SECOND SERIES*

1880

### ECHETLOS

HERE is a story shall stir you ! Stand up, Greeks  
dead and gone,  
Who breasted, beat Barbarians, stemmed Persia  
rolling on,  
Did the deed and saved the world, for the day  
was Marathon !

No man but did his manliest, kept rank and fought  
away  
In his tribe and file : up, back, out, down—was  
the spear-arm play :  
Like a wind-whipt branchy wood, all spear-arms  
a-swing that day !

But one man kept no rank and his sole arm plied  
no spear,  
As a flashing came and went, and a form i' the  
van, the rear,  
Brightened the battle up, for he blazed now there,  
now here.

Nor helmed nor shielded, he ! but, a goat-skin all  
his wear,  
Like a tiller of the soil, with a clown's limbs broad  
and bare,  
Went he ploughing on and on : he pushed with a  
ploughman's share.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Did the weak mid-line give way, as tunnies on  
whom the shark

Precipitates his bulk? Did the right-wing halt  
when, stark

On his heap of slain lay stretched Kallimachos  
Polemarch?

Did the steady phalanx falter? To the rescue, at  
the need,

The clown was ploughing Persia, clearing Greek  
earth of weed,

As he routed through the Sakian and rooted up  
the Mede.

But the deed done, battle won,—nowhere to be  
descried

On the meadow, by the stream, at the marsh,—  
look far and wide

From the foot of the mountain, no, to the last  
blood-plashed seaside,—

Not anywhere on view blazed the large limbs  
thonged and brown,

Shearing and clearing still with the share before  
which—down

To the dust went Persia's pomp, as he ploughed  
for Greece, that clown!

How spake the Oracle? "Care for no name at all!  
Say but just this: 'We praise one helpful whom  
we call

The Holder of the Ploughshare.' The great deed  
ne'er grows small."

Not the great name! Sing—woe for the great  
name Míltiadés

And its end at Paros isle! Woe for Themistokles  
—Satrap in Sardis court! Name not the clown  
like these!

## CLIVE

I AND Clive were friends—and why not? Friends!

I think you laugh, my lad.

Clive it was gave England India, while your  
father gives—egad,

England nothing but the graceless boy who lures  
him on to speak—

“Well, Sir, you and Clive were comrades—” with  
a tongue thrust in your cheek!

Very true: in my eyes, your eyes, all the world’s  
eyes, Clive was man,

I was, am and ever shall be—mouse, nay, mouse  
of all its clan

Sorriest sample, if you take the kitchen’s estimate  
for fame;

While the man Clive—he fought Plassy, spoiled  
the clever foreign game,

Conquered and annexed and Englished!

Never mind! As o’er my punch  
(You away) I sit of evenings,—silence, save for  
biscuit-crunch,

Black, unbroken,—thought grows busy, thrids  
each pathway of old years,

Notes this forthright, that meander, till the long-  
past life appears

Like an outspread map of country plodded  
through, each mile and rood,

Once, and well remembered still: I’m startled in  
my solitude

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Ever and anon by—what 's the sudden mocking  
 light that breaks 15  
 On me as I slap the table till no rummer-glass  
 but shakes  
 While I ask—aloud, I do believe, God help me!—  
 “Was it thus?  
 Can it be that so I faltered, stopped when just  
 one step for us—”  
 (Us,—you were not born, I grant, but surely some  
 day born would be)  
 “—One bold step had gained a province” (figura-  
 tive talk, you see) 20  
 “Got no end of wealth and honour,—yet I stood  
 stock still no less?”  
 —“For I was not Clive,” you comment: but it  
 needs no Clive to guess  
 Wealth were handy, honour ticklish, did no  
 writing on the wall  
 Warn me “Trespasser, 'ware man-traps!” Him  
 who braves that notice—call  
 Hero! none of such heroics suit myself who read  
 plain words, 25  
 Doff my hat, and leap no barrier. Scripture says  
 the land 's the Lord's:  
 Louts then—what avail the thousand, noisy in a  
 smock-frocked ring,  
 All-agog to have me trespass, clear the fence, be  
 Clive their king?  
 Higher warrant must you show me ere I set one  
 foot before  
 T'other in that dark direction, though I stand for  
 evermore 30  
 Poor as Job and meek as Moses. Evermore?  
 No! By-and-by  
 Job grows rich and Moses valiant, Clive turns out  
 less wise than I.

## CLIVE

Don't object "Why call him friend, then?"

Power is power, my boy, and still  
Marks a man,—God's gift magnificent, exercised for  
good or ill.

You've your boot now on my hearth-rug, tread  
what was a tiger's skin :

35

Rarely such a royal monster as I lodged the  
bullet in !

True, he murdered half a village, so his own death  
came to pass ;

Still, for size and beauty, cunning, courage—ah,  
the brute he was !

Why, that Clive,—that youth, that greenhorn,  
that quill-driving clerk, in fine,—

He sustained a siege in Arcot. . . But the world  
knows ! Pass the wine.

40

Where did I break off at ? How bring Clive in ?

Oh, you mentioned "fear" !

Just so : and, said I, that minds me of a story  
you shall hear.

We were friends then, Clive and I : so, when the  
clouds, about the orb

Late supreme, encroaching slowly, surely, threat-  
ened to absorb

Ray by ray its noontide brilliance,—friendship  
might, with steadier eye

45

Drawing near, bear what had burned else, now no  
blaze—all majesty.

Too much bee's-wing floats my figure ? Well,  
suppose a castle's new :

None presume to climb its ramparts, none find  
foothold sure for shoe

'Twixt those squares and squares of granite plating  
the impervious pile

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

As his scale-mail's warty iron cuirasses a crocodile.  
Reels that castle thunder-smitten, storm-dismantled? From without  
Scrambling up by crack and crevice, every cockney prates about  
Towers—the heap he kicks now! turrets—just the measure of his cane!  
Will that do? Observe moreover—(same similitude again)—  
Such a castle seldom crumbles by sheer stress of cannonade:  
'T is when foes are foiled and fighting's finished that vile rains invade,  
Grass o'ergrows, o'ergrows till night-birds congregating find no holes  
Fit to build in like the topmost sockets made for banner-poles.  
So Clive crumbled slow in London—crashed at last.

A week before,  
Dining with him,—after trying churchyard-chat of days of yore,—  
Both of us stopped, tired as tombstones, head-piece, foot-piece, when they lean  
Each to other, drowsed in fog-smoke, o'er a confined Past between.  
As I saw his head sink heavy, guessed the soul's extinguishment  
By the glazing eyeball, noticed how the furtive fingers went  
Where a drug-box skulked behind the honest liquor,—“One more throw  
Try for Clive!” thought I: “Let's venture some good rattling question!” So—

## CLIVE

“Come, Clive, tell us”—out I blurted—“what  
to tell in turn, years hence,

When my boy—suppose I have one—asks me on  
what evidence

I maintain my friend of Plassy proved a warrior  
every whit

Worth your Alexanders, Cæsars, Marlboroughs  
and—what said Pitt?—

Frederick the Fierce himself! Clive told me  
once”—I want to say—

“Which feat out of all those famous doings bore  
the bell away

—In his own calm estimation, mark you, not the  
mob’s rough guess—

Which stood foremost as evincing what Clive  
called courageousness!

Come! what moment of the minute, what speck-  
centre in the wide

Circle of the action saw your mortal fairly deified?  
(Let alone that filthy sleep-stuff, swallow bold this  
wholesome Port!)

If a friend has leave to question,—when were you  
most brave, in short?”

Up he arched his brows o’ the instant—formidably  
Clive again.

“When was I most brave? I’d answer, were the  
instance half as plain

As another instance that ’s a brain-lodged crystal  
—curse it!—here

Freezing when my memory touches—ugh!—the  
time I felt most fear.

Ugh! I cannot say for certain if I showed fear—  
anyhow,

Fear I felt, and, very likely, shuddered, since I  
shiver now.”



## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“Fear!” smiled I. “Well, that ’s the rarer :  
that ’s a specimen to seek,  
Ticket up in one’s museum, *Mind-Freaks*, *Lord*  
*Clive’s Fear*, *Unique!*” 85

Down his brows dropped. On the table painfully  
he pored as though  
Tracing, in the stains and streaks there, thoughts  
encrusted long ago.  
When he spoke ’t was like a lawyer reading word  
by word some will,  
Some blind jungle of a statement,—beating on  
and on until 90  
Out there leaps fierce life to fight with.

“This fell in my factor-days.  
Desk-drudge, slaving at St. David’s, one must  
game, or drink, or craze.  
I chose gaming : and,—because your high-flown  
gamesters hardly take  
Umbrage at a factor’s elbow if the factor pays his  
stake,—  
I was winked at in a circle where the company  
was choice, 95  
Captain This and Major That, men high of colour,  
loud of voice,  
Yet indulgent, condescending to the modest juvenile  
Who not merely risked but lost his hard-earned  
guineas with a smile.

“Down I sat to cards, one evening,—had for my  
antagonist  
Somebody whose name ’s a secret—you ’ll know  
why—so, if you list, 100  
Call him Cock o’ the Walk, my scarlet son of Mars  
from head to heel!

## CLIVE

Play commenced : and, whether Cocky fancied  
that a clerk must feel  
Quite sufficient honour came of bending over one  
green baize,  
I the scribe with him the warrior,—guessed no  
penman dared to raise  
Shadow of objection should the honour stay but  
playing end 105  
More or less abruptly,—whether disinclined he  
grew to spend  
Practice strictly scientific on a booby born to stare  
At—not ask of—lace-and-ruffles if the hand they  
hide plays fair,—  
Anyhow, I marked a movement when he bade me  
‘Cut !’

“ I rose.  
‘Such the new manœuvre, Captain? I ’m a  
novice : knowledge grows. 110  
What, you force a card, you cheat, Sir?’

“ Never did a thunder-clap  
Cause emotion, startle Thyrsis locked with Chloe  
in his lap,  
As my word and gesture (down I flung my cards  
to join the pack)  
Fired the man of arms, whose visage, simply red  
before, turned black.

When he found his voice, he stammered ‘That  
expression once again !’ 115

“ ‘ Well, you forced a card and cheated !’

“ ‘ Possibly a factor’s brain,  
Busied with his all-important balance of accounts,  
may deem

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Weighing words superfluous trouble : *cheat* to  
clerkly ears may seem

Just the joke for friends to venture : but we are  
not friends, you see !

When a gentleman is joked with,—if he 's good  
at repartee,

He rejoins, as do I—Sirrah, on your knees, with-  
draw in full !

Beg my pardon, or be sure a kindly bullet through  
your skull

Lets in light and teaches manners to what brain  
it finds ! Choose quick—

Have your life snuffed out or, kneeling, pray me  
trim yon candle-wick !'

“ ‘ Well, you cheated ! ’

“ Then outbroke a howl  
from all the friends around.

To his feet sprang each in fury, fists were clenched  
and teeth were ground.

‘ End it ! no time like the present ! Captain, yours  
were our disgrace !

No delay, begin and finish ! Stand back, leave  
the pair a space !

Let civilians be instructed : henceforth simply ply  
the pen,

Fly the sword ! This clerk 's no swordsman ?  
Suit him with a pistol, then !

Even odds ! A dozen paces 'twixt the most and  
least expert

Make a dwarf a giant's equal : nay, the dwarf, if  
he 's alert,

Likelier hits the broader target !'

“ Up we stood accordingly.

As they handed me the weapon, such was my  
soul's thirst to try

## CLIVE

Then and there conclusions with this bully, tread  
on and stamp out 135  
Every spark of his existence, that,—crept close to,  
curled about  
By that toying tempting teasing fool-forefinger's  
middle joint,—  
Don't you guess?—the trigger yielded. Gone  
my chance! and at the point  
Of such prime success moreover: scarce an inch  
above his head  
Went my ball to hit the wainscot. He was living,  
I was dead. 140

“Up he marched in flaming triumph—'t was his  
right, mind!—up, within  
Just an arm's length. ‘Now, my clerkling,’  
chuckled Cocky with a grin  
As the levelled piece quite touched me. ‘Now,  
Sir Counting-House, repeat  
That expression which I told you proved bad  
manners! Did I cheat?’

“‘Cheat you did, you knew you cheated, and,  
this moment, know as well. 145  
As for me, my homely breeding bids you—fire  
and go to Hell!’

“Twice the muzzle touched my forehead. Heavy  
barrel, flurried wrist,  
Either spoils a steady lifting. Thrice: then,  
‘Laugh at Hell who list,  
I can't! God's no fable either. Did this boy's  
eye wink once? No!  
There's no standing him and Hell and God all  
three against me,—so,  
I did cheat!’ 150

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“And down he threw the pistol, out  
rushed—by the door  
Possibly, but, as for knowledge if by chimney,  
roof or floor,  
He effected disappearance—I’ll engage no glance  
was sent  
That way by a single starrer, such a blank  
astonishment  
Swallowed up their senses: as for speaking—  
mute they stood as mice.

155

“Mute not long, though! Such reaction, such  
a hubbub in a trice!  
‘Rogue and rascal! Who’d have thought it?  
What’s to be expected next,  
When His Majesty’s Commission serves a sharper  
as pretext  
For . . . But where’s the need of wasting time  
now? Nought requires delay:  
Punishment the Service cries for: let disgrace be  
wiped away  
Publicly, in good broad daylight! Resignation?  
No, indeed!  
Drum and fife must play the Rogue’s March,  
rank and file be free to speed  
Tardy marching on the rogue’s part by appliance  
in the rear  
—Kicks administered shall right this wronged  
civilian,—never fear,  
Mister Clive, for—though a clerk—you bore your-  
self—suppose we say—  
Just as would beseem a soldier!’

160

165

“Gentlemen, attention—pray!  
First, one word!’

## CLIVE

"I passed each speaker severally in review.  
When I had precise their number, names and  
styles, and fully knew  
Over whom my supervision thenceforth must extend,—why, then——

" "Some five minutes since, my life lay—as you  
all saw, gentlemen—170  
At the mercy of your friend there. Not a single  
voice was raised  
In arrest of judgment, not one tongue—before  
my powder blazed—  
Ventured "Can it be the youngster blundered,  
really seemed to mark  
Some irregular proceeding? We conjecture in  
the dark,  
Guess at random,—still, for sake of fair play—  
what if for a freak,175  
In a fit of absence,—such things have been!—if  
our friend proved weak  
—What 's the phrase?—corrected fortune! Look  
into the case, at least!"  
Who dared interpose between the altar's victim  
and the priest?  
Yet he spared me! You eleven! Whosoever,  
all or each,  
To the disadvantage of the man who spared me,  
utters speech180  
—To his face, behind his back,—that speaker  
has to do with me:  
Me who promise, if positions change and mine  
the chance should be,  
Not to imitate your friend and waive advantage!'

"Twenty-five  
Years ago this matter happened: and 't is cer-  
tain," added Clive,

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“Never, to my knowledge, did Sir Cocky have a  
single breath 185  
Breathed against him : lips were closed through-  
out his life, or since his death,  
For if he be dead or living I can tell no more than  
you.  
All I know is—Cocky had one chance more ;  
how he used it,—grew  
Out of such unlucky habits, or relapsed, and back  
again  
Brought the late-ejected devil with a score more  
in his train,— 190  
That ’s for you to judge. Reprieval I procured,  
at any rate.  
Ugh—the memory of that minute’s fear makes  
gooseflesh rise ! Why prate  
Longer ? You ’ve my story, there ’s your in-  
stance : fear I did, you see !”

“Well”—I hardly kept from laughing—“if I see  
it, thanks must be  
Wholly to your Lordship’s candour. Not that—  
in a common case— 195  
When a bully caught at cheating thrusts a pistol  
in one’s face,  
I should underrate, believe me, such a trial to  
the nerve !  
’T is no joke, at one-and-twenty, for a youth to  
stand nor swerve.  
Fear I naturally look for—unless, of all men  
alive,  
I am forced to make exception when I come to  
Robert Clive. 200  
Since at Arcot, Plassy, elsewhere, he and death  
—the whole world knows—  
Came to somewhat closer quarters.”

## CLIVE

Quarters? Had we come to blows,  
Clive and I, you had not wondered—up he sprang  
so, out he rapped  
Such a round of oaths—no matter! I'll endeavour to adapt  
To our modern usage words he—well, 't was  
friendly licence—flung 205  
At me like so many fire-balls, fast as he could  
wag his tongue.

“You—a soldier? You—at Plassy? Yours the  
faculty to nick  
Instantaneously occasion when your foe, if lightning-quick,  
—At his mercy, at his malice,—has you, through  
some stupid inch  
Undefended in your bulwark? Thus laid open,  
—not to flinch 210  
—That needs courage, you'll concede me. Then,  
look here! Suppose the man,  
Checking his advance, his weapon still extended,  
not a span  
Distant from my temple,—curse him!—quietly  
had bade me ‘There!’  
Keep your life, calumniator!—worthless life I  
freely spare:  
Mine you freely would have taken—murdered me  
and my good fame 215  
Both at once—and all the better! Go, and thank  
your own bad aim  
Which permits me to forgive you!’ What if, with  
such words as these,  
He had cast away his weapon? How should I  
have borne me, please?  
Nay, I'll spare you pains and tell you. This,  
and only this, remained—



## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Pick his weapon up and use it on myself. I so  
had gained 220  
Sleep the earlier, leaving England probably to  
pay on still  
Rent and taxes for half India, tenant at the  
Frenchman's will."

"Such the turn," said I, "the matter takes with  
you? Then I abate  
—No, by not one jot nor tittle,—of your act my  
estimate.

Fear—I wish I could detect there : courage fronts  
me, plain enough— 225  
Call it desperation, madness—never mind ! for  
here 's in rough  
Why, had mine been such a trial, fear had over-  
come disgrace.

True, disgrace were hard to bear : but such a rush  
against God's face

—None of that for me, Lord Plassy, since I go to  
church at times,  
Say the creed my mother taught me ! Many years  
in foreign climes 230

Rub some marks away—not all, though ! We  
poor sinners reach life's brink,  
Overlook what rolls beneath it, recklessly enough,  
but think

There 's advantage in what 's left us—ground to  
stand on, time to call

'Lord, have mercy !' ere we topple over—do not  
leap, that 's all !"

Oh, he made no answer,—re-absorbed into his  
cloud. I caught 235  
Something like "Yes—courage : only fools will  
call it fear."

If aught

## CLIVE

Comfort you, my great unhappy hero Clive, in that  
I heard,  
Next week, how your own hand dealt you doom,  
and uttered just the word  
“Fearfully courageous!”—this, be sure, and  
nothing else I groaned.  
I 'm no Clive, nor parson either : Clive's worst  
deed—we 'll hope condoned.

240

## MULÉYKEH

IF a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyn, he cried  
“A churl’s!”

Or haply “God help the man who has neither salt  
nor bread!”

—“Nay,” would a friend exclaim, “he needs nor  
pity nor scorn

More than who spends small thought on the shore-  
sand, picking pearls,

—Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears  
instead

On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which  
of night makes morn. 5

“What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of  
Sinán?

They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand  
camels the due,

Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.  
‘God gave them, let them go! But never since  
time began,

Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match  
of you, 10

And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men’s  
land and gold!’

“So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyn—and  
right, I say.

Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstrip-  
ping all,

Ever Muléykeh stands first steed at the victor’s staff. 15

## MULÉYKEH

Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed and  
named, that day.

'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,' as we  
use to call

Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth. Right,  
Hóseyn, I say, to laugh!"

"Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?" the stranger  
replies: "Be sure

On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both <sup>20</sup>  
On Duhl the son of Sheybán, who withers away  
in heart

For envy of Hóseyn's luck. Such sickness admits  
no cure.

A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with  
an oath,

'For the vulgar—flocks and herds! The Pearl is  
a prize apart.'"

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheybán comes riding to  
Hóseyn's tent, <sup>25</sup>

And he casts his saddle down, and enters and  
"Peace!" bids he.

"You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty  
shall mend the wrong.

'T is said of your Pearl—the price of a hundred  
camels spent

In her purchase were scarce ill paid: such prudence  
is far from me

Who proffer a thousand. Speak! Long parley  
may last too long." <sup>30</sup>

Said Hóseyn "You feed young beasts a many, of  
famous breed,

Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of  
Múzennem:

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as  
it climbs the hill.

But I love Muléykeh's face : her forefront whitens  
indeed

Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels  
—go gaze on them !

Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the  
richer still."

35

A year goes by : lo, back to the tent again rides  
Duhl.

"You are open-hearted, ay—moist-handed, a very  
prince.

Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare your  
simple gift!

My son is pined to death for her beauty : my wife  
prompts 'Fool,

Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the rewarder,  
since

God pays debts seven for one : who squanders on  
Him shows thrift.'"

40

Said Hóseyn "God gives each man one life, like  
a lamp, then gives

That lamp due measure of oil : lamp lighted—hold  
high, wave wide

Its comfort for others to share ! once quench it,  
what help is left?

The oil of your lamp is your son : I shine while  
Muléykeh lives.

Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Mu-  
léykeh died?

It is life against life : what good avails to the life-  
bereft?"

45

Another year, and—hist ! What craft is it Duhl  
designs?

## MULÉYKEH

He alights not at the door of the tent as he did last  
time, 50  
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way  
by the trench  
Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding, for  
night combines  
With the robber—and such is he : Duhl, covetous  
up to crime,  
Must wring from Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl, by  
whatever the wrench.

“ He was hunger-bitten, I heard : I tempted with  
half my store, 55  
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous  
like Spring dew ?  
Account the fault to me who chattered with such  
an one !  
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature  
he rode : nay, more—  
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn  
in two :  
I will beg ! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of  
my wife and son. 60

“ I swear by the Holy House, my head will I  
never wash  
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried,  
then guile,  
And now I resort to force. He said we must live  
or die :  
Let him die, then,—let me live ! Be bold—but  
not too rash !  
I have found me a peeping-place : breast, bury  
your breathing while 65  
I explore for myself ! Now, breathe ! He deceived  
me not, the spy !

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“As he said—there lies in peace Hóseyn—how  
happy! Beside  
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her head-  
stall about his wrist:  
'T is therefore he sleeps so sound—the moon  
through the roof reveals.  
And, loose on his left, stands too that other, known  
far and wide,  
Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet ever  
missed  
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the  
thunderous heels.

“No less she stands saddled and bridled, this  
second, in case some thief  
Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I  
mean to do.  
What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount  
her we both escape.”  
Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl,—so a ser-  
pent disturbs no leaf  
In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest:  
clean through,  
He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned, he  
performs the rape.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the  
girth, has clipped  
The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice  
bound as before,  
He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert  
like bolt from bow.  
Up starts our plundered man: from his breast  
though the heart be ripped,  
Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a minute  
more,

## MULÉYKEH

He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh, whose  
worth we know !

And Hóseyn—his blood turns flame, he has learned  
long since to ride,

And Buhéyseh does her part,—they gain—they  
are gaining fast

On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-Dárraj to  
cross and quit,

And to reach the ridge El-Sabán,—no safety till  
that be spied !

And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse-  
length off at last,

For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the  
touch of the bit.

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider  
the strange and queer :

Buhéyseh is mad with hope—beat sister she shall  
and must,

Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy,  
she has to thank.

She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by  
croup—joy ! fear !

What folly makes Hóseyn shout “ Dog Duhl,  
Damned son of the Dust,

Touch the right ear and press with your foot my  
Pearl’s left flank ! ”

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh  
as prompt perceived

Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear  
him was to obey,

And a leap indeed gave she, and vanished for  
evermore.

And Hóseyn looked one long last look as who,  
all bereaved,



## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living  
may :

Then he turned Buhéyseh's neck slow homeward,  
weeping sore.

And, lo, in the sunrise, still sat Hóseyn upon the  
ground

Weeping : and neighbours came, the tribesmen  
of Bénu-Asád

In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned  
him of his grief ;

105

And he told from first to last how, serpent-like,  
Duhl had wound

His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an  
ape, so bad !

And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl re-  
mained with the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all : " Poor  
Hóseyn is crazed past hope !

How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in  
fortune's spite ?

110

To have simply held the tongue were a task for  
a boy or girl,

And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an  
antelope,

The child of his heart by day, the wife of his  
breast by night !"—

" And the beaten in speed !" wept Hóseyn :  
" You never have loved my Pearl."

## PIETRO OF ABANO

*Petrus Aponensis*—there was a magician !  
When that strange adventure happened, which I  
mean to tell my hearers,  
Nearly had he tried all trades—beside physician,  
Architect, astronomer, astrologer,—or worse :  
How else, as the old books warrant, was he  
able,  
All at once, through all the world, to prove the  
promptest of appearers  
Where was prince to cure, tower to build as high  
as Babel,  
Star to name or sky-sign read,—yet pouch, for  
pains, a curse ?

—Curse : for when a vagrant,—foot-sore, travel-  
tattered,  
Now a young man, now an old man, Turk or Arab,  
Jew or Gipsy,—  
Proffered folk in passing—O for pay, what  
mattered ?—  
“ I ’ll be doctor, I ’ll play builder, star I ’ll name  
—sign read ! ”  
Soon as prince was cured, tower built, and fate  
predicted,  
“ Who may you be ? ” came the question, when he  
answered “ *Petrus ipse*, ”  
“ Just as we divined ! ” cried folk—“ A wretch  
convicted  
Long ago of dealing with the devil—you indeed ! ”

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

So, they cursed him roundly, all his labour's  
payment,  
Motioned him—the convalescent prince would—  
to vacate the presence :  
Babylonians plucked his beard and tore his raiment,  
Drove him from that tower he built : while, had  
he peered at stars,  
Town howled “Stone the quack who styles our 20  
Dog-star—Sirius !”  
Country yelled “Aroint the churl who prophesies  
we take no pleasure  
Under vine and fig-tree, since the year's delirious,  
Bears no crop of any kind,—all through the planet  
Mars !”

Straightway would the whilom youngster grow a  
grisard,  
Or, as case might hap, the hoary eld drop off and 25  
show a stripling.  
Town and country groaned—indebted to a wizard !  
“Curse—nay, kick and cuff him—fit requital of  
his pains !  
Gratitude in word or deed were wasted truly !  
Rather make the Church amends by crying out  
on, cramping, crippling 30  
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves duly  
Man's arch foe : not ours, be sure, but Satan's—  
his the gains !”

Peter grinned and bore it, such disgraceful usage :  
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem or-  
dained his like to suffer :  
Prophet's pay with Christians, now as in the Jews'  
age,  
Still is—stoning : so, he meekly took his wage 35  
and went,

## PIETRO OF ABANO

—Safe again was found ensconced in those old  
quarters,  
Padua's blackest blindest by-street,—none the  
worse, nay, somewhat tougher :  
“Calculating,” quoth he, “soon I join the martyrs,  
Since, who magnify my lore on burning me are  
bent.”<sup>1</sup>

40

Therefore, on a certain evening, to his alley  
Peter slunk, all bruised and broken, sore in body,  
sick in spirit,  
Just escaped from Cairo where he launched a galley  
Needing neither sails nor oars nor help of wind  
or tide,  
—Needing but the fume of fire to set a-flying 45  
Wheels like mad which whirled you quick—North,  
South, where'er you pleased require it,—  
That is—would have done so had not priests come  
prying,  
Broke his engine up and bastinadoed him beside.

As he reached his lodging, stopped there unmolested,  
(Neighbours feared him, urchins fled him, few were  
bold enough to follow) 50  
While his fumbling fingers tried the lock and tested  
Once again the queer key's virtue, oped the sullen  
door,—

<sup>1</sup> “Studiando le mie cifre col compasso,  
Rilevo che sarò presto sotterra,  
Perchè del mio saper si fa gran chiasso,  
E gl'ignoranti m'hanno mosso guerra.”

Said to have been found in a well at Abano in the last century. They were  
extemporaneously Englished thus: not as Father Prout chose to prefer them:—

Studying my ciphers with the compass,  
I reckon—I soon shall be below-ground ;  
Because of my lore folk make great rumpus,  
And war on myself makes each dull rogue round.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Someone plucked his sleeve, cried "Master, pray  
your pardon !

Grant a word to me who patient wait you in your  
archway's hollow !

Hard on you men's hearts are : be not your heart  
hard on

Me who kiss your garment's hem, O Lord of magic  
lore !

55

"Mage—say I, who no less, scorning tittle-tattle,  
To the vulgar give no credence when they prate  
of Peter's magic,

Deem his art brews tempest, hurts the crops and  
cattle,

Hinders fowls from laying eggs and worms from  
spinning silk,

Rides upon a he-goat, mounts at need a broom-  
stick :

While the price he pays for this (so turns to comic  
what was tragic)

Is—he may not drink—dreads like the Day of  
Doom's tick—

One poor drop of sustenance ordained mere men  
—that 's milk !

60

"Tell such tales to Padua ! Think me no such  
dullard !

Not from these benighted parts did I derive my  
breath and being !

I am from a land whose cloudless skies are coloured  
Livelier, suns orb largelier, airs seem incense,—  
while, on earth—

What, instead of grass, our fingers and our thumbs  
cull,

Proves true moly ! sounds and sights there help  
the body's hearing, seeing,

65

70

## PIETRO OF ABANO

Till the soul grows godlike : brief,—you front no  
numbscull

Shaming by ineptitude the Greece that gave him  
birth !

“ Mark within my eye its iris mystic-lettered—  
That 's my name ! and note my ear—its swan-  
shaped cavity, my emblem !

Mine 's the swan-like nature born to fly unfettered 75  
Over land and sea in search of knowledge—food  
for song.

Art denied the vulgar ! Geese grow fat on barley,  
Swans require ethereal provend, undesirous to  
resemble 'em—

Soar to seek Apollo,—favoured with a parley  
Such as, Master, you grant me—who will not  
hold you long. 80

“ Leave to learn to sing—for that your swan peti-  
tions :

Master, who possess the secret, say not nay to  
such a suitor !

All I ask is—bless mine, purest of ambitions !

Grant me leave to make my kind wise, free, and  
happy ! How ?

Just by making me—as you are mine—their model ! 85

Geese have goose-thoughts : make a swan their  
teacher first, then co-adjutor,—

Let him introduce swan-notions to each noddle,—  
Geese will soon grow swans, and men become  
what I am now !

“ That 's the only magic—had but fools discernment,  
Could they probe and pass into the solid through  
the soft and seeming ! 90

Teach me such true magic—now and no adjourn-  
ment !

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Teach your art of making fools subserve the man  
of mind !

Magic is the power we men of mind should practise,  
Draw fools to become our drudges, docile hence-  
forth, never dreaming—

While they do our hests for fancied gain—the fact is 95  
What they toil and moil to get proves falsehood :  
truth 's behind !

“ See now ! you conceive some fabric—say, a  
mansion

Meet for monarch's pride and pleasure : this is  
truth—a thought has fired you,

Made you fain to give some cramped concept ex-  
pansion,

Put your faculty to proof, fulfil your nature's  
task. 100

First you fascinate the monarch's self : he fancies  
He it was devised the scheme you execute as he  
inspired you :

He in turn sets slaving insignificances

Toiling, moiling till your structure stands there—  
all you ask !

“ Soon the monarch's known for what he was—  
a ninny : 105

Soon the rabble-rout leave labour, take their work-  
day wage and vanish :

Soon the late puffed bladder, pricked, shows lank  
and skinny—

‘ Who was its inflator ? ’ ask we, ‘ whose the giant  
lungs ? ’

*Petri en pulmones !* What though men prove in-  
grates ?

Let them—so they stop at crucifixion—buffet, ban  
and banish ! 110

## PIETRO OF ABANO

Peter's power 's apparent : human praise—its din  
grates  
Harsh as blame on ear unused to aught save  
angels' tongues.

“Ay, there have been always, since our world  
existed,  
Mages who possessed the secret—needed but to  
stand still, fix eye  
On the foolish mortal : straight was he enlisted 115  
Soldier, scholar, servant, slave—no matter for the  
style !  
Only through illusion ; ever what seemed profit—  
Love or lucre—justified obedience to the *Ipse*  
*dixi* :  
Work done—palace reared from pavement up to  
soffit—  
Was it strange if builders smelt out cheating all  
the while ? 120

“Let them pelt and pound, bruise, bray you in a  
mortar !  
What 's the odds to you who seek reward of  
quite another nature ?  
You 've enrolled your name where sages of your  
sort are,  
—Michael of Constantinople, Hans of Halber-  
stadt !  
Nay and were you nameless, still you 've your  
conviction 125  
You it was and only you—what signifies the  
nomenclature ?—  
Ruled the world in fact, though how you ruled be  
fiction  
Fit for fools : true wisdom's magic you—if e'er  
man—had 't !



## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“But perhaps you ask me ‘Since each ignor-  
amus

While he profits by such magic persecutes the  
benefactor,

130

What should I expect but—once I render famous  
You as Michael, Hans and Peter—just one ingrate  
more ?

If the vulgar prove thus, whatsoe’er the pelf be,  
Pouched through my beneficence—and doom me  
dungeoned, chained, or racked, or

Fairly burned outright—how grateful will your-  
self be

135

When, his secret gained, you match your—master  
just before ?’

“That ’s where I await you ! Please, revert a  
little !

What do folk report about you if not this—which,  
though chimeric,

Still, as figurative, suits you to a tittle—

That,—although the elements obey your nod and  
wink,

140

Fades or flowers the herb you chance to smile or  
sigh at,

While your frown bids earth quake palled by  
obscuratation atmospheric,—

Brief, although through nature nought resists  
your *fiat*,

There ’s yet one poor substance mocks you—milk  
you may not drink !

“Figurative language ! Take my explanation !

145

Fame with fear, and hate with homage, these  
your art procures in plenty.

All ’s but daily dry bread : what makes moist the  
ration ?

## PIETRO OF ABANO

Love, the milk that sweetens man his meal—alas,  
you lack :

I am he who, since he fears you not, can love  
you.

Love is born of heart not mind, *de corde natus haud  
de mente* ; 150

Touch my heart and love 's yours, sure as shines  
above you

Sun by day and star by night though earth should  
go to wrack !

“Stage by stage you lift me—kiss by kiss I hallow  
Whose but your dear hand my helper, punctual  
as at each new impulse

I approach my aim? Shell chipped, the eaglet  
callow 155

Needs a parent's pinion-push to quit the eyrie's  
edge :

But once fairly launched forth, denizen of æther,  
While each effort sunward bids the blood more  
freely through each limb pulse,

Sure the parent feels, as gay they soar together,  
Fully are all pains repaid when love redeems its  
pledge !” 160

Then did Peter's tristful visage lighten somewhat,  
Vent a watery smile as though inveterate mistrust  
were thawing.

“Well, who knows?” he slow broke silence.

“Mortals—come what

Come there may—are still the dupes of hope  
there 's luck in store.

Many scholars seek me, promise mounts and  
marvels : 165

Here stand I to witness how they step 'twixt me  
and clapperclawing !

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Dry bread,—that I've gained me : truly I should  
starve else :

But of milk, no drop was mine ! Well, shuffle  
cards once more !”

At the word of promise thus implied, our stranger—  
What can he but cast his arms, in rapture of  
embrace, round Peter ?

170

“ Hold ! I choke !” the mage grunts. “ Shall  
I in the manger  
Any longer play the dog ? Approach, my calf,  
and feed !

*Bene* . . . won't you wait for grace ?” But  
sudden incense

Wool-white, serpent-solid, curled up—perfume  
growing sweet and sweeter

Till it reached the young man's nose and seemed  
to win sense

175

Soul and all from out his brain through nostril :  
yes, indeed !

Presently the young man rubbed his eyes. “ Where  
am I ?

Too much bother over books ! Some reverie has  
proved amusing.

What did Peter prate of ? 'Faith, my brow is  
clammy !

How my head throbs, how my heart thumps !  
Can it be I swooned ?

180

Oh, I spoke my speech out—cribbed from Plato's  
tractate,

Dosed him with 'the Fair and Good,' swore—  
Dog of Egypt—I was choosing

Plato's way to serve men ! What 's the hour ?  
Exact eight !

Home now, and to-morrow never mind how Plato  
mooned !

## PIETRO OF ABANO

“Peter has the secret! Fair and Good are products 185

(So he said) of Foul and Evil: one must bring to pass the other.

Just as poisons grow drugs, steal through sundry odd ducts

Doctors name, and ultimately issue safe and changed.

You 'd abolish poisons, treat disease with dainties  
Such as suit the sound and sane? With all such  
kickshaws vain you pother! 190

Arsenic 's the stuff puts force into the faint eyes,  
Opium sets the brain to rights—by cark and care  
deranged.

“What, he 's safe within door?—would escape—  
no question—

Thanks, since thanks and more I owe, and mean  
to pay in time befitting.

What most presses now is—after night's digestion, 195  
Peter, of thy precepts!—promptest practice of the  
same.

Let me see! The wise man, first of all, scorns  
riches:

But to scorn them must obtain them: none believes  
in his permitting

Gold to lie ungathered: who picks up, then pitches  
Gold away—philosophizes: none disputes his  
claim. 200

“So with worldly honours: 't is by abdicating,  
Incontestably he proves he could have kept the  
crown discarded.

Sulla cuts a figure, leaving off dictating:

Simpletons laud private life? 'The grapes are  
sour,' laugh we.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

So, again—but why continue? All 's tumultuous 205  
 Here: my head's a-whirl with knowledge. Speedily  
 shall be rewarded

He who taught me! Greeks prove ingrates? So  
 insult you us?

When your teaching bears its first-fruits, Peter—  
 wait and see!”

As the word, the deed proved; ere a brief year's  
 passage,

Fop—that fool he made the jokes on—now he  
 made the jokes for, *gratis*:

Hunks—that hoarder, long left lonely in his crass  
 age— 210

Found now one appreciative deferential friend:  
 Powder-paint-and-patch, Hag Jezebel—recovered,  
 Strange to say, the power to please, get courtship  
 till she cried *Jam satis*!

Fop be-flattered, Hunks be-friended, Hag be-  
 loved— 215

Nobody o'erlooked, save God—he soon attained  
 his end.

As he lounged at ease one morning in his villa,  
 (Hag's the dowry) estimated (Hunks' bequest) his  
 coin in coffer,

Mused on how a fool's good word (Fop's word)  
 could fill a

Social circle with his praise, promote him man of  
 mark,— 220

All at once—“An old friend fain would see your  
 Highness!”

There stood Peter, skeleton and scarecrow, plain  
 writ *Phi-lo-so-pher*

In the woe-worn face—for yellowness and dryness,  
 Parchment—with a pair of eyes—one hope their  
 feeble spark.

## PIETRO OF ABANO

“Did I counsel rightly? Have you, in accordance, <sup>225</sup>  
Prospered greatly, dear my pupil? Sure, at just  
the stage I find you,  
When your hand may draw me forth from the mad  
war-dance  
Savages are leading round your master—down,  
not dead.  
Padua wants to burn me : baulk them, let me linger  
Life out—rueful though its remnant—hid in some  
safe hole behind you !  
Prostrate here I lie : quick, help with but a finger <sup>230</sup>  
Lest I house in safety’s self—a tombstone o’er my  
head !

“Lodging, bite and sup, with—now and then—  
a copper  
—Alms for any poorer still, if such there be,—is  
all my asking.  
Take me for your bedesman,—nay, if you think  
proper, <sup>235</sup>  
Menial merely,—such my perfect passion for re-  
pose !  
Yes, from out your plenty Peter craves a pittance  
—Leave to thaw his frozen hands before the fire  
whereat you ’re basking !  
Double though your debt were, grant this boon—  
remittance  
He proclaims of obligation: ’tis himself that owes!” <sup>240</sup>

“Venerated Master—can it be, such treatment  
Learning meets with, magic fails to guard you  
from, by all appearance ?  
Strange ! for, as you entered,—what the famous  
feat meant,  
I was full of,—why you reared that fabric, Padua’s  
boast.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Nowise for man's pride, man's pleasure, did you  
slyly 245  
Raise it, but man's seat of rule whereby the world  
should soon have clearance  
(Happy world) from such a rout as now so vilely  
Handles you—and hampers me, for which I grieve  
the most.

“Since if it got wind you now were my familiar,  
How could I protect you—nay, defend myself  
against the rabble? 250  
Wait until the mob, now masters, willy-nilly are  
Servants as they should be : then has gratitude  
full play !  
Surely this experience shows how unbecoming  
'T is that minds like mine should rot in ease and  
plenty. Geese may gabble,  
Gorge, and keep the ground : but swans are soon  
for quitting 255  
Earthly fare—as fain would I, your swan, if taught  
the way.

“Teach me, then, to rule men, have them at my  
pleasure !  
Solely for their good, of course,—impart a secret  
worth rewarding,  
Since the proper life's-prize ! Tantalus's treasure  
Aught beside proves, vanishes and leaves no trace  
at all.  
Wait awhile, nor press for payment prematurely ! 260  
Over-haste defrauds you. Thanks ! since,—even  
while I speak,—discarding  
Sloth and vain delights, I learn how—swiftly,  
surely—  
Magic sways the sceptre, wears the crown and  
wields the ball !

## PIETRO OF ABANO

“Gone again—what, is he? ’Faith, he ’s soon  
disposed of! 265

Peter’s precepts work already, put within my lump  
their heaven!

Ay, we needs must don glove would we pluck the  
rose—doff

Silken garment would we climb the tree and take  
its fruit.

Why sharp thorn, rough rind? To keep unviolated  
Either prize! We garland us, we mount from  
earth to feast in heaven, 270

Just because exist what once we estimated  
Hindrances which, better taught, as helps we now  
compute.

“Foolishly I turned disgusted from my fellows!  
Pits of ignorance—to fill, and heaps of prejudice  
—to level—

Multitudes in motley, whites and blacks and  
yellows— 275

What a hopeless task it seemed to discipline the  
host!

Now I see my error. Vices act like virtues  
—Not alone because they guard—sharp thorns—  
the rose we first dishevel,

Not because they scrape, scratch—rough rind—  
through the dirt-shoes

Bare feet cling to bole with, while the half-mooned  
boot we boast. 280

“No, my aim is nobler, more disinterested!  
Man shall keep what seemed to thwart him, since  
it proves his true assistance,  
Leads to ascertaining which head is the best head,  
Would he crown his body, rule its members—  
lawless else.



## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Ignorant the horse stares, by deficient vision 285  
 Takes a man to be a monster, lets him mount,  
 then, twice the distance  
 Horse could trot unriden, gallops—dream  
 Elysian !—  
 Dreaming that his dwarfish guide 's a giant,—  
 jockeys tell 's."

Brief, so worked the spell, he promptly had a  
 riddance :  
 Heart and brain no longer felt the pricks which  
 passed for conscience-scruples : 290  
 Free henceforth his feet,—*Per Bacco*, how they  
 did dance  
 Merrily through lets and checks that stopped the  
 way before !  
 Politics the prize now,—such adroit adviser,  
 Opportune suggester, with the tact that triples  
 and quadruples  
 Merit in each measure,—never did the Kaiser 295  
 Boast a subject such a statesman, friend, and  
 something more !

As he, up and down, one noonday, paced his closet  
 —Council o'er, each spark (his hint) blown flame,  
 by colleagues' breath applauded,  
 Strokes of statecraft hailed with "*Salomo si*  
*nôsset !*"  
 (His the nostrum)—every throw for luck come 300  
 double-six,—  
 As he, pacing, hugged himself in satisfaction,  
 Thump—the door went. "What, the Kaiser ?  
 By none else were I defrauded  
 Thus of well-earned solace. Since 't is fate's  
 exaction,—  
 Enter, Liege my Lord ! Ha, Peter, you here ?  
*Teneor vix !*"

## PIETRO OF ABANO

“Ah, Sir, none the less, contain you, nor wax irate ! 305  
You so lofty, I so lowly,—vast the space which  
yawns between us !

Still, methinks, you—more than ever—at a high  
rate

Needs must prize poor Peter’s secret since it lifts  
you thus.

Grant me now the boon whereat before you  
boggled !

Ten long years your march has moved—one  
triumph—(though *e*’s short)—*hactenus*, 310

While I down and down disastrously have joggled  
Till I pitch against Death’s door, the true *Nec*  
*Ultra Plus*.

“Years ago—some ten ’t is—since I sought for  
shelter,

Craved in your whole house a closet, out of all  
your means a comfort.

Now you soar above these : as is gold to spelter 315  
So is power—you urged with reason—paramount  
to wealth.

Power you boast in plenty : let it grant me  
refuge !

Houseroom now is out of question : find for me  
some stronghold—some fort—

Privacy wherein, immured, shall this blind deaf  
huge

Monster of a mob let stay the soul I ’d save by  
stealth ! 320

“Ay, for all too much with magic have I  
tampered !

—Lost the world, and gained, I fear, a certain  
place I ’m to describe loth !

Still, if prayer and fasting tame the pride long  
pampered,

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Mercy may be mine : amendment never comes  
too late.

How can I amend beset by cursers, kickers? 325

Pluck this brand from out the burning! Once  
away, I take my Bible-oath,

Never more—so long as life's weak lamp-flame  
flickers—

No, not once I 'll tease you, but in silence bear  
my fate!"

"Gently, good my Genius, Oracle unerring!

Strange now! can you guess on what—as in you  
peeped—it was I pondered? 330

You and I are both of one mind in preferring  
Power to wealth, but—here 's the point—what  
sort of power, I ask?

Ruling men is vulgar, easy and ignoble :

Rid yourself of conscience, quick you have at  
beck and call the fond herd.

But who wields the crozier, down may fling the  
crow-bill : 335

That 's the power I covet now ; soul 's sway o'er  
souls—my task!

" 'Well but,' you object, 'you have it, who by  
glamour

Dress up lies to look like truths, mask folly in  
the garb of reason :

Your soul acts on theirs, sure, when the people  
clamour,

Hold their peace, now fight now fondle,—ear-  
wigged through the brains.' 340

Possibly! but still the operation 's mundane,  
Grosser than a taste demands which—craving  
manna—kecks at peason—

## PIETRO OF ABANO

Power o'er men by wants material : why should  
one deign  
Rule by sordid hopes and fears—a grunt for all  
one's pains?

“No, if men must praise me, let them praise to  
purpose !

345

Would we move the world, not earth but heaven  
must be our fulcrum—*pou sto !*

Thus I seek to move it : Master, why intèrpose—  
Baulk my climbing close on what 's the ladder's  
topmost round ?

Statecraft 't is I step from : when by priestcraft  
hoisted

Up to where my foot may touch the highest rung  
which fate allows toe,

350

Then indeed ask favour ! On you shall be foisted  
No excuse : I 'll pay my debt, each penny of the  
pound !

“Ho, my knaves without there ! Lead this  
worthy downstairs !

No farewell, good Paul—nay, Peter—what 's  
your name remembered rightly ?

Come, he 's humble : out another would have  
flounced—airs

355

Suitors often give themselves when our sort bow  
them forth.

Did I touch his rags ? He surely kept his dis-  
tance :

Yet, there somehow passed to me from him—  
where'er the virtue might lie—

Something that inspires my soul—Oh, by as-  
sistance

Doubtlessly of Peter !—still, he 's worth just what  
he 's worth !

360

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“‘T is my own soul soars now : soaring—how?  
By crawling !

I ’ll to Rome, before Rome’s feet the temporal-  
supreme lay prostrate !

‘Hands’ (I ’ll say) ‘proficient once in pulling,  
hauling

This and that way men as I was minded—feet  
now clasp !’

Ay, the Kaiser’s self has wrung them in his  
fervour !

Now—they only sue to slave for Rome, nor at  
one doit the cost rate.

Rome’s adopted child—no bone, no muscle,  
nerve or

Sinew of me but I ’ll strain, though out my life  
I gasp !”

365

As he stood one evening proudly—(he had  
traversed

Rome on horseback—peerless pageant !—claimed  
the Lateran as new Pope)—

Thinking “All ’s attained now ! Pontiff ! Who  
could have erst

Dreamed of my advance so far when, some ten  
years ago,

I embraced devotion, grew from priest to bishop,  
Gained the Purple, bribed the Conclave, got the

Two-thirds, saw my coop ope,  
Came out—what Rome hails me ! O were there  
a wish-shop,

Not one wish more would I purchase—lord of all  
below !

370

375

“Ha !—who dares intrude now—puts aside the  
arras ?

## PIETRO OF ABANO

What, old Peter, here again, at such a time, in  
such a presence?

Satan sends this plague back merely to embarrass  
Me who enter on my office—little needing you! 380  
'Faith, I 'm touched myself by age, but you look  
Tithon!

Were it vain to seek of you the sole prize left—  
rejuvenescence?

Well, since flesh is grass which Time must lay  
his scythe on,

Say your say and so depart and make no more ado!"

Peter faltered—coughing first by way of pro-  
logue— 385

"Holiness, your help comes late : a death at ninety  
little matters.

Padua, build poor Peter's pyre now, on log roll log,  
Burn away—I 've lived my day! Yet here 's the  
sting in death—

I 've an author's pride: I want my Book's survival:  
See, I 've hid it in my breast to warm me mid the  
rags and tatters! 390

Save it—tell next age your Master had no rival!  
Scholar's debt discharged in full, be 'Thanks'  
my latest breath!"

"Faugh, the frowsy bundle—scribblings harum-  
scarum

Scattered o'er a dozen sheepskins! What 's the  
name of this farrago?

Ha—' *Conciliator Differentiarum* '— 395

Man and book may burn together, cause the world  
no loss!

Stop—what else? A tractate—eh, ' *De Speciebus  
Ceremonialis Ma-gi-æ?* ' I dream sure! Hence,  
away, go,

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Wizard,—quick avoid me! Vain you clasp my  
 knee, buss  
 Hand that bears the Fisher's ring or foot that  
 boasts the Cross!

400

“Help! The old magician clings like an octopus!  
 Ah, you rise now—fuming, fretting, frowning, if  
 I read your features!

Frown, who cares? We're Pope—once Pope, you  
 can't unpop us!

Good—you muster up a smile: that's better!  
 Still so brisk?

All at once grown youthful? But the case is  
 plain! Ass—

405

Here I dally with the fiend, yet know the Word  
 —compels all creatures

Earthly, heavenly, hellish. *Apaga, Sathanas!*  
*Dicam verbum Salomonis—* “—*dicite!*” When—  
 whisk!—

What was changed? The stranger gave his eyes  
 a rubbing:

There smiled Peter's face turned back a moment at  
 him o'er the shoulder,

410

As the black door shut, bang! “So he 'scapes  
 a drubbing!”

(Quoth a boy who, unespied, had stopped to hear  
 the talk).

“That's the way to thank these wizards when  
 they bid men

*Benedicite!* What ails you? You, a man, and  
 yet no bolder?

Foreign Sir, you look but foolish!” “*Idmen,*  
*idmen!*”

415

Groaned the Greek. “O Peter, cheese at last I  
 know from chalk!”

## PIETRO OF ABANO

Peter lived his life out, menaced yet no martyr,  
Knew himself the mighty man he was—such  
knowledge all his guerdon,  
Left the world a big book—people but in part err  
When they style a true *Scientiæ Com-pen-di-um*: 420  
“*Admirationem incutit*” they sourly  
Smile, as fast they shut the folio which myself was  
somehow spurred on  
Once to ope: but love—life’s milk which daily,  
hourly,  
Blockheads lap—O Peter, still thy taste of love’s  
to come!

Greek, was your ambition likewise doomed to  
failure? 425  
True, I find no record you wore purple, walked  
with axe and fasces,  
Played some antipope’s part: still, friend, don’t  
turn tail, you’re  
Certain, with but these two gifts, to gain earth’s  
prize in time!  
Cleverness uncurbed by conscience—if you ran-  
sacked  
Peter’s book you’d find no potent spell like these  
to rule the masses; 430  
Nor should want example, had I not to transact  
Other business. Go your ways, you’ll thrive!  
So ends my rhyme.

---

When these parts Tiberius,—not yet Cæsar,—  
travelled,  
Passing Padua, he consulted Padua’s Oracle of  
Geryon  
(God three-headed, thrice wise) just to get un-  
ravelled



## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Certain tangles of his future. “Fling at Abano  
Golden dice,” it answered: “dropt within the  
fount there,  
Note what sum the pips present!” And still we  
see each die, the very one,  
Turn up, through the crystal,—read the whole  
account there  
Where ’t is told by Suetonius,—each its highest  
throw.

440

Scarce the sportive fancy-dice I fling show  
“Venus :”  
Still—for love of that dear land which I so oft in  
dreams revisit—  
I have—oh, not sung! but lilted (as—between us—  
Grows my lazy custom) this its legend. What the  
lilt?



DOCTOR —

A RABBI told me : On the day allowed  
Satan for carping at God's rule, he came,  
Fresh from our earth, to brave the angel-crowd.

“What is the fault now?” “This I find to blame :  
Many and various are the tongues below,  
Yet all agree in one speech, all proclaim 5

“‘Hell has no might to match what earth can show :  
Death is the strongest-born of Hell, and yet  
Stronger than Death is a Bad Wife, we know.’

“Is it a wonder if I fume and fret— 10  
Robbed of my rights, since Death am I, and mine  
The style of Strongest? Men pay Nature's debt

“Because they must at my demand ; decline  
To pay it henceforth surely men will please,  
Provided husbands with bad wives combine 15

“To baffle Death. Judge between me and these!”  
“Thyself shalt judge. Descend to earth in shape  
Of mortal, marry, drain from froth to lees

“The bitter draught, then see if thou escape  
Concluding, with men sorrowful and sage, 20  
A Bad Wife's strength Death's self in vain would  
ape !”

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

How Satan entered on his pilgrimage,  
Conformed himself to earthly ordinance,  
Wived and played husband well from youth to age

Intrepidly—I leave untold, advance 25  
Through many a married year until I reach  
A day when—of his father's countenance

The very image, like him too in speech  
As well as thought and deed,—the union's fruit  
Attained maturity. "I needs must teach 30

"My son a trade : but trade, such son to suit,  
Needs seeking after. He a man of war?  
Too cowardly ! A lawyer wins repute—

"Having to toil and moil, though—both which are  
Beyond this sluggard. There's Divinity : 35  
No, that's my own bread-winner—that be far

"From my poor offspring ! Physic ? Ha, we'll try  
If this be practicable. Where's my wit ?  
Asleep?—since, now I come to think. . . . Ay, ay !

"Hither, my son ! Exactly have I hit 40  
On a profession for thee. *Medicus*—  
Behold, thou art appointed ! Yea, I spit

"Upon thine eyes, bestow a virtue thus  
That henceforth not this human form I wear  
Shalt thou perceive alone, but—one of us 45

"By privilege—thy fleshly sight shall bear  
Me in my spirit-person as I walk  
The world and take my prey appointed there.

DOCTOR —

“ Doctor oncedubbed—what ignorance shall baulk  
Thy march triumphant? Diagnose the gout 50  
As cholic, and prescribe it cheese for chalk—

“ No matter ! All ’s one : cure shall come about  
And win thee wealth—fees paid with such a roar  
Of thanks and praise alike from lord and lout

“ As never stunned man’s ears on earth before. 55  
‘ How may this be ? ’ Why, that ’s my sceptic !  
Soon  
Truth will corrupt thee, soon thou doubt’st no  
more !

“ Why is it I bestow on thee the boon  
Of recognizing me the while I go  
Invisibly among men, morning, noon 60

“ And night, from house to house, and—quick  
or slow—  
Take my appointed prey ? They summon thee  
For help, suppose : obey the summons ! so !

“ Enter, look round ! Where ’s Death ? Know—  
I am he,  
Satan who work all evil : I who bring 65  
Pain to the patient in whate’er degree.

“ I, then, am there : first glance thine eye shall fling  
Will find me—whether distant or at hand,  
As I am free to do my spiriting.

“ At such mere first glance thou shalt understand 70  
Wherefore I reach no higher up the room  
Than door or window, when my form is scanned.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“Howe’er friends’ faces please to gather gloom,  
Bent o’er the sick,—howe’er himself desponds,—  
In such case Death is not the sufferer’s doom.” 75

“Contrariwise, do friends rejoice my bonds  
Are broken, does the captive in his turn  
Crow ‘Life shall conquer’? Nip these foolish  
fronds

“Of hope a-sprout, if haply thou discern  
Me at the head—my victim’s head, be sure ! 80  
Forth now! This taught thee, little else to learn!”

And forth he went. Folk heard him ask demure  
“How do you style this ailment? (There he peeps,  
My father, through the arras!) Sirs, the cure

“Is plain as A. B. C. ! Experience steeps 85  
Blossoms of pennyroyal half an hour  
In sherris. *Sumat* !—Lo, how sound he sleeps—

“The subject you presumed was past the power  
Of Galen to relieve !” Or else “How ’s this?  
Why call for help so tardily? Clouds lour 90

“Portentously indeed, Sirs ! (Nought ’s amiss :  
He ’s at the bed-foot merely.) Still, the storm  
May pass averted—not by quacks, I wis

“Like you, my masters ! You, forsooth, perform  
A miracle? Stand, sciolists, aside ! 95  
Blood, ne’er so cold, at ignorance grows warm !”

Which boasting by result was justified,  
Big as might words be : whether drugged or left  
Drugless, the patient always lived, not died.

DOCTOR —

Great the heir's gratitude, so nigh bereft 100  
Of all he prized in this world : sweet the smile  
Of disconcerted rivals : "Cure?—say, theft

"From Nature in despite of Art—so style  
This off-hand kill-or-cure work ! You did much,  
I had done more : folk cannot wait awhile !" 105

But did the case change ? was it—"Scarcely such  
The symptoms as to warrant our recourse  
To your skill, Doctor ! Yet since just a touch

"Of pulse, a taste of breath, has all the force  
With you of long investigation claimed 110  
By others,—tracks an ailment to its source

"Intuitively,—may we ask unblamed  
What from this pimple you prognosticate ?"  
"Death !" was the answer, as he saw and named

The coucher by the sick man's head. "Too late 115  
You send for my assistance. I am bold  
Only by Nature's leave, and bow to Fate !

"Besides, you have my rivals : lavish gold !  
How comfortably quick shall life depart  
Cosseted by attentions manifold ! 120

"One day, one hour ago, perchance my art  
Had done some service. Since you have your-  
selves  
Chosen—before the horse—to put the cart,

"Why, Sirs, the sooner that the sexton delves  
Your patient's grave, the better ! How you stare 125  
—Shallow, for all the deep books on your shelves !

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“Fare you well, fumblers!” Do I need declare  
What name and fame, what riches recompensed  
The Doctor’s practice? Never anywhere

Such an adept as daily evidenced 130  
Each new vaticination! Oh, not he  
Like dolts who dallied with their scruples, fenced

With subterfuge, nor gave out frank and free  
Something decisive! If he said “I save  
The patient,” saved he was: if “Death will be 135

“His portion,” you might count him dead.  
Thus brave,  
Behold our worthy, sans competitor  
Throughout the country, on the architrave

Of Glory’s temple golden-lettered for  
Machaon *redivivus*! So, it fell 140  
That, of a sudden, when the Emperor

Was smit by sore disease, I need not tell  
If any other Doctor’s aid was sought  
To come and forthwith make the sick Prince well.

“He will reward thee as a monarch ought. 145  
Not much imports the malady; but then,  
He clings to life and cries like one distraught

“For thee—who, from a simple citizen,  
Mayst look to rise in rank,—nay, haply wear  
A medal with his portrait,—always when 150

“Recovery is quite accomplished. There!  
Pass to the presence!” Hardly has he crossed  
The chamber’s threshold when he halts, aware

DOCTOR —

Of who stands sentry by the head. All 's lost.  
"Sire, nought avails my art : you near the goal, 155  
And end the race by giving up the ghost."

"How?" cried the monarch : "Names upon your  
roll  
Of half my subjects rescued by your skill—  
Old and young, rich and poor—crowd cheek by  
jowl

"And yet no room for mine? Be saved I will ! 160  
Why else am I earth's foremost potentate?  
Add me to these and take as fee your fill

"Of gold—that point admits of no debate  
Between us : save me, as you can and must,—  
Gold, till your gown's pouch cracks beneath the  
weight !" 165

This touched the Doctor. "Truly a home-thrust,  
Parent, you will not parry ! Have I dared  
Entreat that you forego the meal of dust

"—Man that is snake's meat—when I saw prepared  
Your daily portion? Never ! Just this once, 170  
Go from his head, then,—let his life be spared !"

Whisper met whisper in the gruff response  
"Fool, I must have my prey : no inch I budge  
From where thou see'st me thus myself ensconce."

"Ah," moaned the sufferer, "by thy look I judge 175  
Wealth fails to tempt thee : what if honours prove  
More efficacious? Nought to him I grudge

"Who saves me. Only keep my head above  
The cloud that 's creeping round it—I 'll divide  
My empire with thee ! No? What 's left but—  
love ? 180



## DRAMATIC IDYLS

“ Does love allure thee ? Well then, take as bride  
My only daughter, fair beyond belief !  
Save me—to-morrow shall the knot be tied ! ”

“ Father, you hear him ! Respite ne’er so brief  
Is all I beg : go now and come again 185  
Next day, for aught I care : respect the grief

“ Mine will be if thy first-born sues in vain ! ”  
“ Fool, I must have my prey ! ” was all he got  
In answer. But a fancy crossed his brain.

“ I have it ! Sire, methinks a meteor shot 190  
Just now across the heavens and neutralized  
Jove’s salutary influence : ’neath the blot

“ Plumb are you placed now : well that I surmised  
The cause of failure ! Knaves, reverse the bed ! ”  
“ Stay ! ” groaned the monarch, “ I shall be cap-  
sized— 195

“ Jolt—jolt—my heels uplift where late my head  
Was lying—sure I ’m turned right round at last !  
What do you say now, Doctor ? ” Nought he said :

For why ? With one brisk leap the Antic passed  
From couch-foot back to pillow,—as before, 200  
Lord of the situation. Long aghast

The Doctor gazed, then “ Yet one trial more  
Is left me ” inwardly he uttered. “ Shame !  
Upon thy flinty heart ! Do I implore

“ This trifling favour in the idle name  
Of mercy to the moribund ? I plead 205  
The cause of all thou dost affect : my aim

DOCTOR —

“ Befits my author ! Why would I succeed ?  
Simply that by success I may promote  
The growth of thy pet virtues—pride and greed. 210

“ But keep thy favours !—curse thee ! I devote  
Henceforth my service to the other side.  
No time to lose : the rattle ’s in his throat.

“ So,—not to leave one last resource untried,—  
Run to my house with all haste, somebody ! 215  
Bring me that knobstick thence, so often plied

“ With profit by the astrologer—shall I  
Disdain its help, the mystic Jacob’s-Staff ?  
Sire, do but have the courage not to die

“ Till this arrive ! Let none of you dare laugh ! 220  
Though rugged its exterior, I have seen  
That implement work wonders, send the chaff

“ Quick and thick flying from the wheat—I mean,  
By metaphor, a human sheaf it thrashed  
Flail-like. Go fetch it ! Or—a word between 225

“ Just you and me, friend !—go bid, unabashed,  
My mother, whom you ’ll find there, bring the stick  
Herself—herself, mind ! ” Out the lackey dashed

Zealous upon the errand. Craft and trick  
Are meat and drink to Satan : and he grinned 230  
—How else ?—at an excuse so politic

For failure : scarce would Jacob’s-Staff rescind  
Fate’s firm decree ! And ever as he neared  
The agonizing one, his breath like wind

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Froze to the marrow, while his eye-flash seared 235  
Sense in the brain up : closelier and more close  
Pressing his prey, when at the door appeared

—Who but his Wife the Bad ? Whereof one dose,  
One grain, one mite of the medicament,  
Sufficed him. Up he sprang. One word, too gross 240

To soil my lips with,—and through ceiling went  
Somehow the Husband. “That a storm’s dispersed  
We know for certain by the sulphury scent!

“Hail to the Doctor ! Who but one so versed  
In all Dame Nature’s secrets had prescribed 245  
The staff thus opportunely ? Style him first

“And foremost of physicians !” “I’ve imbibed  
Elixir surely,” smiled the prince,—“have gained  
New lease of life. Dear Doctor, how you bribed

“Death to forego me, boots not : you’ve obtained 250  
My daughter and her dowry. Death, I’ve heard,  
Was still on earth the strongest power that reigned,

“Except a Bad Wife !” Whereunto demurred  
Nowise the Doctor, so refused the fee  
—No dowry, no bad wife !

“You think absurd 255  
This tale ?”—the Rabbi added : “True, our Talmud  
Boasts sundry such : yet—have our elders erred  
In thinking there’s some water there, not all mud ?”  
I tell it, as the Rabbi told it me.

## PAN AND LUNA

Si credere dignum est.—*Georgic*. iii. 390.

O WORTHY of belief I hold it was,  
Virgil, your legend in those strange three lines !  
No question, that adventure came to pass  
One black night in Arcadia : yes, the pines,  
Mountains and valleys mingling made one mass 5  
Of black with void black heaven : the earth's  
    confines,  
The sky's embrace,—below, above, around,  
All hardened into black without a bound.

Fill up a swart stone chalice to the brim  
With fresh-squeezed yet fast-thickening poppy-  
    juice : 10  
See how the sluggish jelly, late a-swim,  
Turns marble to the touch of who would loose  
The solid smooth, grown jet from rim to rim,  
By turning round the bowl ! So night can fuse  
Earth with her all-comprising sky. No less, 15  
Light, the least spark, shows air and emptiness.

And thus it proved when—diving into space,  
Stript of all vapour, from each web of mist  
Utterly film-free—entered on her race  
The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist 20  
Of night and dark, night's dowry : peak to base,  
Upstart mountains, and each valley, kissed  
To sudden life, lay silver-bright : in air  
Flew she revealed, Maid-Moon with limbs all bare.

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

Still as she fled, each depth—where refuge  
seemed— 25  
Opening a lone pale chamber, left distinct  
Those limbs: mid still-retreating blue, she teemed  
Herself with whiteness,—virginal, uncinct  
By any halo save what finely gleamed  
To outline not disguise her: heaven was linked 30  
In one accord with earth to quaff the joy,  
Drain beauty to the dregs without alloy.

Whereof she grew aware. What help? When, lo,  
A succourable cloud with sleep lay dense:  
Some pine-tree-top had caught it sailing slow, 35  
And tethered for a prize: in evidence  
Captive lay fleece on fleece of piled-up snow  
Drowsily patient: flake-heaped how or whence,  
The structure of that succourable cloud,  
What matter? Shamed she plunged into its shroud. 40

Orbed—so the woman-figure poets call  
Because of rounds on rounds—that apple-shaped  
Head which its hair binds close into a ball  
Each side the curving ears—that pure undraped  
Pout of the sister paps—that . . . Once for all, 45  
Say—her consummate circle thus escaped  
With its innumerable circlets, sank absorbed,  
Safe in the cloud—O naked Moon full-orbed!

But what means this? The downy swathes combine,  
Conglobe, the smothery coy-caressing stuff 50  
Curdles about her! Vain each twist and twine  
Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a fluff  
Fitting as close as fits the dented spine  
Its flexile ivory outside-flesh: enough!  
The plummy drifts contract, condense, constringe, 55  
Till she is swallowed by the feathery springe.

## PAN AND LUNA

As when a pearl slips lost in the thin foam  
Churned on a sea-shore, and, o'er-frothed, conceits  
Herself safe-housed in Amphitrite's dome,—  
If, through the bladdery wave-worked yeast, she  
meets 60  
What most she loathes and leaps from,—elf from  
gnome  
No gladlier,—finds that safest of retreats  
Bubble about a treacherous hand wide ope  
To grasp her—(divers who pick pearls so grope)—

So lay this Maid-Moon clasped around and caught 65  
By rough red Pan, the god of all that tract :  
He it was schemed the snare thus subtly wrought  
With simulated earth-breath,—wool-tufts packed  
Into a billowy wrappage. Sheep far-sought  
For spotless shearings yield such : take the fact 70  
As learned Virgil gives it,—how the breed  
Whitens itself for ever : yes, indeed !

If one forefather ram, though pure as chalk  
From tinge on fleece, should still display a tongue  
Black 'neath the beast's moist palate, prompt  
men baulk 75  
The propagating plague : he gets no young :  
They rather slay him,—sell his hide to caulk  
Ships with, first steeped in pitch,—nor hands are  
wrung  
In sorrow for his fate : protected thus,  
The purity we love is gained for us. 80

So did Girl-moon, by just her attribute  
Of unmatched modesty betrayed, lie trapped,  
Bruised to the breast of Pan, half-god half-brute,  
Raked by his bristly boar-sword while he lapped

## DRAMATIC IDYLS

—Never say, kissed her ! that were to pollute 85  
 Love's language—which moreover proves unapt  
 To tell how she recoiled—as who finds thorns  
 Where she sought flowers—when, feeling, she  
 touched—horns !

Then—does the legend say?—first moon-eclipse  
 Happened, first swooning-fit which puzzled sore 90  
 The early sages? Is that why she dips  
 Into the dark, a minute and no more,  
 Only so long as serves her while she rips  
 The cloud's womb through and, faultless as before,  
 Pursues her way? No lesson for a maid 95  
 Left she, a maid herself thus trapped, betrayed?

Ha, Virgil? Tell the rest, you ! “To the deep  
 Of his domain the wildwood, Pan forthwith  
 Called her, and so she followed”—in her sleep,  
 Surely?—“by no means spurning him.” The myth 100  
 Explain who may ! Let all else go, I keep  
 —As of a ruin just a monolith—  
 Thus much, one verse of five words, each a boon:  
 Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.

“TOUCH him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke :  
 Soil so quick-receptive,—not one feather-seed,  
 Not one flower-dust fell but straight its fall awoke  
 Vitalizing virtue : song would song succeed  
 Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet-soul !”

Indeed? 5

Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare :  
 Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their  
 rage

Vainly both expend,—few flowers awaken there :  
 Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age  
 Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage. 10

# ADDITIONAL POEMS





## ADDITIONAL POEMS

### “OH LOVE, LOVE”

OH Love, Love, thou that from the eyes diffusest  
Yearning, and on the soul sweet grace inducest—  
Souls against whom thy hostile march is made—  
Never to me be manifest in ire,  
Nor, out of time and tune, my peace invade !  
Since neither from the fire—  
No, nor the stars—is launched a bolt more mighty  
Than that of Aphrodité  
Hurled from the hands of Love, the boy with  
Zeus for sire.

Idly, how idly, by the Alpheian river  
And in the Pythian shrines of Phœbus, quiver  
Blood-offerings from the bull, which Hellas heaps :  
While Love we worship not—the Lord of men !  
Worship not him, the very key who keeps  
Of Aphrodité, when  
She closes up her dearest chamber-portals :  
—Love, when he comes to mortals,  
Wide-wasting, through those deeps of woes beyond  
the deep.

## VERSES FROM "THE HOUR WILL COME"

THE blind man to the maiden said,  
    "O thou of hearts the truest,  
Thy countenance is hid from me ;  
Let not my question anger thee !  
    Speak, though in words the fewest.

"Tell me, what kind of eyes are thine ?  
    Dark eyes, or light ones rather ?"  
"My eyes are a decided brown—  
So much at least, by looking down,  
    From the brook's glass I gather."

"And is it red—thy little mouth ?  
    That too the blind must care for."  
"Ah ! I would tell it soon to thee,  
Only—none yet has told it me,  
    I cannot answer, therefore.

"But dost thou ask what heart I have—  
    There hesitate I never.  
In thine own breast 't is borne, and so  
'T is thine in weal, and thine in woe,  
    For life, for death—thine ever !"

## GOLDONI

GOLDONI—good, gay, sunniest of souls—  
Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine—  
What though it just reflect the shade and shine  
Of common life, nor render, as it rolls,  
Grandeur and gloom? Sufficient for thy shoals  
Was Carnival: Parini's depths enshrine  
Secrets unsuited to that opaline  
Surface of things which laughs along thy scrolls.  
There throng the people: how they come and go,  
Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb—  
see—  
On Piazza, Calle, under Portico  
And over Bridge! Dear king of Comedy,  
Be honoured! Thou that didst love Venice so,  
Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

## HELEN'S TOWER

*(Written at the request of the Marquis of Dufferin)*

WHO hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance  
How the Greek beauty from the Scaean gate  
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,  
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.  
Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,  
Lady, to whom this tower is consecrate !  
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,  
Yet, unlike hers, was bless'd by every glance.  
The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange :  
A transitory shame of long ago,  
It dies into the sand from which it sprang ;  
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no  
change :  
God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,  
When all the morning stars together sang.

*April 26, 1870.*

# THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST

*(To Arthur Chappell)*

“ENTER my palace,” if a prince should say—  
“Feast with the Painters! See, in bounteous  
row,  
They range from Titian up to Angelo!”  
Could we be silent at the rich survey?  
A host so kindly, in as great a way  
Invites to banquet, substitutes for show  
Sound that ’s diviner still, and bids us know  
Bach like Beethoven; are we thankless, pray?  
Thanks, then, to Arthur Chappell,—thanks to him  
Whose every guest henceforth not idly vaunts,  
“Sense has received the utmost Nature grants,  
My cup was filled with rapture to the brim,  
When, night by night—ah, memory, how it  
haunts!—  
Music was poured by perfect ministrants,  
By Halle, Schumann, Piatti, Joachim.”

## THE NAMES

*(To Shakespeare)*

SHAKESPEARE!—to such name's sounding what succeeds

Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—

Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,  
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.

Two names there are : That which the Hebrew reads

With his soul only : if from lips it fell,

Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,  
Would own "Thou did'st create us!" Nought impedes

We voice the other name, man's most of might,

Awesomely, lovingly : let awe and love  
Mutely await their working, leave to sight

All of the issue as—below—above—

Shakespeare's creation rises : one remove,  
Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

## WHY I AM A LIBERAL

“WHY?” Because all I haply can and do,  
All that I am now, all I hope to be—  
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free  
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,  
God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,  
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,  
These shall I bid men—each in his degree  
Also God-guided—bear, and gaily too?

But little do or can the best of us :  
That little is achieved through Liberty.  
Who, then, dares hold—emancipated thus—  
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I  
Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss  
A brother's right to freedom. That is “Why.”